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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Moving up!

TONY PARSONS ON WIMBLEDON
HOWARD DEVOTO

IN THE COURT OF KING CURTIS

CURTIS MAYFIELD INTERVIEW BY PAOLO HEWITT

RICKIE LEE JONES
SINGLES BY JULIE BURCHILL

Superfly Curtis Mayfield. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

CLUB OUTING ● BIG BIZ MERGER ● DYLAN & SANTANA FOR UK? ● RAMONES VIDEO BANNED ●

PIC: ANTON CORBIJN

CULTURE CLUB are being lined up for a UK tour in early autumn, NME learned this week.

They begin a schedule of Stateside concerts on August 27, then launch into their British outing as soon as they return to this country. It's understood they'll be playing ten or 12 dates in late September and the beginning of October – and, although it's a relatively brief tour, it will still cover most parts of the country.

Details of dates and venues will be announced in the next two weeks, but they are not expected to include any London appearances. This is because the band are apparently preparing "something special" for the capital around Christmas time.

They'll have a new single issued by Virgin in mid-September, and their next album – titled 'Colour By Numbers' – is at present scheduled for October 7 release, though this date is still subject to confirmation.

THE PROPOSED concert at London Royal Albert Hall in late November – featuring Michael Jackson, Diana Ross and Lionel Richie – seems to have been little more than wishful thinking after all. The alleged event, supposedly for TV worldwide screening by satellite, was widely reported two weeks ago – though NME *alone warned of strong indications that it might not happen.*

Now promoter Ken Beecham has issued a statement admitting that "plans are only at a preliminary level and no negotiations have been finalised". And he apologises to the media and fans of the three artists for any false impressions conveyed. He adds that any published information about the proposed show should not be regarded as final.

In other words, wishful thinking!

● The World Peace Festival, which NME *intimated last week was in jeopardy, has now been cancelled. The three-day event, planned for Gothenburg in Sweden early next month, was to have featured a host of stars – including Meatloaf and a special reunion of The Band. But, as the Reading Festival has discovered in trying to book US acts touring the European circuit, several major openair events on the Continent are collapsing through lack of support – and this is the latest, and the biggest, to founder.*

TWO OF the recording industry's biggest conglomerates, Polygram and WEA, this week announced a worldwide merger. As a result, half the major labels in this country will now come under the same aegis.

The parent company of Philips/Siemens (comprising the Polygram group) already includes such labels as Phonogram, Mercury, Polydor, Deutsche Grammophon, and has recently absorbed Decca and London. Warner Communications control the Warner Brothers, Elektra, Asylum and Atlantic labels, which are represented by WEA International.

Now a new Warner/Polygram company is being formed by these two giants, although Siemens' shareholding will be substantially reduced. The separate identities of the various labels will be maintained, and the official statement says the merger will enhance the speedy introduction of the Compact Disc system.

At presstime, there was uncertainty among members of WEA and Polygram staffs in London as to how they would be affected by the venture.

IN THE field of major concert attractions, 1982 was dominated by the Rolling Stones, and this has been the year of David Bowie – so what will be the outstanding event of 1984?

Well, how does a Bob Dylan-Santana package grab you?

The word from San Francisco is that Dylan will definitely be touring Europe next year, with several major British concerts included in his schedule. But Dylan's management has recently been taken over by Bill Graham, who also manages Santana – and plans are now afoot to team the two acts in one touring supershow.

It seems likely that the scale of such a show would confine it to openair venues, which would inevitably mean a summer tour of the festival circuit. It's also understood that Dylan's backing band for next year's outing will include Jamaican session stars Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, with whom he's recently been working in the studio.

BREAKFAST TIME Bowie! In a sage move to get the nation's youth up before 8 am, *TV-AM* will be screening ten classic Bowie videos starting today (Wednesday) at about 7.50 am, and continuing every Wednesday so long as they last. Confirmed so far are 'Wild Is The Wind' (the first), 'Fashion', 'Boys Keep Swinging', 'Lodger', 'Look Back In Anger', 'Drowned Girl' (From *Brecht's Baal*), 'Golden Years', 'Ashes To Ashes' and, possibly, 'China Girl'.

CAFÉ SOCIETY

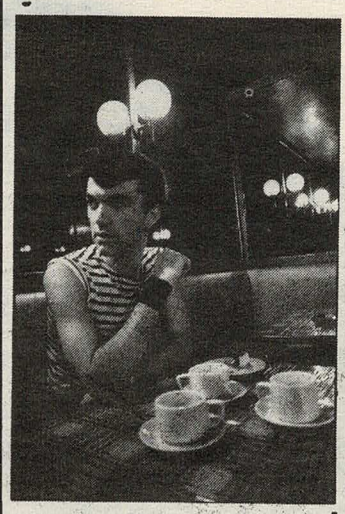
BY PAOLO HEWITT
PIX: PETER ANDERSON

FIRST IMMORTALISED in Colin MacInnes's classic book *Absolute Beginners*, the café scene, after a relatively quiet period, is enjoying something of a renaissance thanks to Paul Weller's well publicised patronage of such haunts.

Feeling the first stirrings of this vital addition to pop culture, we decided to ask Respond artist, Vaughn Toulouse, to take us on a cafe crawl of London's West End, for his selection of the finest Gaggia machine in town.

Could the tall dark one outdrink his mentor? Would he be able to stand the pace or would the temptation of a cup of English tea prove too much?

We ask: one lump or two, Toulouse?



Barclayo Cafe, Beak Street

"It's my favourite in summer cos it's cool, there's never anyone in here and the coffee is really nice. It's good not having a lot of people in here because when you've *only* got a three hour lunch break (!) and you have to spend an hour waiting around for someone to finish off their spaghetti bolognese, it becomes a bit of a bind; especially when it's really hot and you just want to get a cappuccino down you and get out. Those are the most important things plus expense. As long as they're under 30 pence, that's alright. I'd come again."

The Pollo, Old Compton Street

"A popular meeting haunt and it's to be avoided if you don't want to run into a lot of people you don't particularly want to see. I know a lot of journalists who use it . . .

"It's good coming in here on your own, when you're waiting for somebody, and listening to the conversations. It seems to be a popular place for art students who pull funny faces when they're sucking their expressos for the pose, all talking pseudo-intellectual. I like the staff because they're half-Italian and half-Spanish and none of them speak English so they're always under or over charging you, which can work out quite funny once you get used to it, and you don't get annoyed by such little things.

"When I do drink cappuccino, what I tend to do is slurp around the outside of the froth, which a lot of people find disgusting.

PIC: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

UNSPEAKABLE TERRORS!

THE RAMONES VIDEO BANNED

"I loved every disgusting minute of it," reports CYNTHIA ROSE

ACCORDING TO distributors WEA, one summer shocker it looks like you *won't* be seeing on *The Switch* or *The Tube* is The Ramones' video for 'Psycho Therapy' – the first promo to cause a major censorship controversy on America's all-music cable channel MTV.

What will you miss? A video that could be the hottest of all this summer's horrorpix.

Directed by Frank De Lea of the Wolfe Company in Los Angeles, its tale is that of a wayward youth (Robert Dennis) flung into a locked asylum and forced to undergo lobotomy with all the consideration accorded a tomato in a canning factory. His inner dilemma is mirrored by the soundtrack, whose composers The Ramones enact the roles of fellow inmates. Quick cuts between these

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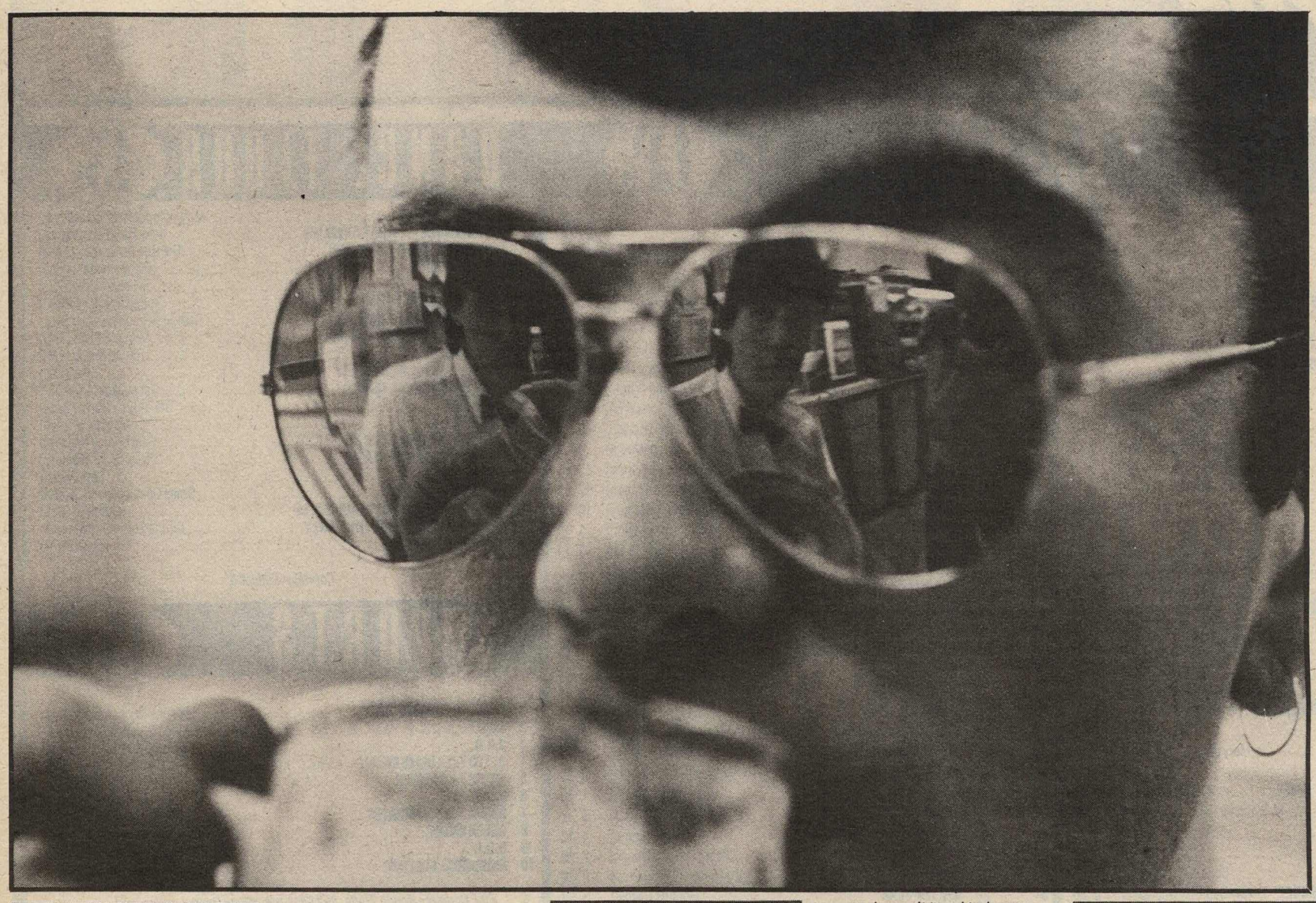
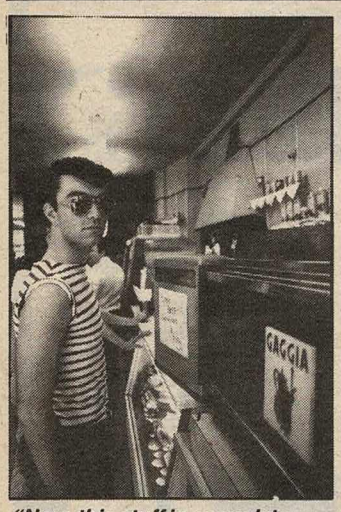
CAPUCCINO KID MK II ● BRIT SUNSPLASH ●



PLANS ARE apparently well advanced for a British version of Jamaica's world-famous Reggae Sunsplash festival to be staged next month. Although the JA event runs for four days, the so-called "English Sunsplash" would be condensed into a single day and held on a Saturday in mid-August.

The proposed venue is the Queen's Park Rangers Football Ground (Loftus Road) at Shepherd's Bush in West London. Licence application has already been made, and it is likely to be approved as the GLC now favours outdoor ventures – witness Peter Gabriel's concert at Crystal Palace FC. And a precedent was set last year when a licence was granted for a proposed CND benefit by The Jam at QPR, though it was subsequently abandoned for other reasons.

The plan is to feature six or eight of the principal acts who'll be appearing in this year's Jamaican event at the end of this month. Musical Youth are already definite, and Steel Pulse are likely – and other names could include the likes of Dennis Brown, Freddie McGregor, Gil Scott-Heron, The Skatalites, Third World and perhaps even Rita Marley.



"Now, this stuff is enough to send you gaga!"

"To be honest I didn't realise that there was such an underground thing, such a religious fantasy surrounding the café scene until I read the book (*Absolute Beginners*) which one gets when one signs on the dotted line for Respond, along with chewing gum and a pair of white socks.

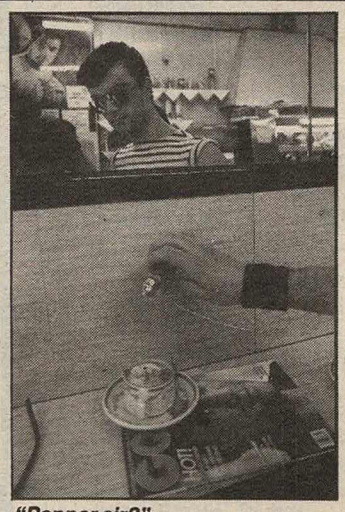
"I also like this café because you can sit opposite the window and watch all the dodgy old office workers come out of the Ram bookshop with brown parcels, which is, I'm sure you'll agree, rather novel . . ."

Café Figaro, Lower Regent Street

"This is only the second time I've been here. It's mainly a tourist café and at 50 pence a go one doesn't tend to hang around. No chocolate on the cappuccino and it's not the sort of place to bring a crowd because it's too small.

"The thing I like about it is you can sit on the pavement which makes it a bit more European. The trouble with nearly all London cappuccino haunts is that you can't get into the sun and we do get a bit of sun so it would be worth making the most of it.

"That's why I like Europe because you can sit outside at any time. That's my new obsession: prohibition coffee. I've actually considered becoming a cappuccino bootlegger because the cafés don't stay open long enough, but it's time and getting the right consistency that deters me.



"Pepper sir?"

"Nah mate — the waiter's behind me. His name's Paolo."

"I think most clubs and pubs should sell cappuccino because not being a drinker until my birthday (July 30) it's so unsociable to go out to a club — and being a non smoker as well — I tend to sit in a corner on my own waiting for the good tunes which frequently don't come.

"I think the cuppuccino is up to standard here. But at 50 pence a go it should be."

Bar Italia, Frith Street

"The first time I've been here. I like the help yourself to the chocolate attitude they propagate here. (A 63 year-old woman approaches, lifts her dress and comments on how good her legs are after all these years. Toulouse looks non plussed by it all.) Yes, very friendly and unusual, plus they've got a telly here which no one seems to watch anyway. The coffee's good, it's strong, really strong, and the whole atmosphere reminds me of a betting shop. I wouldn't avoid this place at all."

musicians in their customary leather stagewear and in hospital smocks, as well as glimpses of a coiled python replacing a microphone or befuddled fingers twitching over an imaginary guitar, provide the film's best shocks.

More likely to excite proponents of censorship, however, is the lobotomy sequence where the patient hallucinates the faces of doctors as decaying skulls just before going 'under' and – as if fulfilling his worst fears – a monster ego bursts forth from their incision: its gargoyle head-on-a-stalk twisting and leering among the panicked medics. A concise, promising film which refrains from belabouring its implicit social comment.

The Ramones selected director Frank De Lea to devise it on the basis of his *Mexican Radio* vid for Wall Of Voodoo.

"They trusted something about that," said De Lea, speaking from his HQ in Los Angeles. "They were the most professional guys you could imagine; we shot all their stuff in two days then they were gone."

The group say they were "crazy" about the final results, but the first person De Lea showed it to at Warners turned to him and said, "We're gonna have problems with this one." MTV immediately returned the video as "offensive", and the delinquent's doppelganger was dubbed "The Alien" in-house at Warners.

Ramones manager Gary Kirfirst and Warners Prez Mo Ostin "defended the film to the last frame"; Kirfirst refused to have it cut, but after ten days proposed a post 10pm time slot in an effort to break the deadlock.

"Meanwhile the record was slipping in the charts and I was frantic," says De Lea. "I mean, I'd been hired to *sell* records. Here all these guys were telling me what a strong promotional vehicle I'd made – the chairman of MTV kept telling me how great the concept and execution were – and no one would run it".

Finally De Lea persuaded the team to let him make "six to seven" cuts: mostly in a sequence where his delinquent kicks the psychiatrist who orders him dragged off to the operating room. 'The Alien' stayed in – and MTV *again* refused the film. Only when The Ramones' LP had slipped from the charts, says De Lea, did they begin to show it "about twice a day". Mail and enquiries followed quickly; even in the UK, visitors like The B–52's were enthusing over the film.

De Lea himself has become convinced of at least one thing: "The Ramones – who I got to know and like – are a very valid exponent of an American sensiblity – and they're a *healthy* example. Not a destructive one".

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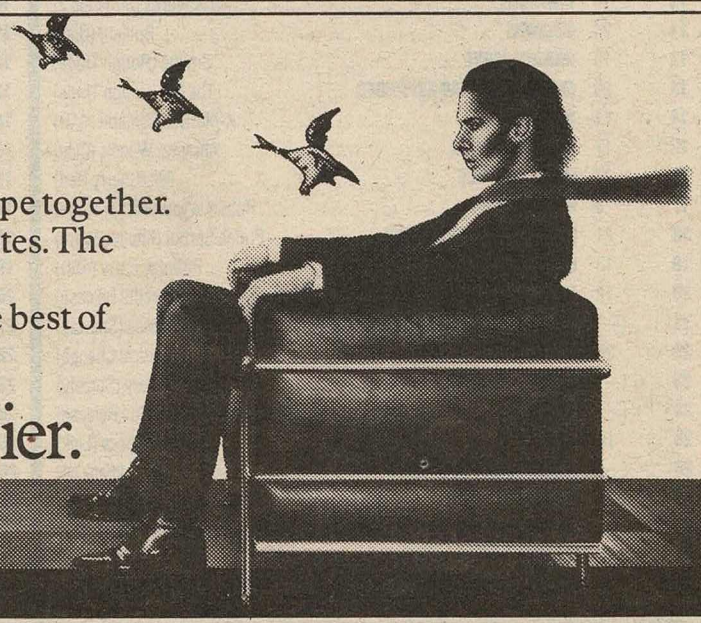

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	6	1
2	4	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	5	2
3	1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A&M)	7	1
4	15	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	5	4
5	5	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	8	5
6	13	I.O.U.	Freeze (Beggars Banquet)	3	6
7	21	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	3	7
8	16	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	2	8
8	3	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)	6	1
10	10	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	4	10
11	25	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	3	11
12	22	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	3	12
13	8	BAD BOYS	Wham! (Innervision)	8	2
14	9	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	3	9
15	6	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	7	6
16	7	I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)	5	7
17	24	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	4	17
18	46	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvain & Sakamoto (Virgin)	2	18
19	42	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	19
20	30	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	4	20
21	12	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)	George Benson (Warner Bros)	6	10
22	11	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	8	3
23	27	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	2	23
24	18	DREAM TO SLEEP	H20 (RCA)	4	16
25	23	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	4	23
26	(—)	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	1	26
27	14	DARK IS THE NIGHT	Shakatak (Polydor)	4	14
28	17	MARKET SQUARE HEROES	Marillion (EMI)	4	17
29	19	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)	9	5
30	31	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	3	30
31	45	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	2	31
32	39	TRANSFER AFFECTION	Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	2	32
33	41	TANTALISE	Jimmy The Hoover (Innervision)	2	33
34	26	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	5	11
35	(—)	BLACK HEART	Marc & The Mambas (Some Bizarre)	1	35
36	(—)	GET DOWN SATURDAY NIGHT	Oliver Cheatham (MCA)	1	36
37	(—)	ACKEE 1-2-3	The Beat (Go-Feet)	1	37
38	35	LET'S ALL GO	Killing Joke (EG)	3	30
39	(—)	TELL ME WHY	Musical Youth (MCA)	1	39
40	(—)	THE WALK	Cure (Fiction)	1	40
41	(—)	JUICY FRUIT	M'tume (Epic)	RE	
42	(—)	LET'S LIVE FOR TODAY	Lords Of The New Church (IRS)	1	42
43	(—)	YOU MAKE IT HEAVEN	Terry Wells (Philly World)	1	43
44	36	TEACHER	I-Level (Virgin)	2	36
45	33	LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT	Imagination (R&B)	5	25
46	(—)	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	1	46
47	(—)	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	1	47
48	44	BRING IT ON — BRING IT ON	James Brown (Sonet)	2	44
49	20	LOVE TOWN	Booker Newberry III (Polydor)	6	7
50	(—)	NEW GRANGE	Clannad (RCA)	1	50

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	3	1
2	4	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	4	2
3	2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	29	1
4	18	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	2	4
5	3	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	12	1
6	8	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	6	5
7	5	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	5	5
8	6	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	5	4
9	7	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	4	3
10	16	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	10	1
11	11	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	17	1
12	9	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	10	7
13	(—)	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	1	13
14	10	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	3	10
15	13	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	4	8
16	32	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	2	32
17	14	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	5	10
18	12	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	4	12
19	(—)	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	1	19
20	22	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	6	11
21	31	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	2	21
22	15	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	7	3
23	46	GIRL AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	2	23
24	17	CHART STARS	Various (K-Tel)	3	24
25	20	STREETSOUNDS IV	Various (Streetsounds)	3	20
26	(—)	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	1	26
27	21	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	7	17
28	24	HIGH DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	4	12
29	42	XL-1	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	2	29
30	41	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	2	30
31	23	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	3	23
32	19	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	7	5
33	34	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	3	33
34	RE	WAR	U2 (Island)	1	34
35	30	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	17	2
36	27	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	9	5
37	28	WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	5	24
38	(—)	LOVERS ONLY	Various (Ronco)	1	38
39	35	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	12	3
40	36	TUBULAR BELLS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	5	24
41	40	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	2	40
42	(—)	DANCE MIX	Various (Epic)	1	42
43	RE	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	43
44	38	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	19	1
45	29	WHITE FEATHERS	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	11	8
46	33	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	2	33
47	49	THE FUGITIVE	Tony Banks (Charisma)	3	41
48	44	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	19	3
49	(—)	DON'T TAKE MY COCONUTS	The Coconuts (EMI-America)	1	49
50	(—)	PANORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)	1	50

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	SAFETY DANCE	Men Without Hats (Backstreet)
2	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
3	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	The Human League (A&M)
4	BLIND VISION	Blancmange (Island)
5	I.O.U.	Freeeze (Streetwise)
6	YOU ARE IN MY SYSTEM	Robert Palmer (Island)
7	INSIDE LOVE (SO PERSONAL)	George Benson (Warner Bros)
8	SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME	Miguel Brown (TRS)
9	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
10	STATE FARM/NOBODY DIARY	Yaz (Sire)
11	SAY YOU DO/LEGAL TENDER	Janet Jackson (A&M)
12	WHAMMY	The B-52s (Warner Bros)
13	MEMORY	Menage (Profile)
14	LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER	First Choice (Salsoul)
15	BLUE MONDAY/THE BEACH	New Order (Factory)
16	MINEFIELD	I Level (Epic)
17	WALKIN' THE LINE	Brass Construction (Capitol)
18	PHYSICAL ATTRACTION/BURNING UP	Madonna (Sire)
19	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
20	MASCHINE BRENNTE	Falco (A&M)

Courtesy Billboard

IMPORTS 45s

1	LIAISONS DANGEREUSES	Liaisons Dangereuses (Tis)
2	NOW	Mood Of Defiance (New Underground)
3	J.F.A.	Jody Fosters Army (Placebo)
4	AFTER THE LIGHTS GO OUT	Channel 3 (Posh Boy)
5	WE'RE DA MACHINE	Effigies (Enigma)
6	PHANTOMS	45 Grave (Enigma)
7	MISSION IS TERMINATED	Throbbing Gristle (Nice)
8	GREEN ON RED	Green On Red (Down There)
9	D.R.I.	Dirty Rotten Imbeciles (DRI)
10	INDUSTRIAL CULTURE	Ré Search (6/7)

Courtesy Rough Trade, 202 Kensington Park Road, London W11

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	POLICE IN HELICOPTER	John Holt (Greensleeves)
2	RESERVATION FOR TWO	Lloyd Parkes (Intense)
3	ROOTS ROCKIN'	Aswad (Simba)
4	ALL NIGHT LONG	La Famille (Sanity)
5	ROCK AND COME ON	Leroy Sibbles (Micron)
6	FOR THE LOVE OF YOU	Barry Biggs (Afrik)
7	YOUR LOVE GOTTA HOLD ON ME	Dennis Brown (Joe Gibbs)
8	HONEY	Bob Andy (Anka)
9	LIVING IN A WORLD OF MAGIC	Investigators (Investigator)
10	FOLLOW FASHION	Misty In Roots (People Unite)

REGGAE PRE 45s

Sugar spices up the reggae.

1	BLACK MAN	Hot Rocks (High Music)
2	SUGAR DADDY	Michigan & Smiley (Real Authentic Sound)
3	INFORMER	Sugar Minott (Black Roots)
4	JUKS PON DE CORNER	Yard Band (Gorgon)
5	WATER PUMPEE	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
6	MONEY MAKES MARE GALLOP	Tony Ford (Industry)
7	SECRETARY	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
8	GWAN GO DO IT	Robert French (Afro Eagle)
9	SOMEBODY'S LOVER	Zu Zu (Dynamite)
10	HEATHEN	Papa Bruce (Musical Ambassador)

Compiled by OBSERVER STATION

INDEPENDENT 45s

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	10	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	6	1
2	2	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)	3	2
3	1	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	5	1
4	4	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	7	4
5	3	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	8	3
6	5	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	6	5
7	7	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)	4	7
8	8	WALK OUT TO A WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	4	8
9	9	EVOLUTION EP	Subhumans (Bluurg)	3	9
10	14	BIRTHDAY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)	3	10
11	24	COLOURS	Brilliant (Risk)	3	11
12	19	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)	4	12
13	20	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)	3	13
14	11	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	4	11
15	17	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)	3	15
16	15	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)	3	15
17	6	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	5	6
18	21	LIONS IN MY OWN GARDEN	Prefab Sprout (Kitchen Ware)	3	18
19	13	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)	4	13
20	12	ALICE 12"	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	4	12
21	(—)	ARE YOU READY FOR THAT FEELING	Virgin Dance (Spartan)	1	21
22	26	LET THE VULTURE FLY	Ikon A.D. (Radical Change)	3	22
23	(—)	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)	1	23
24	(—)	REPTILES EP	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	1	24
25	16	MALIBU	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	4	16
26	(—)	WORKING ON THE GROUND	Shriekback (Y)	1	26
27	18	NEW RISEN	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)	4	18
28	22	THE JET SET JUNTA	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	22
29	29	OLD STYLE DROP DOWN	The Box (Go)	2	29
30	27	I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU	Durutti Column (VU)	3	27

INDEPENDENT LPs

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	4	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	3	1
2	1	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	9	1
3	2	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)	3	2
4	7	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	3	4
5	3	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	4	3
6	6	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	6
7	8	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	3	7
8	5	VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	5
9	9	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)	3	9
10	15	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)	3	10
11	11	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)	3	11
12	14	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	3	12
13	17	THE WHIP	Various (Kamera)	3	13
14	10	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood and General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	10
15	18	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	15
16	16	BACK TO MYSTERY CITY	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	3	16
17	30	SECRET'S OUT	The Box (Go Discs)	3	17
18	21	UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S	Yazoo (Mute)	3	18
19	12	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL III	Various (Anagram)	4	12
20	23	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)	3	20
21	28	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)	3	21
22	(—)	THE GUILTY HAVE NO PRIDE	Death In June (New European)	1	22
23	(—)	MOUSE AND THE MAN	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves)	1	23
24	(—)	THE PLAGUE	Demon (Clay)	1	24
25	26	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)	3	25
26	13	SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE	Blitz (Future)	3	13
27	(—)	RASTA	Benjamin Zepheniah (Upright)	1	27
28	19	1981–82 THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)	3	19
29	22	FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)	3	22
30	(—)	PANORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)	1	30

JAZ LPs

Art Peppers the chart

1	ART LIVES!	Art Pepper (Galaxy)
2	RICHARD COLE AND . . .	Richie Cole/Art Pepper (Palo Alto)
3	CARL'S BLUES	Curtis Counce Group (Contemporary)
4	KENTON'S BEBOPPERS	Various (Unique Jazz)
5	STARDUST	Dave Brubeck/Paul Desmond (Fantasy)
6	SHORTY ROGERS	Shorty Rogers (Pausa)
7	THINK OF ONE	Wynton Marsalis (Kingdom)
8	LIVE AT THE BARREL	Miles Davis/Jimmy Forrest (Prestige)
9	ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	Slim Gaillard (Hep)
10	THE LAST SESSIONS VOL 1	Sonny Stitt (Muse)
11	AH HUM	Charlie Mingus (CBS)
12	STAN GETZ SPECIAL	Stan Getz (Raretone)
13	THE BRITISH ORCHESTRA	Gil Evans (Mole)
14	FACE TO FACE	Freddie Hubbard/Oscar Peterson (Pablo)
15	AFTER LIGHTS OUT	Tubby Hayes (Jasmine)
16	DARN THAT DREAM	Art Pepper (Real Time)
17	TWO OF THE FEW	Milt Jackson/Oscar Peterson (Pablo)
18	WESTLAKE	Bob Florence Orchestra (Discovery)
19	REVENGE OF THE FAT PEOPLE	Jack Walrath (Stash)
20	IT'S YOU OR NO ONE	Dexter Gordon (Steeplechase)

Courtesy Record Exchange, 44 Loveday Street, Birmingham 4

US 45s

1	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
2	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
3	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
4	TIME	Culture Club (Virgin)
5	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A&M)
6	DON'T LET IT END	Styx (A&M)
7	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI-America)
8	FAMILY MAN	Daryl Hall And John Oates (RCA)
9	WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)
10	SHE'S A BEAUTY	The Tubes (Capitol)
11	COME DANCING	The Kinks (Arista)
12	AFFAIR OF THE HEART	Rick Springfield (RCA)
13	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Warner Bros)
14	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Warner Bros)
15	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)

Courtesy Billboard

US LPs

1	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
2	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
4	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
6	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
7	H_2O	Daryl Hall and John Oates (RCA)
8	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A&M)
9	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
10	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
11	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
12	LIVING IN OZ	Rick Springfield (RCA)
13	LIONEL RITCHIE	Lionel Ritchie (Motown)
14	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin)
15	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)

Courtesy Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)
3	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)
4	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)
5	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)
6	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)
7	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Harvest)
9	MAKING UP AGAIN	Goldie (Bronze)
10	MIND BLOWING DECISIONS	Heatwave (GTO)

15 YEARS AGO

1	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
2	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
3	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
6	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
7	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
8	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
9	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)
10	YESTERDAY'S GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)

BOOKS 10

1	BOYS FROM THE BLACKSTUFF	Alan Bleasdale (Granada)
2	THE BLACK ANGEL	Cornell Woolrich (Ballentine)
3	WHEN THE WIND BLOWS	Raymond Briggs (Penguin)
4	AFRICAN MUSIC	Francis Bebey (Lawrence Hill)
5	THE BEST OF FAT FREDDY'S CAT	Gilbert Shelton (Knockabout)
6	FOUR NOVELS	Jim Thompson (Black Box Thrillers)
7	STIFF . . . THE STORY OF A RECORD LABEL	Bert Muirhead (Blandford)
8	HELLO AMERICA	J. G. Ballard (Granada)
9	WOMANSIZE	Kim Chemin (Woman's Press)
10	HOOLIGAN	Geoffrey Pearscu (McMillan)

Courtesy Compendium Books, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1.

AUSTRALIA 45s

1	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)
2	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)
4	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
5	SAVE YOUR LOVE	Renée And Renato (RCA)
6	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
7	I WAS ONLY 19	Redgum (Epic)
8	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)
9	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME	Naked Eyes (EMI)
10	SOLITAIRE	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)

Courtesy Billboard

MOVIES 10

1	RETURN OF THE JEDI	(20th Century Fox)
2	OCTOPUSSY	(UIP)
3	MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE	(UIP)
4	EDUCATING RITA	(Rank)
5	TOOTSIE	(Col-EMI-Warner)
6	THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY	(UIP)
7	LOCAL HERO	(20th Century Fox)
8	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	(UIP)
9	THE HUNGER	(UIP)
10	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon-Enterprise)

"But, I tell you, I'm on Mr Bowie's guest list." Mel Gibson tries to blag his way into Milton Keynes. Pic from The Year of Living Dangerously.

FRED FACT

Freeez's success with 'I.O.U.' illustrates how singers and musicians who experience difficulty spelling their own names become prone to lumbering the charts with songtitles that are either spelt letter-by-letter or merely comprise a series of individual letters. For instance, Bow Wow Wow, whose lead singer has never been able to spell Lewin properly, once gave us 'W.O.R.K.' while Orange Juice, whose leading light can never get the name Edwin right, came up with 'L.O.V.E.' (Love)' not so long ago. Also there's the case of Village People, an outfit boasting an Indian chief with the mis-spelt moniker Filipe. They went to Number One with 'Y.M.C.A.' in 1978, thus becoming the heroes of dyslectic rockers thoughout the universe for a while. In retrospect though, they were pre-empted by the Brothers Gibb who, unable to cope with that 11 letter name – due mainly to having to read in an upside down position for a portion of their lives – opted for the easier nomenclature Bee Gees and gained their chart 'O' levels with 'I.O.I.O.' as early as 1970. Then there's the well-known case of Mrs Presley's son, a lad never able to spell Levi's the right way around but smart enough to get the letters 'T.R.O.U.B.L.E.' in the right sequence. But my all-time favourites are the Philly outfit who, having difficulty not only with spelling their name but trying to fit it onto a record label, mere became M.F.S.B. and recorded 'T.S.O.P.' gaining – dare I say it? – their initial British hit!

F.D. (N.M.E.)

10 YEARS AGO

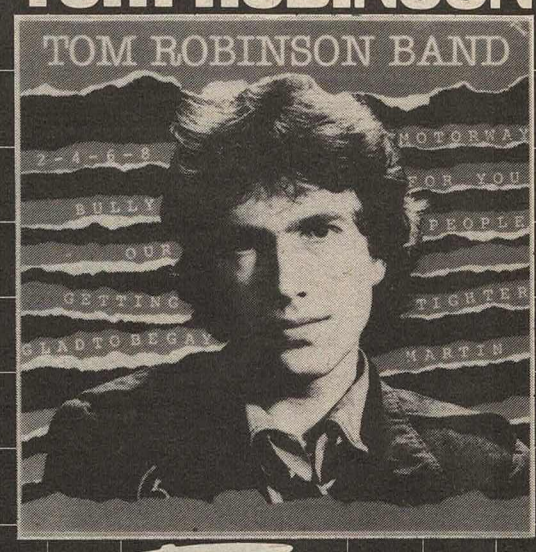
1	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
2	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
3	RUBBER BULLETS	10cc (UK)
4	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
5	SNOOPY VERSUS THE RED BARON	Hot Shots (Mooncrest)
6	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockpile)
7	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
8	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	George Harrison (Apple)
9	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
10	LIVE AND LET DIE	Wings (Apple)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
3	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
4	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
5	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
6	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
7	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
8	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)
9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
10	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)

ELO

TOM ROBINSON



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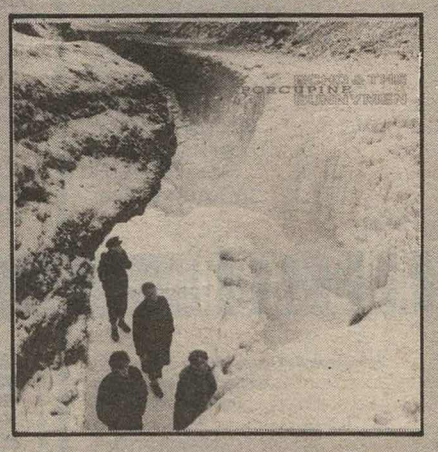

Kode 6

ON JULY 18 änd 19 1983

ALBERT HALL

28/June/Roseland, New York, USA 29/The Channel, Boston, USA 2/July/Reykjavic, Iceland 3/Roskilde Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark 5/The Gathering Hall, Portree, Isle of Skye 6/The Caber Fey, Stornaway, Isle of Lewis 8/The Icerink, Inverness, Scotland 9/The Capitol, Aberdeen, Scotland 11/Tiffany's, Glasgow, Scotland 13/Rock City, Nottingham, England 14/King Georges Hall, Blackburn, England 15/Royal Court, Liverpool, England 16/Odeon, Birmingham, England

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WIMPS, WINNERS LOSERS AND STUPID BASTARDS

Tony Parsons holds court on TV's Wimbledon soap opera

Getting a roasting for a TV dinner, John McEnroe and Michael Foot, illustration by Chris Chaisty.

IT IS POSSIBLE that Labour failed to win the election because the media made nuclear disarmament sound like pacifism. Or because the electorate felt this nation would be nothing if it was not beholden to Brussels. Or because the anti-Tory vote was split. Or because Grub Street dwelt so long and lovingly on Michael Foot's alleged dotage and disabilities, his butterfingered leadership, his motor-mouth wife and the Militant Menace, while skating breezily over Thatcher's hunchback and varicose veins, her disgusting family, her economic impotence and her moral incontinence and the born again Conservative candidates whose shoe racks until recently boasted a pair of jackboots.

Most likely though, the Labour Party failed to win the election because a majority of the British public are stupid bastards.

One of the good old Victorian values they just re-elected was a serf mentality and the craven, cretinous streak running through millions at the moment manifests itself nightly on the news. It used to be tough watching the news because of the nightmares on parade but now, as we steer still more firmly to the right and the news they let into your living room becomes increasingly trivial, what makes watching the news hard work is the small screen forelock tugging whenever certain brand names are broached.

All it takes is the cheap looking space shuttle or any old carcass with a smidgen of blue blood to send Jan Leeming or Carol Barnes or Allistair Burnett or Moira Stewart into raptures of platonic orgasm — glorying in servility, as Dennis Healey might put it. There must be a secret school where they train the talking hacks to dissolve into a cheesy grin whenever certain hallowed names are mentioned — the look of glazed contentment every time they get back down on their knees makes me suspect ECT.

The other side of this coin is the baleful glares inspired by the *betes noir* — memories of sound-proofed rooms with white walls and wires attached to the skull ensure that anyone left of Pinochet or certain wayward celebrities provoke a look that wishes it could kill.

WITH POUTING BULL back in town they had a field day that lasted a fortnight . . . Pro tennis is as much show business as a sport, as much big business as show business. It is the only sport with no close season — in addition to the WCT and Grand Prix circuits the money to be printed playing hot little hellholes like Kuwait and Brazil ensures that the show never stops — and the players have the look of men who know that their next rest period will be when they are either injured or retired. Never in the field of human conflict have so many earned so much and smiled so little — but after nine months of team games and two months of canvassing, two weeks of mindless solo combat was compelling stuff.

Wimbledon 83 (BBC1 and 2) had fine weather, fast courts and more effing and blinding than a sailor on shore leave — Jimmy Connors, cussing because he could not cope with the consistent potency of Kevin Curren's first serve, J. P. McEnroe, Pouting Bull himself, because he is easily baited by a hostile crowd and Hank Pfister, the white socked psycho, because expletives are the only words he knows.

As usual there were wild rumours going around — my favourite this year was that a certain seed was sprinkling cocaine on his wrist band before going on court (he disappeared early in the day so *that* was a bum deal). As usual there were unforgiveable absences — this time Yannick Noah was the continental cry baby who stayed away, weaned on slow clay courts and perishing at the very thought of playing on some fast grass. As usual the genteel cretinism of Wimbledon officialdom slopped over into the BBC commentary box.

They looked down on McEnroe's countenance of sullen genius with a self-righteous prurience.

"Who was it that said a smile costs nothing?" tut-tutted a sniffy commentator (Tarbuck? Everett? The sage remained unidentified).

McEnroe had been caught red-handed in the act of ball abuse. He railed against the reprimand, demanding the removal of the umpire in that voice like a tearful foghorn. "Is it illegitimate of me to ask?" he pleaded.

Tin Gods in All England Club blazers stared him down with a look that clearly said — yes, you bastard.

The umpire stayed, irascibly tapping his white cane against the side of his high chair.

Meanwhile up in the stands John Patrick McEnroe Senior sat wearing his stony frown and silly hat looking like Popeye's pal Wimpy masquerading as Buddah. Elsewhere in the stands — the stands had a high profile in *Wimbledon 83*, just to give it that *human* touch — Peter Ustinov watched Ivan Lendl, John Lloyd watched spouse Chrissie Evert going out of the tournament (John tense and nervous, worrying where the next five figure cheque was coming from) and Sue Barker and Cliff "You'd Think Devil Woman Had Never Been Written" Richard resumed their tender lavender liaison.

Wimbledon 83 boasted more footage of British tennis players cuddling Cliff Richard than it did of our boys and gels giving their all on court. The unspeakable mediocrity of British players — all those chinless, not to mention gutless, wonders like the so-called Buster Mottram — will last as long as tennis in this country is treated as an extension of the hooray Henley Regatta.

On Court No. 2 — traditionally the hotshot graveyard — Jimmy Connors, that reigning champion and drowned rat disguised as a Sherman tank — was no match for the immaculate Kevin Curren and left Wimbledon close to tears. The final score was one wife and one title lost in one month.

A fan implored him. "Give me your wristband! Give me a hair! Give me anything!"

"I have nothing more to give," Connors said.

POUTING BULL breezed through week one holding his serve and throwing his racquet, displaying an impressive line in passing shots and self-abuse (this year "you fairy" replaced last year's "you faggot" and "you lady" as his favourite means of chastising himself).

In week two Sandy Mayer was nearly floored by a ball bashed wildly by McEnroe — more in frustration than in spite — and promptly warned the umpire that the next time it happened he — mean, moody Sandy — would take the law into his own hands. Mayer's audition for the Charles Bronson part was cut short by McEnroe winning in straight sets.

McEnroe was usually on his best behaviour (Genghis Khan on Angel Dust) on the show courts — the real bloodletting was reserved for the outside courts. Playing doubles with Peter Fleming he rose to the crowd's inane bait — "You're a brat" and "Take a shower" being excellent examples of the quality of *bon mots* bouncing around — with a retaliatory, "Fuck you, boy." He was fined one hundred pounds per word.

McEnroe's sense of humour only revealed itself in the Bic razor commercials. His sweet nature only revealed itself when he spat — witness how politely he rubbed the spit into the ground with the sole of his Nike-sponsored foot, in marked contrast to Connors hawking up great globules of phlegm into other people's paper cups.

As McEnroe kept up the total tennis to breeze through to the semi-final with Lendl, up in the commentator's box the banalities were also maintaining the standard we had come to expect.

"Good place to serve the ball, under the right armpit — not easy to hit the ball back from there."

Indeed. But it took an old pro, John Newcombe, to put it best: "Wimbledon's Wimbledon and that's what makes it Wimbledon."

Oh, I say!

With Borg retired and Connors out the McEnroe-Lendl semi was always going to provide the champion in waiting. Lendl, closely resembling the bastard offspring of Prince Andrew and Darth Vader, looked nervy and haunted (as a child Ivan's parents tied him to a netpost to make sure he paid close attention to their tennis so perhaps he has every right to look nervy and haunted). Pouting Bull's service game was sublime — the Czech sunk to the occasion.

The other semi-final, billed as merely the fight for the right to pick up the wooden spoon, was the greatest match of the tournament — Chris Lewis, the slant-eyed Kiwi in a Banzai headband, finally beating Kevin Curren after four hours and five sets of feverish heroics, becoming the first unseeded player to reach the final of the men's singles in 16 years.

In the final David got buried by Goliath in a straight sets landslide. The New Zealander was all heart, which proved to be not enough. Still, he can look back with pride — he is, after all, ranked 91st in the world and only the British players and Muffin the Mule are ranked lower than *that.*

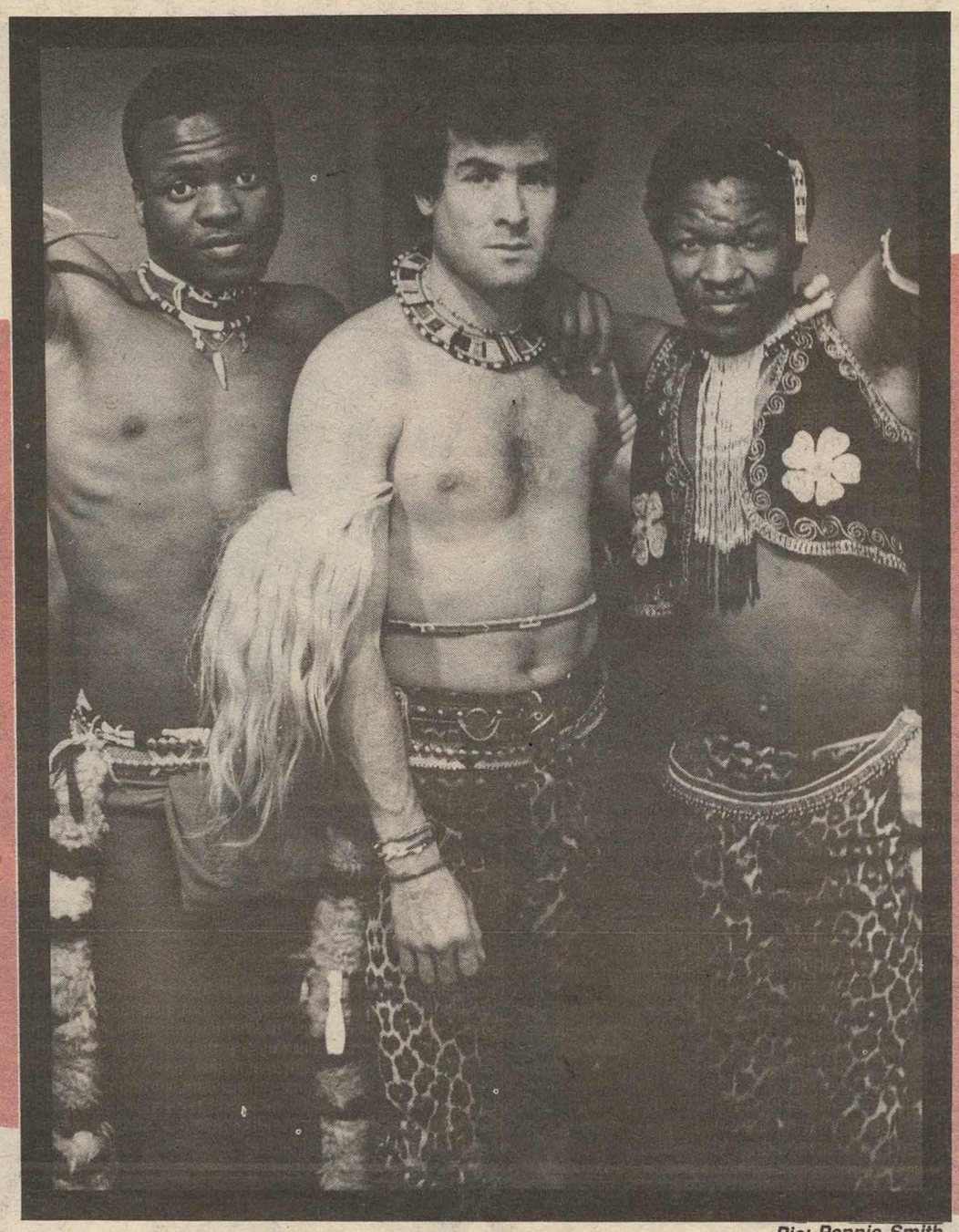
The match was an even tempered affair with never any sign of ball abuse, racquet abuse or sheep abuse ever appearing on the horizon.

On the Friday of the tournament the Hunchback of No. 10 had sat up in the Royal Box along side a sick looking Greek ex-monarch. Thatcher looked as though she thought she was up there by Divine Right. The crowd gave her a standing ovation. They should have all been fined for intelligence abuse.

JULUKA ● HARRY'S CHOICE ● ELVISLY YOURS ●

To the South African authorities, they're subversives. Yet to others, they're tools of apartheid. For **JULUKA** it's a case of . . .

HEADS
WE WIN
TAILS
ZULUS



Pic: Pennie Smith

I APPROACHED a meeting with Juluka, a multi-racial, Zulu inspired band of musicians, with a deep sense of suspicion.

Banned by the Musicians Union from making TV appearances, the South African group arrived in Britain on a wave of publicity. The MU has since backed down deciding, exceptionally, to allow Juluka to perform with the provisos that TV stations grant British musicians additional air time and that Juluka turn over their fees to Anti Apartheid. They insist this is not a precedent, but it has forced a whole series of questions about the current role of popular music in South Africa.

The overriding question is how have Juluka survived and flourished in such an atmosphere of repression, where musicians like Malombo drummer Julian Bahula had at one time to play from behind a curtain while his white counterparts took to the stage?

Both Johnny Clegg and Sipho Mchunu were tired after a day spent remixing their next single 'Impi'. A celebration of a Zulu victory, with the challenging chorus of "*The war is coming, who will touch the Zulus?*", it has been their biggest selling single in South Africa so far.

Their partnership has spanned 14 years and the story of the Zulu street guitarist who arrived in Johannesburg from Durban searching out this white kid, who learned Zulu guitar from a flat cleaner, borders on fairytale. That the white kid Johnny Clegg spent his teens hanging out around the migrant hostels playing music and learning to dance was somewhat extraordinary.

Their musical partnership led to them performing as Johnny and Sipho, signing their first recording contract, and increased conflict with the authorities.

"We put out four singles as Johnny and Sipho," intones Clegg in a soft South African accent. "They were sung in Zulu and aimed at the Zulu market. They weren't played on the state radio and we also couldn't play in public. We could only play at private shows at the universities or charity concerts. We experienced typical harrassment from the police. I have been arrested and Sipho taken to court."

In 1979 Johnny and Sipho became Juluka – the Zulu word for Sweat. Their music began to reflect Clegg's fascination with developing a new genre, born out of the myriad of musical styles found in the urban melting pot of Johannesburg.

"Sipho was very involved in the migrant community, who look to the city as their enemy," he explained. "They keep together, form their own groups, hold their own dances and bring to the city their own neo-traditional culture. There is quite a split between the rural migrants and the urban residents; the former being looked down on as country bumpkins and pagans. The more urbanised Soweto residents look to America and funk influences but in the middle you've got Mbaqanga, the music of the black working class."

Clegg maintains that the forthcoming election between the old right and an opposition pressing for liberalisation has created a gap in the normally monolithic Afrikaan power bloc. It's through this gap that Juluka and others have slipped. Also, the cultural boycott of South Africa has forced promoters to book local bands and out of that has come a music which attempts to express their history and their troubles. Juluka claim to have started the trend and say there are currently four or five other multiracial bands working along similar lines.

Harrassment is, they say, a part of daily life in South Africa and you become numbed to it. They have had shows stopped, permits refused, yet recognise that to the outsider their position is ambiguous as they haven't been officially banned or censured.

Juluka stress their political commitment and have done benefits for workers and students detained under the various clampdowns. But they seriously blotted their copy-book by breaking the cultural boycott and supporting Brook Benton on tour.

Clegg is adamant that they would not break the boycott again and agreed that such actions undermine the work of the Anti Apartheid Movement outside of South Africa. Desperately in need of work at the time, they took the gigs in order to survive, but to compound their opportunism Johnny Clegg boasts of blowing Brook Benton off stage.

I enquired as to whether their Zulu image was potentially divisive considering how the regime readily exploits the issue of tribalism. But he dismissed the argument claiming Juluka had support in all four states among Zulu and Sutu speaking people.

"There is a problem of freezing a political situation and not allowing it to change. There has been a kind of liberalisation taking place, albeit cosmetic and there is a certain amount of leeway that wasn't there before. If the groups back home see that a new direction in music is acceptable internationally then it may help break that vortex of negativity at home. You can't play anywhere, you're banned, you can't do anything . . . that's what we're fighting against and we need positive support from people who are anti-apartheid who can help nurture these new developments.

"We've managed to survive despite apartheid and we don't know how long we've got to go. The struggle is intensifying at every level and we need hope. If the right wing gets back in at the next elections this group will not be around. I guarantee that."

PAUL BRADSHAW

ANECDOTES ABOUT ELVIS

BUILDS WEEK BY WEEK INTO A HANDSOME ALBUM OF STORIES ABOUT THE GREATEST ROCK AND ROLL SINGER EVER:

ANECDOTE 1:

STAPLE HERE

Well, this must have been 1964 or '65, and I was walking through our local cemetery, and, yes, well, I'd had a few drinks, but I wasn't drunk, not in any way, and I was walking past that big monument, you know, the one with the angel on it, and who should I see a little distance away, but ELVIS himself. Don't ask me how I knew it was ELVIS. Instinct, I guess. I mean I'd been an EL fan since I was this high.

He was dressed as a nun, and he was kneeling over a little grave, a little unmarked grave. I walked over to him, and put my hand on his shoulder, I mean I know I should have left him to his devotions, but I was so overcome. I squeezed his shoulder and said ELVIS. He looked up and said "Don't breathe a sword. I'm not surprised to be sheer". At least that's what I think he said. I've been a bit deaf for years. I felt all choked up and I walked away and left ELVIS to his devotions.

And I never went back to that Cemetery, don't ask me why. But I knew that all those years when the press and the TV were saying that he couldn't come to England, never would, I knew he'd been, at least once, to a little unmarked grave in a country cemetery in Cumbria. I went home and I tell you I sobbed and sobbed. My wife asked me, she said "What's the matter", and I couldn't tell her. And that's the only time in our married life that I've ever kept anything from her.

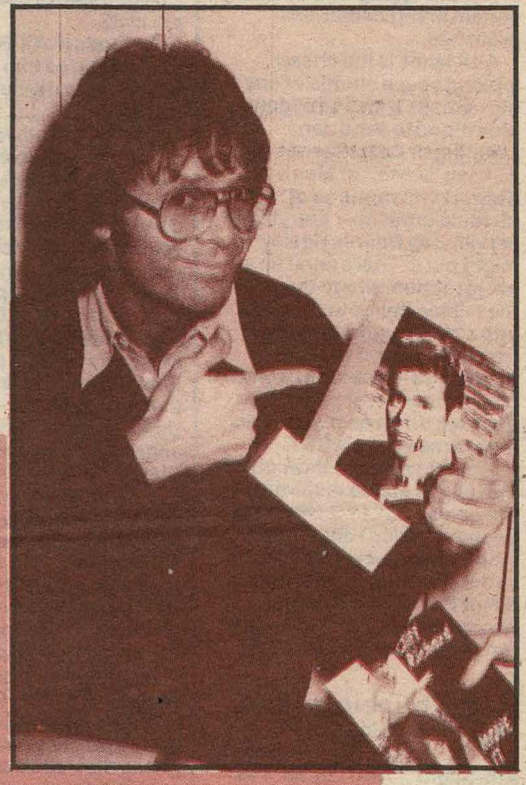
And those words that ELV said to me, those strange inexplicable words about swords and surprise, I've had them engraved on the back of my pocket watch.

C. S., Kendal, Cumbria.

(Elvis Anecdote 1 was researched by IAN McMILLAN.)

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

CLIFF RICHARD



SINGLES
Heartbreak Hotel — Elvis Presley
Daddy's Home — Shep And The Limelites
Dum Dum — Brenda Lee
For You — Judy Tzuke
She Loves You — The Beatles
Magic — Olivia Newton John

BOOKS
The Bible
Wuthering Heights — Emily Brontë
The Narnia Chronicles — C. S. Lewis

FILMS
West Side Story
Chariots Of Fire
Nicholas And Alexandra

TV
Star Trek
Brideshead Revisited
Everyman
Coronation Street

ARTISTS
(on record)
Kajagoogoo
Police
Olivia Newton John
Judy Tzuke
Gerry Rafferty

(LIVE)
Kate Bush (best I've ever seen)
Ry Cooder
Status Quo

SPORT
Tennis

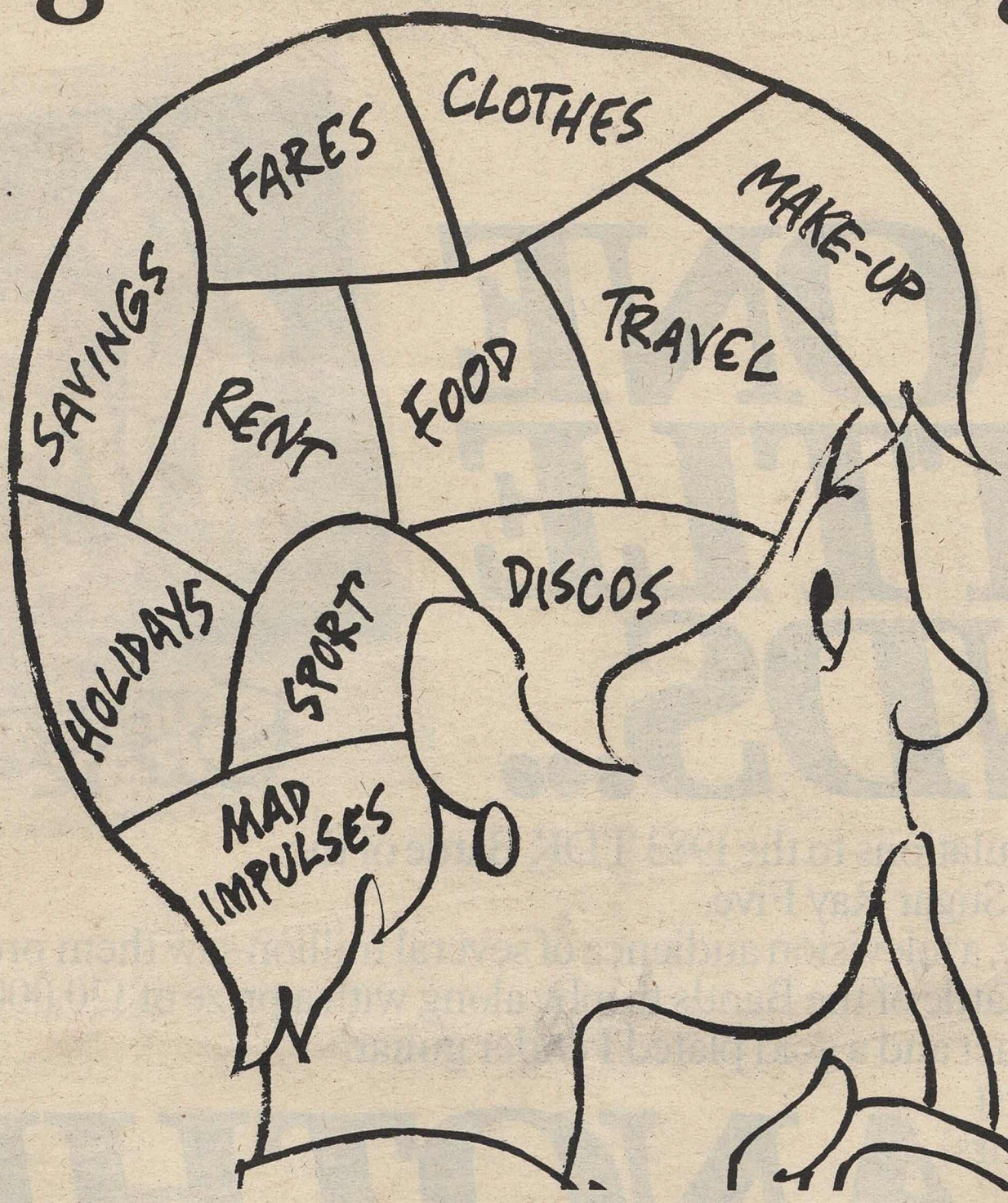
FOOD
Indian curry

COUNTRIES
England
Australia
South Africa

UNFULFILLED AMBITION
A 'real' rock musical

COMEDIANS
The Two Ronnies

Leaving school and starting work?



First thing you need is a bank.

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These give you a running total and record of how you've spent your money during the past month. They help you to learn to balance and plan your finances.

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If you'd like to know more about the Midland and how we help school leavers, simply fill in the coupon and post it to us.

I'm a school leaver. Please send me your "Leaving school and starting work" leaflet.

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Address:_____

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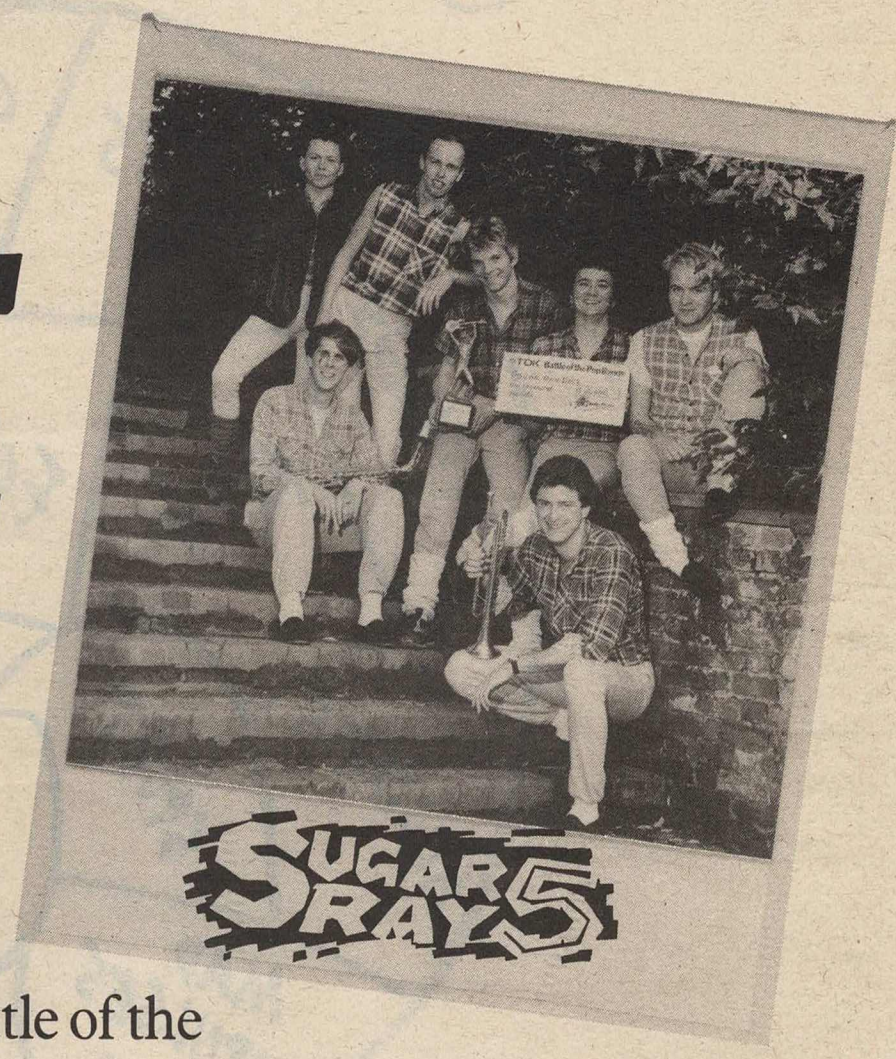
Send to: The School Leaver Adviser, Midland Bank plc, PO Box 2, Sheffield. S1 3GG. Teledata: 01-200 0200.

Midland

The Listening Bank for School Leavers.

AS ONE BATTLE ENDS...



Congratulations to the 1983 TDK Battle of the Bands winners, Sugar Ray Five.

Recently, a television audience of several million saw them presented with the TDK Battle of the Bands trophy along with a prize of £10,000, a recording contract and a gold plated Fender guitar.

Their first single, 'Lazy Hours', is poised to hit the airwaves proving them to be the worthy winners of this year's final.

ANOTHER ONE BEGINS.

TDK are now inviting entries for the 1983/4 competition. If you're a band, writing your own material, and without any recording commitments, here's how to enter.

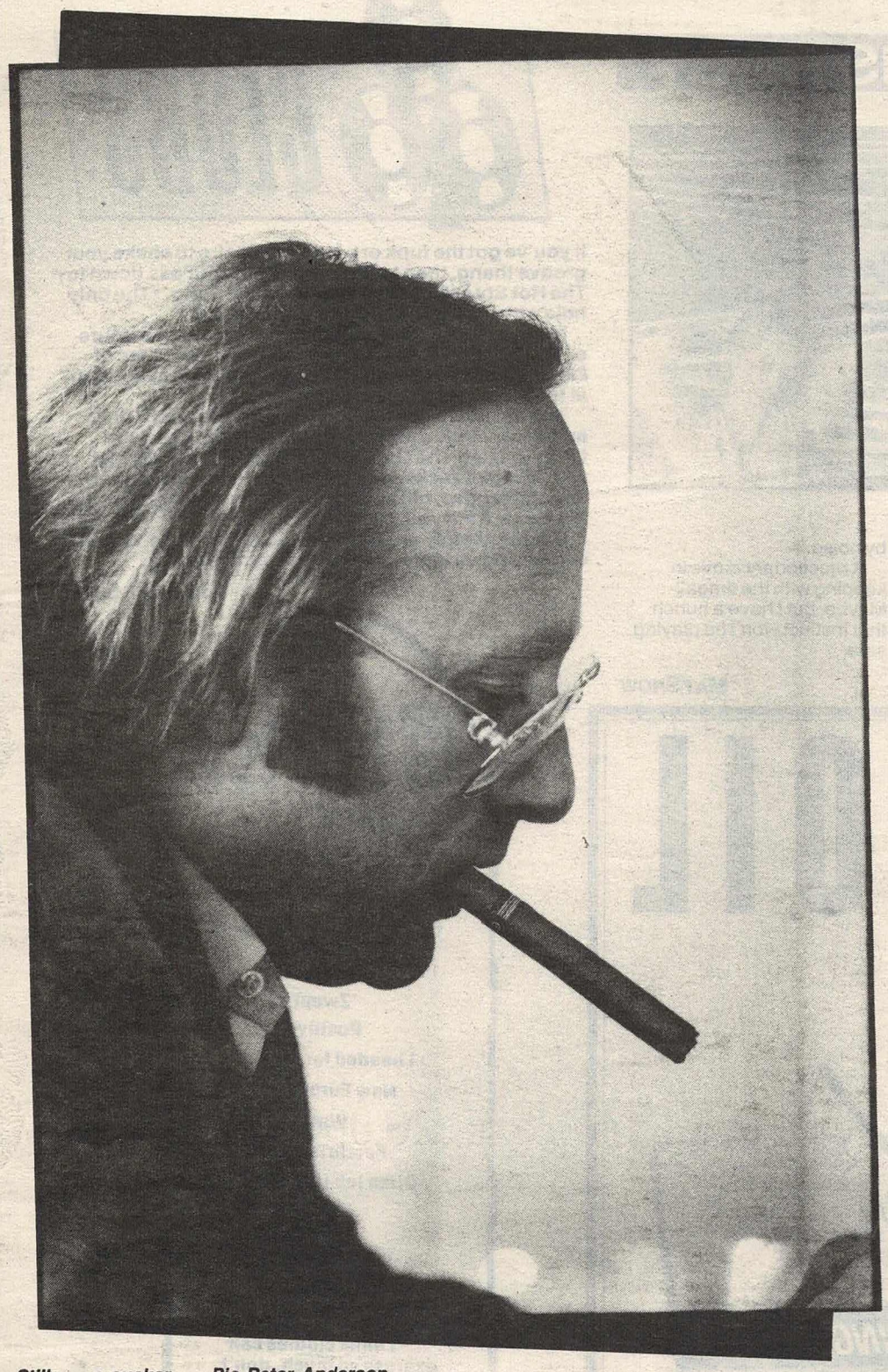
Send us a cassette of three original songs, accompanied by a brief biography and photograph of the band. And get it to us by August 31st.

This could be the break you're looking for!

TDK Battle of the Bands

TDK Battle of the Bands, P.O. Box 1DU, London W1A 1DU

STEPHEN STILLS — FREEZE FRAME FOR A DECADE ●



Stills — a sucker . . . Pic Peter Anderson

STILLS

CRAZY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS

MR STILLS and I are watching a video of some playing by Crosby, Stills And Nash. The composer leans back in his chair, a whisky glass in one hand, and nods a trifle blearily to the music.

They are doing 'For What It'sWorth (What's That Sound)'. Stills resembles a computer technician, Nash an aerobics instructor, Crosby an auditioning grandfather gnome.

"I get up and get to play rock'n'roll music real loud in front of a whole bunch of people! And everyone has such a good time, everybody." Stills' voice has familiar sandpapered growl, a a man running to a middle-aged bulk (Could lose some weight" is his first comment on the video).

"Those kids who musta been about three in 1968 are coming along and *screaming* and they *know all the songs.*"

Isn't that a little pointless? If they know them all they could just stay at home and sing along with the records. Ritual.

Stills pauses in lighting a massive cigar which he's just stuck in his mouth. "You shee shumthing wrong in that?"

Crosby, Stills And Nash are still a towering force in American noise, for good or ill. As skinny as their music may be it commands an allegiance that is intimidating. Its position isn't easily assailed by upstarts like A Flock Of Seagulls. Before we compliment ourselves on throwing off this ancient spectre let me remind you that they are also able to fill out Wembley for two nights this month.

Stephen Stills is their galvanic force. Although it's hard to resist a sneer when he says "We've never been known to put out pap, particularly", I know what he means. Stills could write good anthems, and by a peculiar twist he could find himself back on a freshly-stoked gravy train as a crypto-protest singer with them holocaust blues again.

"Sometimes we *have* put out pap. Yeah! Unadulterated crap, as far as I'm concerned. Meaningless . . ."

Why did he ever do a thing like that?

"Because we were young and dumb and doing what was done at the time. Because a song sounded nice then doesn't mean it will today.

"I keep updating the worthwhile ones. It's senseless to be provocative for the sake of it, as far as I'm concerned – that's equally inane. And our music's got a place in people's lives just as today's music will mean things to people now in years to come. There's a place in the middle where everyone can have a good time, and that's what we're all about.

"There's a lot of stuff that's milktoast," he says, relighting his cigar. "And if people consider us as milktoast I intend to kick enough ass to change that. If Stephen Stills cooking as hard as he can is milktoast to the English then I'll hear it from the audience."

I wonder if he will . . .

"Well," he returns grouchily, "in another sense I don't particularly give a damn.

I'm at an age where I won't be bullied into being embarrassed about what I do and I'm not going to be denigrated for trying to put together thoughtful music. I do in fact function and play as hard as I can. I have a real problem with the generalisation that I'm a boring fart."

What is it about CSN that provokes him into carrying on with the enterprise?

"Well, Nashy and I decided it was time to make another record," he says, chewing on the giant Havana. "I thought it was kind of soft myself.

"SOFT," he grunts loudly, as if I hadn't heard him. "You know, if you don't like it, don't buy it. But don't spit on it."

I wonder instead if a man with the crowd-count muscle of Stills has his agitprop carbine loaded. Nukes, wargames, Capitol Hill distortions — all grist to a senior commentator in the protest ring. What can he do with his chords of fame?

"As a performer you're like a troubadour, a mirror. As a citizen you can say what you think. I don't like mixing the two that much. I'll work my butt off to actualise some of these things and do my bit. If a performer can involve people in a debate it's worthwhile. You have to get into an educational atmosphere where governments must realise it's in their best interests to be concerned with people who live around them. Ronald Reagan is a great lesson for our country because he is a very passionless man. He has no compassion at all, a belligerent jerk."

Stills looks askance at the now soggy end of his cigar – a rich man with a troubled mind.

"This is a war. The point is to win the motherfucker, and if I've got to put on a three-piece suit and go pound the halls of Congress I'll do it. If everybody'd do their little bit we might be able to fix this shit. I think your estimate of me as a conservative rock'n'roll figure is one that should be reexamined because it's so simplistic."

Does he believe in revolutions?

"I grew up in Latin America, and I've seen 'em. Everybody just ends up starving to death and shooting at each other all the time. They turn into demagoguery and chaos and violence for its own sake. Easy prey for anyone who wants to manipulate for their own profit."

How has Stills' world changed since he cut the misty diamond of 'Rock'n'Roll Woman' in 1967?

"It's dirtier. Harder. Just as myopic. The waste is catching up with us. The incomplete decisions that were made back then and which set us on this course are cropping up and again."

Stop — what's that sound?

RICHARD COOK

note oilskin base — lowry

HI KIDS! "ROCK 'N' ROLL IS DEAD! THE "WORLD" ENDED LAST WEDNESDAY!.. LET'S GO BACK TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF NORMALITY!
PETER YORKISS'S TEEN MUSEUM. INCORPORATING HARPERS AND QUEENS
REACTIONARY CHIC DEPT.
POST-FALKLANDS LOOK.
"IN THE FIFTIES, NORMAL FOLK LED LIVES OF QUIET NORMALITY, THINKING ABOUT SENSIBLE THINGS"
DARLING, BE SENSIBLE WITH ME..
LET'S SETTLE DOWN AND LIVE SENSIBLY EVER AFTER..
"VICTORIAN VALUES WERE SACROSANCT.."
I CAN'T BEAR TO SEE A NAKED CAR!!
"MUSIC WASN'T TOLERATED.."
DON'T TALK TO ME ABOUT BEETHOVEN, YOU ROTTEN COMMIE PERVERT!!
OOOFF!!!
JAZZ JOURNAL
"LACKING A ROBERT ELMS TYPE YOUTH LEADERENE TO GUIDE THEM, YOUNG PEOPLE ARE HOPELESSLY NAFF.."
DAN DARE
MY HERO.
I LIKE TRAIN SPOTTING AND COLLECTING STAMPS.
MY FAVOURITE SHOE IS THE BROGUE
"BUT, IN A THOUSAND STEAMY POCKETS, SOMETHING BEGINS TO STIR..."
FUCK BROGUES!
JOHN LENNON
NEXT- HOW THE NEW INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY WILL MAKE OLD FASHIONED IDEAS OF CAPITALISM AND SOCIALISM REDUNDANT— AND WHY YOU SHOULD BUY MY NEW BOOK 'DOWN & OUT IN SLOANE SQUARE'
MEGA YORKIE INC.
STOP ME BUY ONE

the lone groover — benyon

I'VE COME TO POLSLAVAKIA T'GET SOME "BEHIND TH' IRON CURTAIN CREDIBILITY" WHICH IS A LOT HOTTER THAN U.K. TO'S STREET CREDIBILITY.
THE PEOPLES RECORD COMPANY
VELCOME! — I AM, AS YOU SAY, AN A+R COMRADE.
PLEASE REMEMBER OUR RECORD INDUSTRY IS INDEPENDENT FROM THE MILITARY STATE.....
OF COURSE.
SO, LEAVE YOUR TAPE WITH ME AND I'LL LISTEN TO IT DRIVING HOME IN MY TANK...
ER, SORRY, I MEAN, COMPANY CAR
INTERNATIONAL A+R PHRASE BOOK
ENGLISH — POLSLAVAKIAN

INSTINCT ● CLUBS ● FANZINES ●

PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW INSTINCT

BARELY HAD the old brain digested the news that Pigbag were no more, than the first phoenix rises from the ashes. Bassist Simon Underwood, singer Angela Jaeger and guitarist James Johnstone now surface as Instinct, promising a radical departure from the style that scored a thousand hipster rave-ups.

But first the inquest.

"We came to the decision that it was impossible to work together because there were so many people with different ideas," explains Simon, ex-Pop Group.

"Each person has their own idea of what was going on and what they felt Pigbag should be," elaborates James. "It was a real big mish-mash."

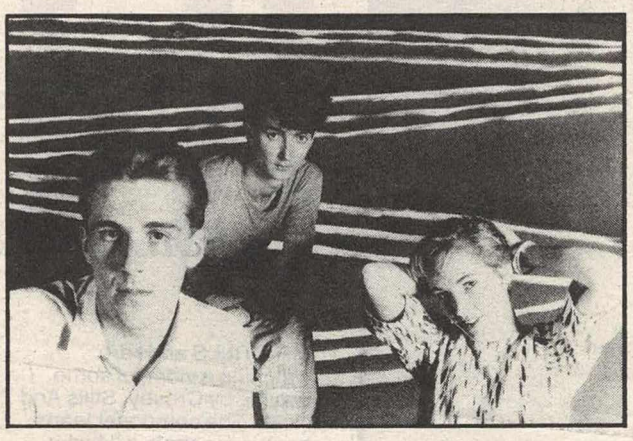
Simple communication, let alone composition, proved problematic with an eight-strong musical democracy. Pigbag's dinosaur dimensions determined that they fell into the recording / touring trap through sheer inertia. Dissatisfaction with life on the road and disappointment with the commercial and critical thumbs-down received by their second LP, 'Lend An Ear', crystallised in the decision to split, taken over two months before its announcement.

Instinct's manifesto seems like a clinical reaction to Pigbag's excesses. Simon: "With Pigbag there were eight of us and we were stuck to that sound." But Instinct have discovered synthesisers; a brave new world beckons.

For now Instinct will remain a trio, recruiting other musicians for recording and live work as needed, which may or may not include other ex-Pigbaggers. Their approach will be formal and song-based – with Angela responsible for the words – despite a lack of experience with these traditional methods: "We work with words and can hear what the words are saying," proclaims Simon. "It's not drowned out by noise."

A reactionary move in keeping with the times? Maybe, but I have a hunch that Instinct won't be playing safe.

MAT SNOW



CLUBS

If you've got the funk or a burning desire to shake your groove thang, then you'd better haul your ass down to The Hot Sty at Gossips, Meard Street, Soho. "The only hole with true soul in London." (*G Sager*).

Happening every Monday night between the hours of 11.00 and 3.00 and for the meagre entrance fee of £2.00, The Hot Sty is probably the best club in London at the moment.

The top hot jocks, Rip Rig And Panic's Sean Oliver and Bruce Smith, play the best in old and new hard funk – mixing The Gap Band's 'Burn Rubber On Me' with Michael Jackson's 'Billie Jean' – as well as just enough reggae, blues and jazz to give you time to mop the sweat from your brow.

It's completely unpretentious, with no 'face' or dress codes, and an incredibly friendly atmosphere.

JO-ANNE SMITH

Cliche City

(Those we have loved. To death.)

Promo video

'Zwept

Positive

I headed for the bar

New Europeans

Wally

Ferchrissakes

Gizza job (or anything else)

Soul

Passion

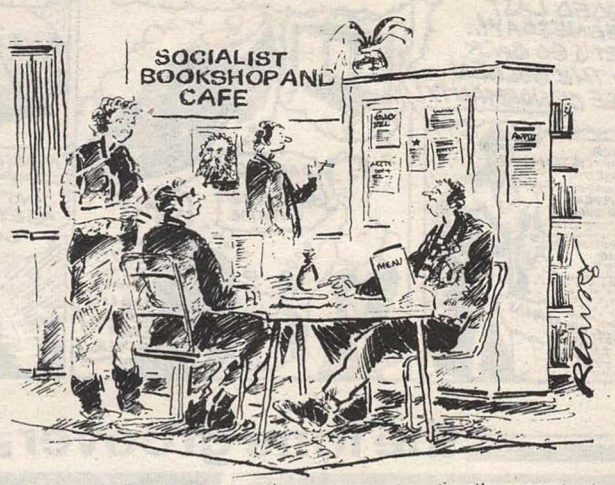
Style

Go for it

"I think clothes can express so much, don't you? They are an extension of one's personality."

~ R·I·P ~

lowry



" We've got a five-year plan for the beans on toast."

FANZINE FOOTNOTE

Want the scam on Malcolm the Mouth's SA merchandising venture straight from the source? Then turn to *alter*. . . . the fastest-growing fanzine in South Africa.

Consider a publication hailing from Johannesburg which tries "to cover as our primary concerns music (rock, relevant and ridiculous), political comment or satire, sci-fi and cartoons;but we don't subscribe to any political ideology other than that any one human being is equal to any other human being." After a year of frustration at being denied a postal box from which to mail-order by the authorities, Johnathon Handley (Jon Roxi, founder of SA's seminal 'zine *The Palladium*) generously handed on his own precious box no. when he moved towns.

So, you can now check out *alter*. . . from: PO Box 10287, Strubenvale 1570, South Africa (McLaren is dealt with in issue 3, now a back copy).

MIDNIGHT OIL

POWER AND THE passion

THE NEW SINGLE

+3 TRACK 12"

"Shatteringly captivating and stunning"
Johnny Waller – Sounds

"A fine achievement that hopefully won't be totally ignored"
Steve Cross – Melody Maker

"The political commitment is uncompromising and universal, articulate and undiluted"
Paul Roland – Sounds

"It's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees"
Midnight Oil

7" (A3176) 3 TRACK 12" (TA3176)

DREAM SYNDICATE ● *BUK REVU* ●

DREAM SYNDICATE

GIVE RICHARD GRABEL NIGHTMARES

A QUIET, energetic, nervous, enthusiastic guy from LA is talking. His name is Steve Wynn.

"A lot of my songs are about weakness, and people that are good people, and ordinary people, and mean well, but something happens and they fuck up."

I had a chilling feeling the first time I heard the Dream Syndicate's album 'The Days Of Wine And Roses', and I had a chilling feeling again when I heard Steve Wynn explain himself to me. Not that Wynn himself is in any way a morose character, nor the least bit affected. But one wonders where the fuel that feeds all this fire comes from, and what experiences have inspired such evocative portraits of dislocation, vulnerability and regret. But talking to him one knows that at least it's no put-on.

'The Days Of Wine And Roses' was one of last year's best rock records. Luckily, it's finally getting released in England through Rough Trade, who will hopefully save it from undeserved obscurity.

What remains is for the band to take their charged-up selves across the Atlantic to play. The two times I've seen them, Dream Syndicate delivered the kind of crazed, tension-filled, explosive time I always hope for from rock gigs and seldom get. They mash up their own songs and an ingenious selection of covers (Blue Oyster Cult's 'Don't Fear The Reaper' and Dylan's 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door' were among those featured last time around) with equal disrespect and abandon.

Live, Wynn's voice loses its Reed/Dylan mannerisms (along with most of its control) and his rhythm guitar gains intensity. Lanky lead guitarist Karl Precoda adds a '70s edge of heavy swagger and mind-warping feedback-and-distortion drama. Pretty bassist Kendra Smith recently left and was replaced by a not-as-pretty David Provost, but this shouldn't change anything.

How does Wynn describe the band's live method?

"Guts and blood and sick things all over the stage. Nothing more than emotion."

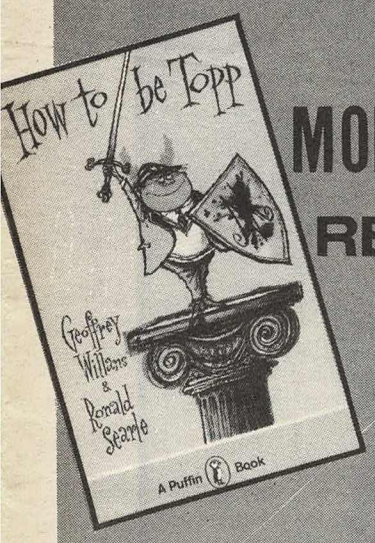
To which drummer Dennis Duck has a reply: "But there's a lot of joy in it. There's a lot of happiness and release. It's not ugly, it's beautiful."

Wynn: "I don't mean to bring up the idea of sick. We're not that at all. We've been called world-weary. I think we're even more positive than, say, Musical Youth."

That's not the initial impression one gets from the long, strange and dark trip 'The Days Of Wine And Roses' takes you through. I feel that chill creeping down my back again, and reflect on how, like a good horror film, Dream Syndicate can make you glad to be scared, to feel that tingle.

"We're not the new pop sensation. We can't be. At the same time we're not a hardcore band where you can say, 'I'm going to go have my senses tossed apart. 'A band like Black Flag puts you in a blender and your bones are left lying all over the floor. But you look at us and you say, what the hell is it? It's slimy and it's got things sticking out of it and it doesn't taste too good, but it tastes good enough to wanna have some more and it's kind of addicting but I don't like it. And that's when something's really good, when you don't know what to do with it, but you don't want to walk away from it either."

Which describes this bitter-sweet and addictive sound in a nutshell.



MOLESWORTH REVISITED

DAVID QUANTICK LOOKS BACK ON THE CURSE OF ST. CUSTARD'S — AND FOLDS A LITTLE.

I phoned the lady at the National Book League. "I'm trying to find out if any books by Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle are still in print," I said. She went off to check and, returning, informed me that only *How To Be Topp* (Penguin, 90p) was still available. "Well, they *are* very old," she added in mitigation. I refrained from pointing out that the Bible is less funny, and even older, and returned to my typewriter.

Forty years ago, a former prep school teacher called Geoffrey Willans was writing the diary of one Nigel Molesworth in *Punch*. Molesworlth and his acquaintances — peason, grabber ("who is head of the skool captane of everything and winner of the mrs joyful price for rafia work") and fotherington-tomas ("i simply don't care a row of buttons whether it was a goal or not nature alone is beautiful") — occupied a strange and surreal world.

Molesworth was a pre-teen cynic, possessed of a prose style both terse and illiterate, somewhere between Evelyn Waugh and e.e. cummings. When he arrived in book form, in such classics as *How To Be Topp, Back In The Jug Agane, Down With Skool!* and *Whizz For Atoms,* then the writing of Willans, and his cartoonist collaborator Ronald Searle, found a special niche in (supposedly) children's fiction.

At the age of ten, I would crease myself reading those books; now, with age's understanding of some of Willans' and Searle's subtleties, I still *fold* a little.

Certain lines may be familiar to the uninitiated. Time was when our own dear *T-Zers* was incomplete without some of the immortal words "a chiz is a swizz or a swindle as any fule kno" cropping up somewhere. And the words of fotherington-tomas, utterly wet and a sissy, still ring out — "hello clouds hello sky hello sun".

Ronald Searle had created the Belles of St Trinians, but his work for Willans surpassed all that. Time has not altered the appeal of such drawings as "You have caught me, sir, like a treen in a disabled spaceship", or his illustrations of Gabbitas and Thring, creeping through the woods to trap unwary young men and take them to become masters.

Although set in a prep school of the '50s (or so), there is still something common to all hip young things in Willans' and Searle's observations. Any French lesson has something of the lunatic lives of Armand and his Papa: " 'Are there any boats on the sea?' asks Armand so you can see that i think Papa is only taking him to dieppe in order to drown him."

I hope someone somewhere sees sense and reprints *Back In The Jug Agane* and its companions (are you there, Armada Books?). At the moment, humorous literature consists largely of cartoon books about cats, TV spin-offs written by people who don't appear in the original shows (in Rowan Atkinson's case, a blessing) and anthologies of graffiti . . . it could do with Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle, two real kings of comedy. As any fule kno.

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AFTER THE RAIN DEVOTO

THE NEW HOWARD SHAKES OFF HIS INTELLECTUAL FETTERS AND SQUARES UP TO DON WATSON. REFEREE: ANTON CORBIJN.

HOWARD WAS in the middle of a feverish dream.

It was a dream lined with creatures beyond the realms of simple imagination, snaggle toothed mice dripping venom from hideously decaying cavities, spiders picking up unidentified items of food and scuttling away into dusty corners as soon as they catch the mind's eye.

There was Napoleon pretending to be Nick Cave wading through a slough of slime.

He awoke at the tender stroking touch of an insect's silken legs on his eyelids to see a figure framed in the doorway. I walked into the room, stepping over an unfinished manuscript, Howard fell back to sleep and started talking.

A darkened room, with a light shining through the floorboards, Howard Devoto was talking to Don Watson.

I wished I was a fly on the wall.

He was terrifying to look at, arms knotted in front of him in an ungainly tangle, he pushed forward a pale face, wracked with demented amusement. His dilated, blood shot eyes burned through a glaze, indicating a measure of observation through the turmoil of sleep deprivation. A scatter of crushed petals fell from his hand.

In the hush of St Paul's Cathedral, two people were talking, their laughter echoing blasphemously around the walls of antiquity.

THE COMEDY OF MANNERS

WHATEVER ELSE might have happened, Howard Devoto still has his sense of occasion, in a pseudo-tourist rendezvous we meet, as two exiles, at his named place – on the steps of St Paul's.

As I approach from the side, Howard sits staring studiously into the distance, affecting a familiar pose of gnomic malevolence.

"Let us look inside this ancient emporium," he invites with a sparkle, indicating the cathedral with a sweep of parodic grandeur. With the collar of a green canvas shirt sticking out from a crumpled grey jacket, he looks like the archetypal gallery habitué, occupying an apparently eternal nook between youth and middle age.

It's a role that, for at least ten minutes, he's happy with.

"It's rather like an Aztec ruin," he pronounces in learned irreverence as we troop amongst the babbling tourists, the gold leaf and the omnipresent icons.

"No one knows why they come here," he continues, "no one knows why it exists, except of course for the perpetration of some enormous lie."

Not to be outdone, I venture that the lie is profoundly interesting.

"A lie is the most grotesque crime in the world," he pronounces, "but then again, perhaps crime makes life more interesting.

"Who knows?" he asks with clichéd resignation.

FOR ALL his protestations of awkwardness, I can't avoid the suspicion that this was all crass manipulation. As someone later commented my intro was being written for me. Tough luck really since I'd already invented four.

We both seemed to be grappling with the same thing though, me with the parodies that begin this piece and him with his parodic pretensions, that thing being just how viable it is.

How long can you continue to travel at the speed of night without meeting yourself coming back and dying of instant and terminal embarrassment? How long can you continue a facade of serious minded intellectualism without bursting into one huge enduring, alluring, mocking, shocking belly laugh? Or in his case how long can you be Howard Devoto without breaking into a mild-mannered but stubborn amusement?

The answer, I was to discover in a mixture of relief and frustration, is that despite the initial pretension the Howard Devoto of capital letters and intellectual fetters is no more.

The last epic masterpiece, 'The Correct Use Of Soap', still one of the world's most frightening records, is sunk deep in the past, *the* Howard Devoto of long pauses and impenetrable gloom is gone, to be replaced by *a* Howard Devoto of a different mystique, long pauses and an impenetrable contentment, but of an equally undeniable importance.

All his colours turned to water, he paints now in lighter hues, outlining a more noble form than before with a greater affection.

In the rainy season of Britain '83, the new Devoto single burns with high desires and glistens with an ionised elation. It's an inexplicable excitement in the midst of a despair, the illicit elation of Max Ernst's *Europe After The Rain*— strange beauty in the aftermath of destruction.

It sounds to me like a new manifesto, to him it's simply a slightly incoherent love song, "not simply mourning the end of a relationship".

And so we're back with the hobby horse, these images of love that dominate the field of vision still, that form the basis of the most vile blandness, but still manage to fire some fervent imaginations even now.

As before, Howard is unsure whether to stroke or scorch the scarlet flowers of romance, but there's an indication now that Devoto is stretching from the slime towards the lofty and the beautiful.

"I'm simply no longer interested in going *I, Me, Pain, Void, Horror*. Musically, the new stuff is entirely different, there is certainly still a lot of myself in it, but I'm no longer using the heavy aesthetic of the Magazine period.

"I don't want to work with epic agony anymore, and I don't want to be megalomaniacal.

"I suppose it's still in me," he continues with a tendency, however sarcastic, to perpetuate the mystique, "quietly inflaming a corner, but that 'Give Me Everything' *syndrome*, is hardly there any more.

"Lyrically, I find it hard to look beyond myself, so *yes* there is going to be some similarities because I am still the same flesh and blood, though not entirely – my inclinations are quite a lot different.

"My early image was the result of me stretching myself, saying things that perhaps I nearly believed, like all that stuff about being influenced by 'Against Nature'. Really, I was just playing with the possibilities of being granted a public persona.

"With this new material, the original idea was that I would write the songs and get a female vocalist in to perform and record them. So when I was writing them I had a greater sense of freedom than before, simply because I wasn't writing for this tulpa, or otherwise, called Howard Devoto."

SO ARE we glimpsing Howard Devoto as simply himself?

"There's no such thing as being simply yourself, it's made endlessly complicated by the fact that you're not dealing with a number of people who are your friends and know you quite well. If you're as stumbling as I am you simply can't manage all these endless complexities.

"I am not a naturally spontaneous person, I'm naturally awkward, so at first I thought I'd chuck in this and chuck in that. I even wish I could still be bothered to do it, but very quickly builds up a goddamn tulpa that you have to live with and deny every day of your life.

"I have now sent back my membership of Aliens Anonymous. I am *not* an alien," he continues, beginning to sound like a scene from *The Elephant Man*. "I don't get strange looks when I buy the newspaper.

"*God!* We're psychologically gravedigging again, I don't want to do this any more, I've talked about myself enough until I was blue in the face, and I think a lot of other people were blue in the face as well. I have now stopped, and if that means I'm now doing the same as everybody else, then *fine*. That means I am a member of the human race and no alien."

Would you like to be totally anonymous Howard?

"That would suit me quite well."

So as the icon shatters before my eyes, something I'm not altogether unhappy about, you and I are left with 'Jerky Versions Of The Dream', the vision that remains behind the fading image of The Great Man.

"The dream, of course is the romantic dream," he explains, "it's a title I hope will convey awkwardness, variety, sex, cinema . . ." he tails off " . . . and stupidity . . . still."

Are you moving away from the beauty of cruelty?

"Yes . . . I'm moving away from it," he smiles. "I can measure the miles . . . The themes of cruelty were always more self-directed than anything else anyway."

Do you believe in romance now Howard?

"Not for the greater part . . . for a fairly substantial part. It's a matter of how

CONTINUED ON PAGE 45

THE CREATURES

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A drumming group from Cameroon. The master drummer is on the left, support drummer on the right and bell player in the middle. Pic Malcolm Green

BEAT BEATITUDE

AFRICAN RHYTHM AND AFRICAN SENSIBILITY

by John Miller Chernoff *(University Of Chicago Press, £6.50 import)*

KATY ZESERSON *reappraises the classic text on African music and finds that beauty is only drumskin deep.*

PLAYING TRADITIONAL African rhythms is an exhilarating experience. First coming to it as a European fresh from the Western commercial rhythmic diet, in which everything is easily defined and pinned down to a steady beat, you get a kind of aural vertigo.

There seems to be no order, no clear pulse, nothing to key into, and yet if you let go of your urge to find a way of tapping a recognizable four, and just absorb the sound, you find your body starts to move, your hands take on a life of their own and you get your balance in the sound. There's a great moment where you trip over from your rhythmic conditioning into a new world of lightness and freedom.

It is a highly structured world. Each drum part in traditional beat is specific, and if you improvise, you do so within clearly defined parameters. Paradoxically, you feel as great a sense of creativity as you would blowing your heart out in a free jazz ensemble, and maybe more so. The crucial thing is that balance and the interweaving of your part with everyone else. What creates excellence is the players' awareness of, and responsiveness to, everyone involved, including dancers and non-playing participants.

If you listen too hard to what someone else is playing, you can't play your own part; equally if you listen too hard to yourself you stop responding to the rest and go off time or dominate. Each player is poised exactly, is cool and conscious of all parts. Even the master drummer, who has the most freedom within the beat, does not play like a Western soloist. The purpose of the improvisations is to sharpen the focus of the whole; drawing out different possibilities within the web created.

It's as if the sound is three dimensional, and the repetition, often dismissed by Westerners as boring, is actually crucial to this. Repetition establishes a beat, states the framework for improvisations, and allows the non-players at an event to take their part in the music-making – as the involved listener hearing the beat well played, you perceive many different melodies slipping in and out of the pattern. The momentum, coherence and incredible power of traditional African drumming is completed by the listeners' internal sense of the rhythm, supplying parts heard but not played.

This is an entirely different kind of music than we are used to, and *African Rhythm And African Sensibility* is an excellent introduction to it. Chernoff initially went to Ghana as a social scientist to study the place of African music in the community, and ended up, perhaps not surprisingly, staying eight years apprenticed to a master drummer. The love and respect he discovered for the music, and for the values it implies in the people making it, shine powerfully through the text, lightening up the occasionally academic language.

A major point he makes is that the music, and the manner in which it is made, are a metaphor for African social customs and values, and that its high place in every community reflects this. It is an entirely participatory culture, and everyone present at an African musical event has their place and importance, and knows it.

He says: "Music making in Africa is above all an occasion for the demonstration of character". What is being demonstrated about people's characters is their 'cool' or ability to balance, both literally, in their command of a rhythm or dance, and abstractly in their social bearing within the situation. A person's bearing is of great importance to everyone else. Drummers and dancers play their parts better if they are all 'showing good face'; equally the experience is judged to be 'sweet' if the drummers and dancers are not playing from 'heart', that is roughly, or manically, but rather 'baalim' or cool.

He also says "African music and dance are not performed as an unrestrained emotional expression; fundamentally African music and dance are ways of posing structures and restrictions for ethical actualization, and the spiritual element present is one of wisdom". Doesn't sound a lot like *Top Of The Pops* . . .

Here we rarely participate in music. Even in the Republic of Ireland where as recently as ten years ago you could hardly enter a pub without joining a singsong, the pool table and telly are becoming focal points of social relations. For us music is primarily a product, which we either manufacture (as performers) or consume (as audience).

Music has a very superficial place in our culture, or perhaps that means that we have a superficial culture – certainly our popular music is one-dimensional by comparison with African traditional or pop music. There is nothing remotely comparable with an African musical event in our world. We have borrowed many ideas – indeed probably the basis of a large part of our pop music – from African sources, but without understanding the structure of African sounds and the significance of that structure.

Chernoff makes the point that the significance here is not the obvious matter of whether a particular beat has ceremonial or religious symbolism or purpose – many people at events where such beats are danced have as little idea of the original meanings of the words and rituals as you or I. The characteristic of African music which we entirely miss out on, is that the music directly reflects and expresses a social code of respect and participation, a quality of community in which everyone recognizes their need of and relation to everyone else.

Obviously, in Africa, despite this music and its meaning, there are bad communities and good communities, but perhaps people in places where the traditional music is alive and thriving might be better able to relate to the environment in the respectful and mutually dependent way we need to in order for this planet to survive.

That is my romantic fantasy – all I can say is that you should discover for yourself what it is to play African traditional music, and see if it doesn't gradually change your whole perspective on the world you live in. Read this book and join a drumming class.

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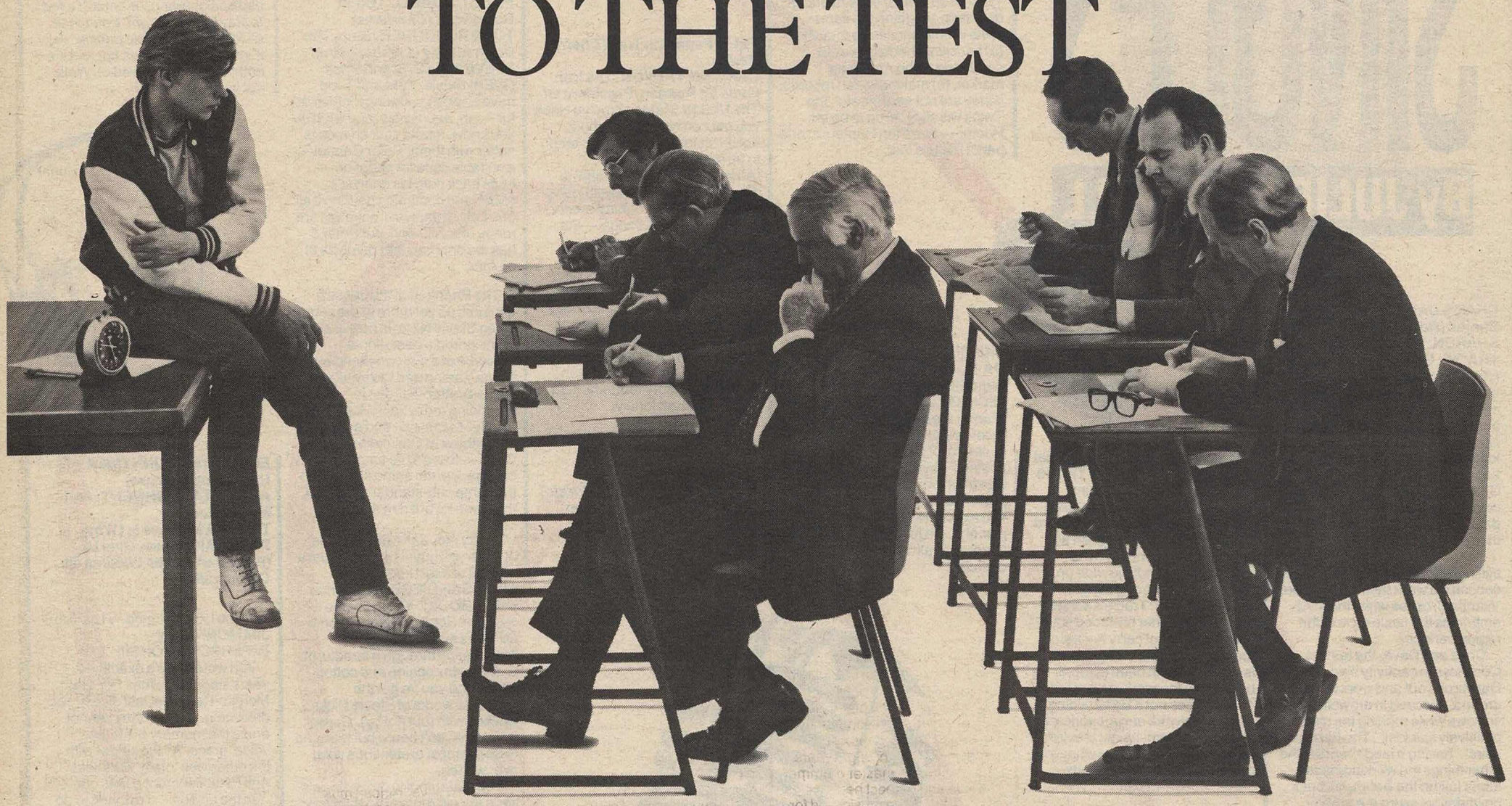

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BARCLAYS

SINGLES

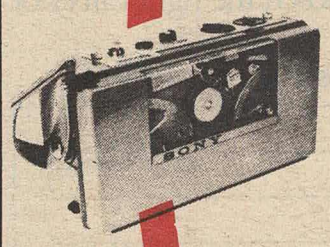
By JULIE BURCHILL

CHAS & DAVE: Beer Barrel Banjos (*Rockney*)
SHARON: Wot A Wally *(Ariola)*
TRACIE: Give It Some Emotion (*Respond*) As there are two nations within the country there are two nations within the British beat. The shabby grandeur of Northern pop is instantly identifiable from the well-dressed hangover of certain Southern Chartist's sweethearts. Then of course there are the Scots, dazzlingly devolved and going their own sweet way.

These three records are all stiflingly Southern; two of the acts concerned wear their accents like Victoria Crosses while the third embodies the facile style of the region perfectly.

Chas and Dave, the tamest Cockneys in captivity since Mr Dury broke out and went to ground, succeed in drowning *their* sorrows while making the critic positively suicidal. "The Blitz spirit" "having a laugh" and all the other things the working class, especially in the South, fall back on under pressure are quickly becoming the equivalent of "Be positive" for black Americans – learning to eat excrement with a smile. As a justification for releasing the thing the press release brags "When the tracks were featured on the television series hundreds of callers phoned ITV stations to ask where they could buy a copy." Great! And you get a free brain scan with every one bought.

'Sharon' comes in the tried and tacky tradition of 'Johnny Reggae' and 'Luton Airport', a shrill musi-monologue built around a catchphrase currently enjoying its 15 minutes. By the relish of teenage slang, working class habits and tail-chasing technology (B-side is 'Love On Atari') the record displays I fear that 'Sharon' is in fact none other



than Mr Peter York, who must be putting his David Bowie Pop Star Eleven Year Plan into action at last. 'Sharon' is obviously Mr York's first mask, his Sharon Stardust in fact; if encouraged he will move on to unleash upon the world 'Sharon Sane', 'The Thin White Sharon', 'Sharon Soul' and eventually 'Sharon Sloane Ranger Family Man Nice Guy'. DO NOT BUY THIS MAN'S RECORDS.

Tracie is obviously a different singing kettle of fish, and must be approached with the gloves on if only for the reason that Paul Weller has a hand in her career. Paul Weller literally changed himself very quickly from being one of the stupidest people in pop to one of the smartest – whenever I think of him I think of the title of that Australian film, *The Getting Of Wisdom*. But it is obvious that the whole Respond racket is not the hotspot it should be; Tracie herself – The Voice That Was Jerry-Built – would have found it impossible to get airplay, let alone a hit, if not for the coat of arms that read BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MODESTY. There's nothing wrong with having a rotten voice – look at Sandie Shaw (Chelmsford is not a million miles or even 24 hours from Dagenham) who cruised a mammoth joyride on pretty feet and strong songs. That's the point; Tracie's songs are awful, and her po-faced soul-child cool will not carry her much further. Respond, though young, is desperately in need of repair – a bit of fancy footwork, a bit of fancy artwork does not a Brill Building make. Footwork and artwork are not ends in themselves; they're the groundwork, they're what you do before the real work starts.

AL JARREAU: Trouble In Paradise (*WEA*) *Smoooooooth.* If Al Jarreau was a bar of chocolate, a ski slope or a complexion he'd be a screaming success. As an entertainer he's a raging bore.

MISTY IN ROOTS: Poor And Needy (*People Unite*)
JULUKA: Impi (*Safari*)
GEORGE BENSON– Feel Like Making Love (*Warner Bros*) Misty In Roots – British – know that the poor and needy live. Juluka — the great black and white South African band treated like a leper offering a love bite by the impeccably cretinous Musician's Union — know that the Nazi state thrives. George Benson — American — knows that he has his God, his fox and his threads and feels like making love. You can't hang a man for being cretinous, can you? No: but in an ideal world it would definitely be a capital crime.

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH: Live For Today (*IRS*) Born Again Dead Boy Stiv Bators is reincarnated as vocalist with plodding hedonists dishing out advice on how to live your life (they subscribe to the view that we should all put one foot in front of the other). Bad luck, Stiv — next time perhaps you'll be brought back as some kind of higher life form — a gnat, maybe.

THE MEMBERS: Working Girl (*Albion*) The other side of Sheena Easton's '9 To 5' — love on the prole, this, and it is sublime, soaring, salt of the earth stuff. The Members have been gone for quite a while but they are back with a cry from the heart. Take it to your chart . . .

IAN HUNTER: All of The Good Ones Are Taken (*CBS*)
THOMPSON TWINS: Watching (*Arista*) The foremost practitioner of Mange Rock, Mr Ian Hunter, plods through his paces once more. Mr Hunter once wrote some good songs, but he ruined his talent irretrievably by flogging his corkscrewed carcass back and forth across that malignant tumour on the face of the earth, the United States of America, in a effort to "break" the place. The Thompson Twins, once dashingly diverting, are going the same route in both senses, ie they are (a) knocking themselves out pandering to the American market, (b) making rotten records. If they are not *very* careful, the Twins will all grow up to be Ian Hunter — three Ian Hunters in one band! Picture *that*. . .

THE CURE: The Walk (*Fiction*)
DAVID GRANT: Watching You Watching Me (*Chrysalis*)
MICHAEL JACKSON: Happy (*Tamla Motown*) With all these records you get a free poster; quite a lot of people might want a poster of Michael Jackson , rather less might want a David Grant poster and surveys have shown that exactly two people on the planet yearn for a poster of The Cure. All in a all a pointless exercise.

The Cure have copied the chronic New Order with horrific results, you know the kind of thing — allusions to star-crossed love and a life in the shadows, shrill *angst* and a toothache beat; these chaps have been around for quite a time now, they're the godfathers of Tears For Fears. Actually includes the line *"Visiting time was over"* which wins it the first annual Richard Hell Barrel Of Laughs Award.

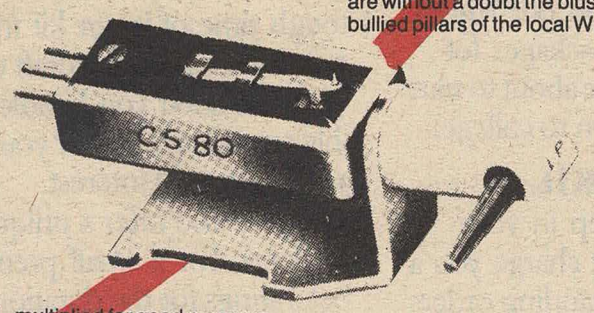
David Grant goes through the usual "Don't you think I look like Jeffrey? Don't you think I sound like Michael?" moves — you know how these days lots of stupid bands put out what they laughbly consider double A-sides? Well, David Grant has the amazing knack of making every release sound like a double B-side — some kind of a record, but not much of one.

Yet another Michael Jackson manque — no, it's the Orson Welles of the discotheque himself. This is a reissue from when he was teeny-tiny and hung around with his brothers — what a weird kid, thank goodness he grew out of it — rather than roomfuls of showroom dummies, and has a rather pleasing 'Tracks Of My Tears' motif (it is written La Smoke himself, so hold the law suits — plagiarism begins at home). It's also a little like 'Ben', Michael's love song to a rat — so light and airy and dreamy that only the weight of Master Jackson's jewellery stops it from floating off into the great blue younder. Motown doesn't have much to boast about these days, but it does have one thing that other record companies would give their platinum discs for, and that's a Michael Jackson back catalogue: praise the Lordy, Mr Gordy.

FELT: Penelope Tree (*Cherry Red*)
RANKING TREVOR: The Iron Lady/ Mr Reagan, President Of The United States (*Trojan*) Have you noticed how songs about actual historical characters tend to be really neato? From 'Abraham, Martin And John' to 'Christine Keeler', 'Debbie Harry' and 'Lee Remick'? Good theory, right? Well, these songs — the one about the well-connected, protected, ancient mannequin, Old Bailey flame, drug fiend and international Mess, the others about the genial ghoul and mass murderer wanted by the People for genocide and other war crimes in Latin America *plus* his grungiest groupie — are rotten, making my theory redundant. At least it won't get lonely.

GABI DELGADO: Amor (*Virgin*)
DOLLY DOTS: Money Lover (*WEA*)
THE JODELLIES: My Boy (*Ariola*)

Here at the penny chews counter. . . Gabi Delgado looks like a Tottenham Hotspur import gone AWOL to have his career mismanaged by August 'Linda' Darnell, and what's worse he sounds like it too. The Dayglo rags, the gauche Anglepoise, the bright candy lips, the backcombed haystacks on their heads — yes, we have no Bananarama, put together by some Belgique Svengali and



multiplied for good measure (there are six Dolly Dots). Shocking pink punk and carefully choreographed sneers from all non-boy group — a powder puff masquerading as a nightstick. The Jodelles sashay onto the scales with a *very* authentic pastiche of an early '60s girl group having their moment of glory — what's that in the sky? Is it The Shirelles? The Crystals? Chiffons? Ronettes? Probably only Arthur Negus and Nathan Chasen could truly tell it from the original. The trouble is . . . people stopped buying this stuff 20 years ago. Coyness *still* sells — but only boys can get away with and into the chart being coy these days. Still, a refreshing reminder of the days when heated debates about PR meant deciding what to do with the Puerto Ricans.

PETER GABRIEL: I Don't Remember (*Charisma*)
TODD RUNDGREN: Bang The Drum All Day (*Lamborghini*)
STEVE NICKS: Stand Back (*WEA*) Stevie, Pete and Todd have all been suffering for their art for — oh, *aeons* now, and what do you know, here's your chance to suffer with them. Peter Gabriel — a suitable case for sedation — hops back onto his analyst's couch and continues pouring it all out. Lots of analysts' couches are made of black vinyl, but Peter's has the only one that revolves at 45 rpm.

The Phantom of the Jacuzzi conjures up yet more of the same: when Stevie Nicks is not recalling some horrible gestational outcome of a dirty weekend by Diane Keaton and the freak who fronted Jethro Tull she is reminding me of Janis Joplin after a Judy Maazel diet and a year's hard labour at Cosmetics a la Carte — there's the same self-indulgence, the same sloppiness, the same sub-standard material, the same loyal if dim disciples.

Every move she makes yells "Listen you guys! I am NOT just a cute bit of ass! I know about MYTHS and LEGENDS! I once read a BOOK!" Yeah, shame it was *Sex Slaves Of Satan* some 20 years ago. Filter the Mabinogion through a headful of Colombian cocaine and cotton candy and you've got the complete works of Stevie Nicks. Backed with (but not by) 'Garbo', which I haven't heard but is bound to be the most pretentious song ever written.

Todd attempts to prove there's life in the old runt yet by throwing his nosebag, his pessimism and his books on Egyptology to the wind and trying to have a good, mindless time – he sounds quite like Trini Lopez running amok. And — oh-oh — we hear that Todd's in trouble with his teacher again. Well, that's what you must expect, Todd, if you persist in leaving your bath chair parked on a double yellow line.

THE WISE MEN: Knowledge (*Glass*)
VIRGIN DANCE: Are You Ready (*Spartan*)
LOVERBOY: Hot Girls In Love (*CBS*)
THE KAMIKAZE SEX PILOTS: Dark Night Of The Soul (*Lowther International*)
ACTION PACT!; London Bouncers (*Fall Out*) Decoy Corner: each of these bands has obviously named themselves to draw attention away from their worst defects. Thus the Wise Men sound like morons, Virgin Dance sound like they've got flat feet and herpes, Action Pact! are deadly dull and the Kamikaze Sex Pilots are without a doubt the blushing; bullied pillars of the local W.I.

RANDY NEWMAN: I Love L.A. (*Warner Bros*)
MIKE ELLIOTT: Making Me Happy (*Rubber Records*) Randy Newman makes rotten record shock — the world's greatest stand-up singer-songwriter falls flat on his cynical grin. The tongue in his cheek is half-hearted at best, and the smile waiting so impatiently in the wings will never get called to your lips. He's been living but there too long.

Someone who hasn't been living out there long enough is little Ian Penman, who departed this parish with tall tales of making masterpieces with Paul Schrader and now has resurfaced as a researcher for Tyne Tees Great Trite Hope Mike Elliott. 'Making Me Happy', which deals with the horror of being saved from oneself, has charm of almost Hilda Ogdenesque proportions, especially during the lines *"I used to stay home at night/ Eating me Chinkie/ Drinking me drinkie"* — it's hardly *Taxi Driver*, Ian, but it's nothing to be ashamed of. Well, not *very*.

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN: Never Stop (*Korova*)
ANTI ESTABLISHMENT: Anti Men (*Glass*)
TROY TATE: Love Is (*Why*)
PAUL HAIG: Never Give Up (Party Party) (*Les Disques Du Crepuscule*)

I am the Lizard Prince — I can do JIM MORRISON IMPERSONATIONS!!!

As I write this it's exactly 12 years since Mr James Douglas Morrison took that last disastrous delousing, and still they cannot erase the memory of his face, voice, grace. As the singer with the otherwise totally worthless Anti Establishment points out — "On the end bit — I'm trying to do a bit of a Jim Morrison, you know?" Yeah, you and every other boyo in the beat business!

Troy Tate approximates THAT VOICE great — bringing the Voice right up from the boots, like you're auditioning for a lager advert. Unfortunately his worldview is too bedsit, too two-bit — not acid-epic enough. Never mind, Tate, chin up, old chap, yours is the best record out of a rotten lot so far this week!

Tate's record says DANCE MIX and Haig's has PARTY, PARTY in the title: when one used to see words like these on records one knew one was about to play a mindless goodtime record. These days it means that the maker was verging on the Samaritans when he cut it. I don't know why. Nevertheless, Paul Haig's record is *pretty good*, hard-edged Soft Parade.

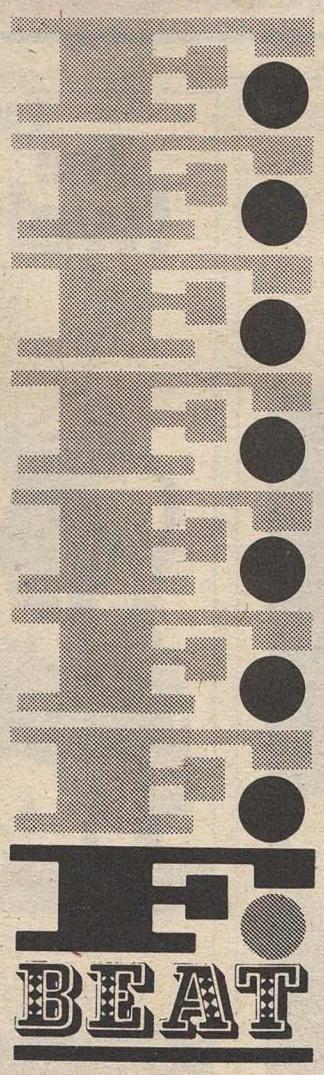
Besides singing like the Son of Morris, Ian Bunnyman has a great appearance and approach, like a Guardian Angel pushed beyond breaking point. *"The King is dead, long live the People, we'll aim above, all the simple stuff never understood like Right from Bad and Wrong from Good, deny, that you were ever tempted by the lie!"* But *magnifique!* If I wasn't such a loudmouth I'd be speechless: I mean I'm not going to go back and do anything dopey like knighting someone SINGLE OF THE WEEK — such a lady of the manor dispensation, such largesse, such noblesse oblige — but the stature of the last three records is such a wonderful thing I can only think that these young people have been holding commune with the spirit of the Miami Flash Master.

Unlike the others who died — Joplin, Jones, Hendrix — Jim Morrison will live forever, in the immortal words of Miss Irene Cara. *They* were freaks who *had* to go into the freak business, the show business; he could have been a patsy in the Pentagon, an idol at the matinee, but he chose to be part of your heritage. All the hippies ever gave his grave was graffiti but he deserved orchids, orchards and other such trivia. James Douglas Morrison, gone forever, forgotten never, R.I.P. It Up.

ELVIS COSTELLO

and the ATTRACTIONS

7"- XX32
12"- XX32T



EVERYDAY I WRITE THE BOOK

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SILVER SCREEN

Phyllis Logan and Giovanni Mauriello have a Last Tango In Black Isle

Another Time, Another Place

DIRECTOR: Michael Radford
STARRING: Denise Coffey, Phyllis Logan, Giovanni Mauriello (Cinegate)

AS ITS title implies, *Another Time, Another Place* tells the old tale of disparate psyches meeting through physical demands as a consequence of change; only at 101 minutes it hardly seems a brief encounter.

It's a war weepie: what there is in the way of plot concerns three Italian POWs billetted during 1944 in a bothy on the Black Isle, and the interactions of their emotions with those of the proverbial farmer's wife. In this case the wife is handily the only good-looking (or even young) woman *on* the Isle – barring of course the sterotypical 'village slut' – so one's interest quickly devolves into trying to decide which Italian she'll 'choose'.

Some beautiful cinematography renders the revolutions of the seasons more interesting in juxtaposition to the Italians' mercurial spirits than is the predictable rise in our leading lady's libido. On the debit side, however, one can hardly forget how little is being extracted from the haunting landscape other than the usual dour farmer-figure husband (wham-bam-thank-you-missus mixed with delivering calves and commenting monosyllabically on dinner) . . . *Days of Heaven* this ain't.

Like Stephen Poliakoff's unreleased *Runners* (but with much less resonance), *Another Time, Another Place* seems to feel no need to justify its Channel Four funding by establishing any really thought-out resolution; the 'end' is extremely frustrating after you've hung in there so long with these folksily laconic folk.

But then producer Simon Perry does boast the most impeccable old boy credentials, from a National Film School diploma and a stint as head of the National Film Development Fund ("Britain's only regular source of 'seed money' for feature film projects") to a current position on the BFI Production Board. With such obvious power to wield, one wishes he could convince the independent film-makers of his homeland to eschew period and cultural 'colour' (so English, so good for export sales to America) and endless explorations of repression for more Ploughman's Lunches.

Cynthia Rose

The Balance Of Fortune

DIRECTOR: Margarethe Von Trotta
STARRING: Jutta Lampe, Gudrun Fruh (First City/Blue Dolphin)

MADE THREE years ago, Margarethe Von Trotta's *The Balance Of Fortune* predates her *The German Sisters* and rehearses many of its themes, but lacks its animated, coherent argument and assured style. She has much to say, but back in 1980 her mind seemed only half made-up. This failure of resolution translates into a didactic, confused and unconvincing film drama.

As the title suggests, *The Balance Of Fortune* is about symmetry – the tension of opposites, reality versus dreams, intellect against instinct. Maria (Jutta Lampe) is a career girl – self-reliant, dutiful, businesslike, emotionally inhibited with Nordic looks to suit. By contrast, her younger sister Anna (Gudrun Gabriel), a biology student, is more Latin – a dreamer, governed by her moods, dependent upon others, and in general epitomizing the fated romantic. She lives in Maria's flat in Hamburg, from which situation springs the film's crucial conflict: the clash between the 'masculinized' Maria and the archetypically 'feminine' Anna.

The drama is diagrammatic and forced. Only the subtle conviction of the acting blurs the hard lines of stereotype, but there's no camouflaging the point Von Trotta is trying to make. She adds weight to her thesis by implying that Maria's boss, a cold commercial *apparatchik* Munzinger (Heinz Bennent), has enslaved her with the same value-system she in turn tries to impose on Anna. As if that wasn't enough, Maria seeks to 'improve' Miriam (Jessica Fruh), a frivolous typist in her office, whose physical resemblance to Anna is surely no accident.

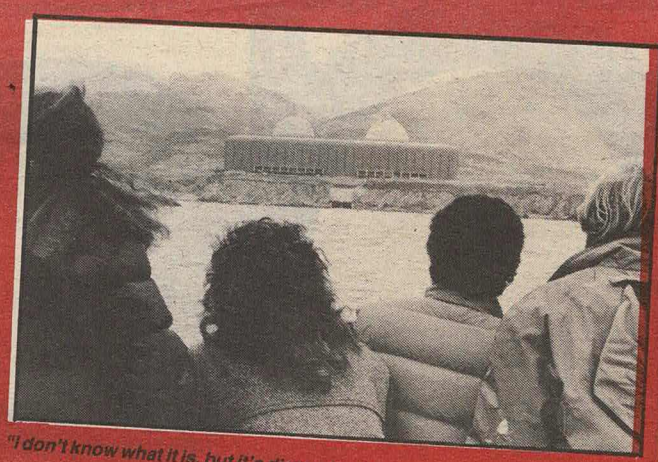
The token men are represented by the soulless Munzinger and the literary Life Force, Robbi (Konstantin Wecker), a nightclub troubadour who commits quite the most heinous song-writing atrocities yet heard in film. None of these people live and breathe; they're witnesses in Von Trotta's court who speak their lines to illustrate her case.

It's a man's, man's, man's world, an injustice which Von Trotta has sought to analyse and, up to a point, redress. But *The Balance Of Fortune* fails to make the imaginative leap from text-book to big screen – that achievement came later.

Mat Snow

HOW I learned to stop living with the bomb . . . *Dark Circle*, an American anti-nuclear film directed by Chris Beaver and Judy Irving, breaks down the universal threat to a few individual cases, thereby personalising it. It evolves round the Rocky Flats community in Colorado, whose industry is the manufacture of plutonium triggers for A-Bombs at a rate of three a day, 15 a week, 750 a year. Steady work, steady pay. Except the question circulating the Flats is no longer if you can get it, but if you want it. Plutonium particles permeating the atmosphere and soil have increased the risk of brain cancer and leukaemia. Action committees have been formed to counter the industry's dishonest assurances of safety at work and play. More and more families have weighed up the bonus of easy money against high health risks, patriotic duty against involvement in a profit-orientated armaments industry whose self-interest is nuclear proliferation and paranoia, and decided to withdraw. *Dark Circle* documents these decisions with quiet satisfaction and illustrates their magnitude with archive footage of Nagaski and Hiroshima, complete with interviews with survivors. Unlike more strident films calculated to alienate the non-aligned, *Dark Circle* heavily underlines rather than overstates its case. It is currently touring London cinemas on a double bill with *In The King Of Prussia* — a docudrama reconstruction of the Plowshares Eight Trial regarding a group of workers who broke into a GEC factory and destroyed atomic warheads . . . You have just been reading an endorsement of the GLC Peace Drive.

Chris Bohn



"I don't know what it is, but it's disgusting!"

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LEAN AND TENDER

Tender Mercies

DIRECTOR: Bruce Beresford
STARRING: Robert Duvall, Tess Harper, Allan Hubbard. (EMI)

AS THE American cinema grows more polarised to either blockbusting or understatement with every movie, it's becoming rather too tempting to side with the little films. Modest ambitions, reserved playing and small victories are fine, except this stylistic retreat can eventually lead to an impasse. *Tender Mercies* is an almost perfect example.

There is scarcely anything wrong with Australian frontrunner Bruce Beresford's first American film. He's chosen a subject ideal for the exploitation of some impressive strengths: the uneventful intensity of character interplay, a composed and classical grasp of framing and the wry exploration of a certain moral code.

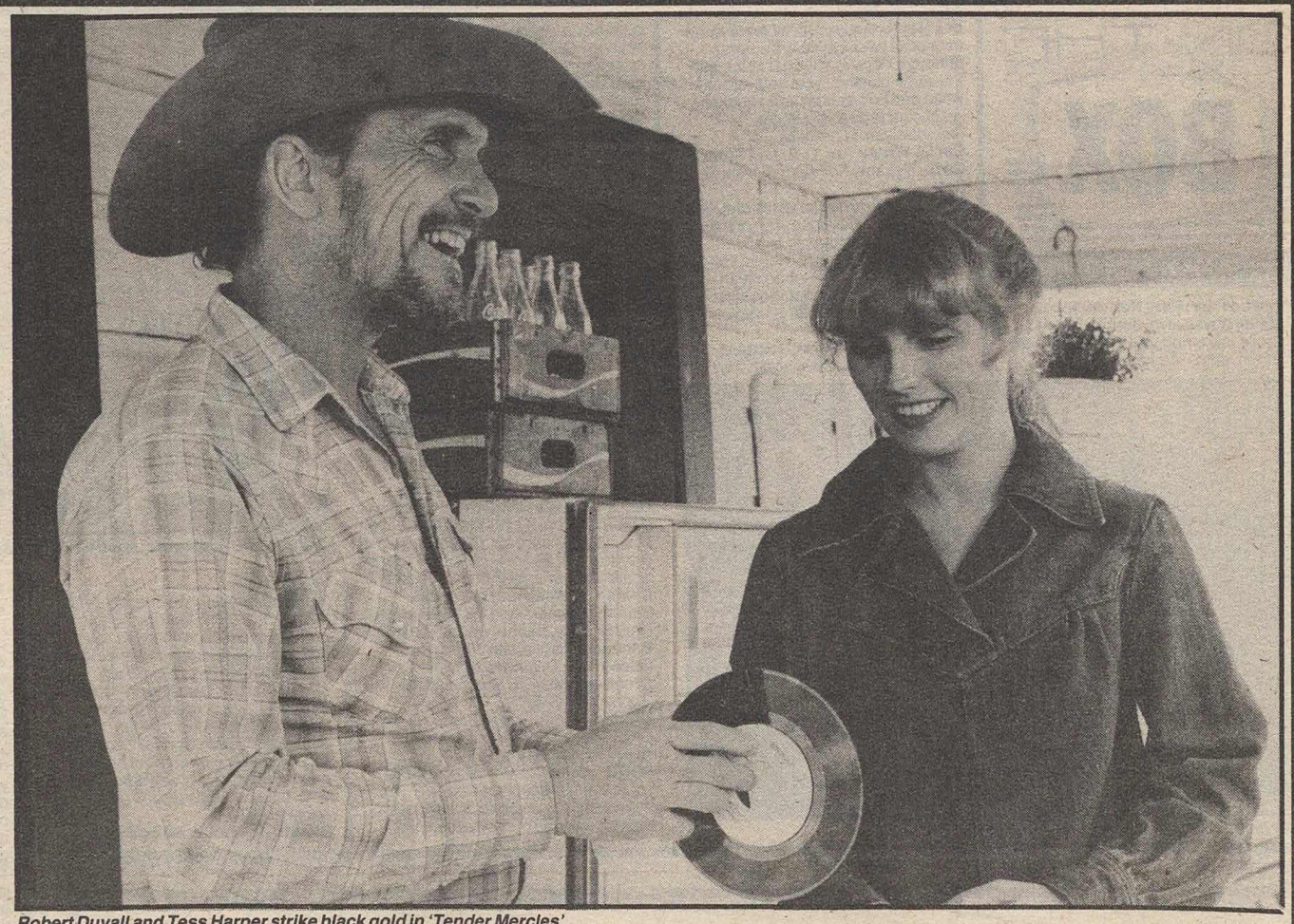
It doubles as actor's and director's picture. Robert Duvall is the unassuming centre of the film as Mac Sledge, and it opens on this ageing country singer picking himself gingerly off a motel floor strewn with crackers and Jim Beam, and ends – no giveaway – with him tossing a football across a tilled field.

Around such a quietly mountainous figure revolve details and incidents that barely shrug themselves into a story. Sledge works out his motel bill for Rosa Lee, the young Vetnam widow who keeps the lonely Texas gas station, stays on to marry her – a matter-of-fact proposal delivered over hoeing the cabbage patch – and prepares for old age with a ten-year-old stepson (exuberantly played by Allan Hubbard) in his shadow.

Beresford's approach to this set-up is unswervingly amiable. He lets the script shade in a few melodramatic colours, like a divorced wife and country co-star who blames her runaway daughter's ornery streak on Mac's no-good hide, and then off-handedly tips in some traits of his own. The shyly eager country band who show up to try and persuade the singer to let them do a Sledge song make a characteristic eccentricity.

The motionless landscapes, a gruff and measureless Texas under lowering, cloudless skies, are also recognisably the work of the director of *The Getting Of Wisdom*. But after 45 minutes of watching with warm approbation I felt my interest ebbing away. Duvall's redemption from downward soak to clean and peaceable family man is dealt with early on; and because the script fails to elaborate on Rosa Lee, the key character, the remainder is a playing out of screen time to no strong purpose.

Although Tess Harper has a plain and untarnished charm about her there is no singular quality to Rosa Lee. She is just a local girl who sings in the church choir. A brusque tragedy impels some innocuous musing on the whys and wherefores of things at the close, but by then it's too late.



Robert Duvall and Tess Harper strike black gold in 'Tender Mercies'.

Nothing is wrong, or misplaced, or falsely struck: it's just too reliant on an invisible style, which nearly makes the film disappear too. It could use a few bones of contention. Duvall is ceaselessly if well-meaningly harangued by the ghosts of his former life, and Beresford backs off at the threshold of real pain with the same regularity.

An ensemble of skilled and unaffected performances almost make up for there being no tough material to bite on. Nevertheless, if *Tender Mercies* misses both the ambitiousness and reckless wit of *Honky Tonk Man* it has its own sly appeal. Early on, Rosa Lee sends the boy off to bed and Mac offers a halting resumé of his past. We expect some amorous meltdown until junior hollers "Quit talking! I'm trying to sleep!" And Beresford moves on with a silent chuckle.

Richard Cook

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THURSDAY JULY 7

Pepe Le Pew: Past Perfumance. Another physical misfortune mercilessly employed by the Warners cartoon team. The idea of a skunk being amorously irresistible (or rather insatiable) was typically perverse although Pepe always got stuck with the same plotline: a cat gets streaked white and is mistaken as a skunkess. An accent to rival Clouseau, nevertheless. **(Thames)**
Car 54 Where Are You / Get Smart / Soap. Reliable half-hour ha-has all on **(C4).**
Flying Leathernecks (Nicholas Ray 1951). One of Ray's least significant films is still an enjoyable action programmer lent heavyweight status by John Wayne and Robert Ryan as marine officers in a double conflict at Guadalcanal. The Duke is in splendid form. **(BBC1)**
The Marseille Contract (Robert Parrish 1974). Casting against type pulls off an otherwise ordinary thriller. Anthony Quinn is a nark out to nail drug boss James Mason with the help of cool assassin Michael Caine. On its toes. **(BBC1)**
The Marriage Of Maria Braun (Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1978). A painless if not especially appropriate way to open a season of the most painful of modern directors. Fassbinder exploits a double irony with the metaphor of Hanna Schygulla's resistible rise in post-war Germany: is this mirror before a country and its recovery twisted or not? The director's careful mounting of the drama in a polite arthouse setting only adds to the complexity. Necessary (and enjoyable) viewing. **(C4)**

*Ray Milland gets tired (***The Lost Weekend,** *Saturday C4)*

FRIDAY JULY 8

Bugs Bunny: Bugs' Bonnets. I dislike Bugs because he is so extraordinarily callous. A ruthless opportunist who always has to prove a destructive point a hundred times over. I usually feel sorry for Yosemite Sam or (in this case) Elmer Fudd. You have to admire that energy though. **(Thames)**
Switch. Unabashed by the flag-burning, Graham and Yvonne present Pete Shelley, Bauhaus and rotten old Bananarama live with some new videos from Talking Heads, The Creatures, Musical Youth and the Bunnymen. **(C4)**
Unforgettable. The presence of Bo Diddley should enliven this tedious stretch of memory lane. **(C4)**
WKRP In Cincinnati. Will this be a sound replacement for *Cheers*? The radio station is plagued by burglars in the first episode of newly-returned sitcom. **(C4)**
Nothing Sacred (William Wellman 1937). One of the truly great American comedies. Frederic March is the reporter who fast-talks New York into accepting Carole Lombard as Sweetheart Of The City even though she isn't dying of radium poisoning. Brimful of hilarious cameos—especially Walter Connolly and Hattie McDaniel—and directed at hurricane pace although Lombard is so super she could have carried the picture on her own. **(C4)**
Sleuth (Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1972). A hammy if shrewdly staged version of Anthony Shaffer's clever play. Michael Caine (again) is done to death by jealous husband and crime writer Laurence Olivier . . . or is he? If you don't know the plot it's an entertaining show. **(BBC1)**
Boris Karloff Presents. Another new archive find for C4, this was something like the Edgar Wallace B-pics that haunted British screens around 20 years ago. Uncle Boris introduces a grey little spooker each week, and this one is about a cheated widow plotting against her mother-in-law. For TV ghouls everywhere. **(C4)**
The Wizard Of Waukesha. Worth leaving the set on to catch this engaging profile of Les Paul—how does that tune go? Somewhere there's heaven, how high the moon! **(C4)**

*Hanna Schygulla gets emotional (***The Marriage Of Maria Braun,** *Thursday C4)*

SATURDAY JULY 9

Get Set. Musical Youth make their second appearance of the week. **(BBC1)**
Secret People (Thorold Dickinson 1952). Low-key espionage plot is excused by the presence of (sigh) Audrey Hepburn. **(BBC2)**
The Poseidon Adventure (Ronald Neame 1972). A vast number of famous film stars are threatened when their holiday liner turns upside down *en route*. Gene Hackman and Shelley Winters are among those who are slightly inconvenienced. Shame! **(BBC1)**
The Lost Weekend (Billy Wilder 1942). Wilder in unusually sombre mood harnessed Ray Milland's graphically intense performance to an unflinching study of man and bottle. A sometimes terrifying picture. The camera simply watches as the bright-eyed dipso explains to a barman the joys of booze . . . and turns down its gaze to a counter where the wet prints of the glass speak a silent indictment. A useful antidote to *Harvey*. **(C4)**
Dracula (Tod Browning 1931).
Frankenstein (James Whales 1931). The horror double bill returns with Universal's two masterpieces. *Dracula* is too close to a museum piece now—Lugosi was used to playing Drac on stage and his technique was so stilted it's often more peculiar than chilling. But he was a queer fish, and in company with Dwight Frye's wholly bizarre Renfield something about this dated picture still works. Browning, shortly to embark on *Freaks*, had an odd grasp of the macabre.
Although not as odd as James Whale's. Besides Boris Karloff's poignant monster it's the directional skill that has kept *Frankenstein* alive. back from seeing the creature for so long—only to cut in three times to his face, a trick that still startles. *Bride Of Frankenstein* (slated for later in a season that will include most of Uni's horror classics) is his masterpiece but this is a close second. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY JULY 10

The Battle Of The Villa Fiorita (Delmer Daves 1965). Maureen O'Hara, Rossano Brazzi and my auntie's favourite actor Richard Todd in a not unappealing marital comedy. **(BBC1)**
The Chase (Arthur Penn 1965). Penn's monumental delivery of a straight actioner packs a tremendous punch in spite of the apparently muddled production. Brando is superb as the sheriff of a corrupt little Texas town who finds himself siding with escaped con Robert Redford—Jane Fonda, Angie Dickinson and Robert Duvall are among the townsfolk. Tony Stewart has some improbable story about how he named his group after this film because he was so impressed by it. We are expecting the announcement of Chris Bohn's new band 'Mad Max 2' any time now. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY JULY 11

I Love Lucy. Having dealt with Bob Hope last week, this time Lucy meets—Orson Welles? **(C4)**
Ear To The Ground. Slim pickings today. Michael Palin is one of the guests in this mild-mannered youth slot. **(C4)**

TUESDAY JULY 12

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Vic Damone is a guest star in this episode, 'Like A Sister'. **(C4)**

WEDNESDAY JULY 13

Another day to leave the TV off, by and large. If you must have the set aglow you could do worse than **The Munsters**—Herman having trouble with used car salesmen **(C4)**
The only 'proper' film showing is **The Hideways**, directed by Fielder Cook in 1973. Ingrid Bergman is improbably cast as a dotty old recluse some kids pal up with in the NY Metropolitan Museum. It was originally released under the title *From The Mixed-Up Files Of Mrs Basil E. Frankweiler*, which will give you some idea of what you're up against. **BBC1** is the culprit.

Richard Cook

*Awesome Orson gets larger (***I Love Lucy,** *Monday C4)*

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A HOT SUMMER Saturday in London. Curtis Mayfield, a short, stocky man, dressed in a green safari suit and an orange T-shirt, is sitting on a sofa in his hotel room talking about The Impressions.

"I wrote most of the things, if not all of the things for The Impressions, so once we found out what we were really about, it was always our way to write inspiration messages or a good love song.

"Even throughout my way of writing a love song or an uptempo thing, the lyrics always tended to be a little more to the point where you could *think* about it. It would give you food for thought. That was just our way, our style, and so be it."

His head peppered with white tufts of hair, his voice quiet and gracious, his manner one of dignity, Curtis Mayfield has usually been about great music and messages of inspiration.

Born in Chicago, 1942, by the time he was 12 he was singing with The Impressions. When he was 16 they had their first major breakthrough with 'For Your Precious Love' and, with the gifted Curtis writing their material, went on to be – through songs such as 'This Is My Country', 'Wherever You Leadeth Me', 'It's Alright' 'Meeting Over Yonder', and the monumental 'People Get Ready' — hopes and fears, the injustices and the optimism of a generation and one of the most influential soul groups of their time.

They lasted until 1970 with Curtis, who in the meantime wrote prolifically not only for The Impressions, but Northern Soul favourites like Major Lance and Billy Butler on the Okeh label. He also wrote for Jerry Butler.

At the beginning of the '70s Curtis left the group to pursue his own career and took soul a step further with his ground-breaking solo albums. In the first five years of his solo direction he was untouchable. Albums such as 'Curtis', 'Roots', Back To The World', 'Superfly' and 'No Place Like America Today' saw Mayfield adopting his sweet falsetto voice to a tense, dramatic music a million miles away from the cool harmonies of The Impressions.

Like The Impressions, his music reflected the times he lived in but offered no one answer to the problems he saw. Instead, Curtis succinctly depicted the chaos around him – Vietnam, unemployment, poverty, drug abuse – with unflinching nerve.

Throughout his work, he publicly displayed his belief in God and, mainly through his classic 'Superfly' LP (the tautness of 'Back To The World' I find more appealing), established himself as *the* soul man.

After the success of 'No Place Like America', Curtis quietly 'retired' to concentrate on his home and family. He has 11 children by different women ("Hey, I wouldn't put all that on *one* woman"), and felt a cooling out period was required. He'd been on the road since 1958.

"It was a constant will of my own to succeed," he says. "Every success element was a diploma for me. I didn't earn it at school, I had to earn it amongst people. And whatever my gift was, that allowed me that development.

"But while I was doing all that, I also wanted to do karate, play basketball and, of course, the need of every man to want his own family. Money isn't enough. You need the human contact. After 'Superfly' we were in the air two or three times a day and all of that was appreciated and loved. However, you can't raise family and raise children like that. You want to see them grow up and you don't want your children to have to walk in your shadow."

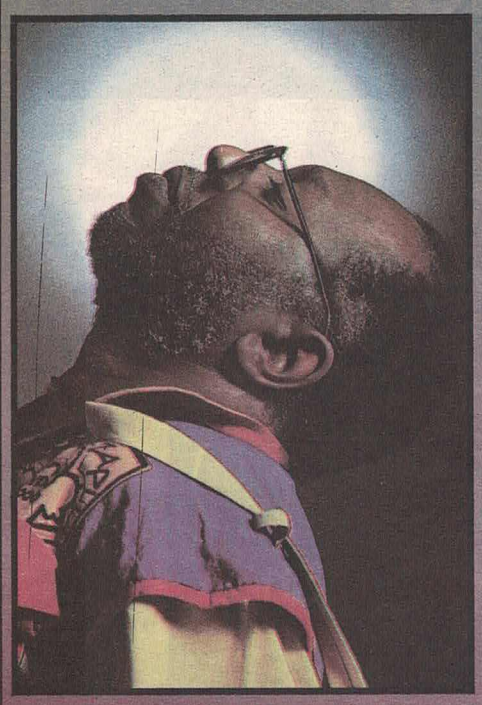
When he did return, his popularity had subsided and his subsequent LPs completely lacked the inspiration and spirit of his earlier work. He even dabbled in disco for 'Do It All Night'.

It's now ironic that his last LP, 'Honesty', which is a brilliant return to his former strengths, a quiet reaffirmation of his special talents, has largely been ignored and Curtis Mayfield is now without a recording contract. Actually, it's more than ironic; it's a biting comment on the music industry. And as he has no label backing for his English tour, he is without an essential horn section.

"I couldn't afford it," he states simply.

Regarded by many people as the first conscience of American Black music, CURTIS MAYFIELD's illustrious career now spans 20 years – from being a teenager with The Impressions in the '50s to his own formidable solo work throughout the '70s. Ironically, he is now without a recording contract after the LP 'Honesty', which showed none of his great talent had diminished.

In this exhaustive interview Mayfield talks about his politics, his conscience and his music.



Our conversation lasted about two hours and was somewhat akin to meeting a wise sage who has seen it all and come through with his strength and pride intact.

It's no suprise that his last LP should be entitled 'Honesty'.

You've just completed a tour of America with The Impressions.

That's right. We called it the Silver Anniversary Tour and we were out for some six to seven weeks. We actually did about 31 days, working the weekends only basically. It was really an ideal thing to do because it gave us a chance to come back together and sing a lot of good songs that we hadn't done for a long time.

How did it go? Because I recently read a Marvin Gaye interview where he was saying that American audiences, tend only to listen to material that is new and are contemptuous of older material.

Well, that's not *totally* true. The American audiences are somewhat spoilt because they have a variety of everything to choose from and things are always being replenished. Here's the new! And here's the newer! And sometimes you get caught up in that.

After a while you kind of get fed up and you tend to want to come back, especially as you get older, to the things that you grew up with, with emotions and feelings and sensitivities in it. We had quite a bit of audience response to us all over the country, doing things from the past as well as the present. I think it all intermingled, and of course music in America tends to be somewhat directed to the younger set of people – which leaves the guy round 32, 35, 40; he has nothing to relate to anymore. And I think it's important that you keep those people that are around your own age, and have grown up with you, as well as to secure new fans.

Well, The Impressions seemed quite unique to me in that you seemed to be one of the first soul groups to tackle social matters in your songs. Were there any others?

Not so much back during our time. Things were very much off into rock'n'roll during those earlier years, the '50s. I like to think of us in terms of us coming in on the cuffs, where there were the Laverne Bakers and the Fats Dominos and The Drifters, the Clyde McPhatters, you name them. And we were a young group of people who were coming in, but still there were the old timers who helped us.

However, our coming out in the late '50s sort of put me right into the area of the Black movement, the struggles, all the things that were happening in the '60s with Martin Luther King and minority people trying to own more of themselves through their civil rights.

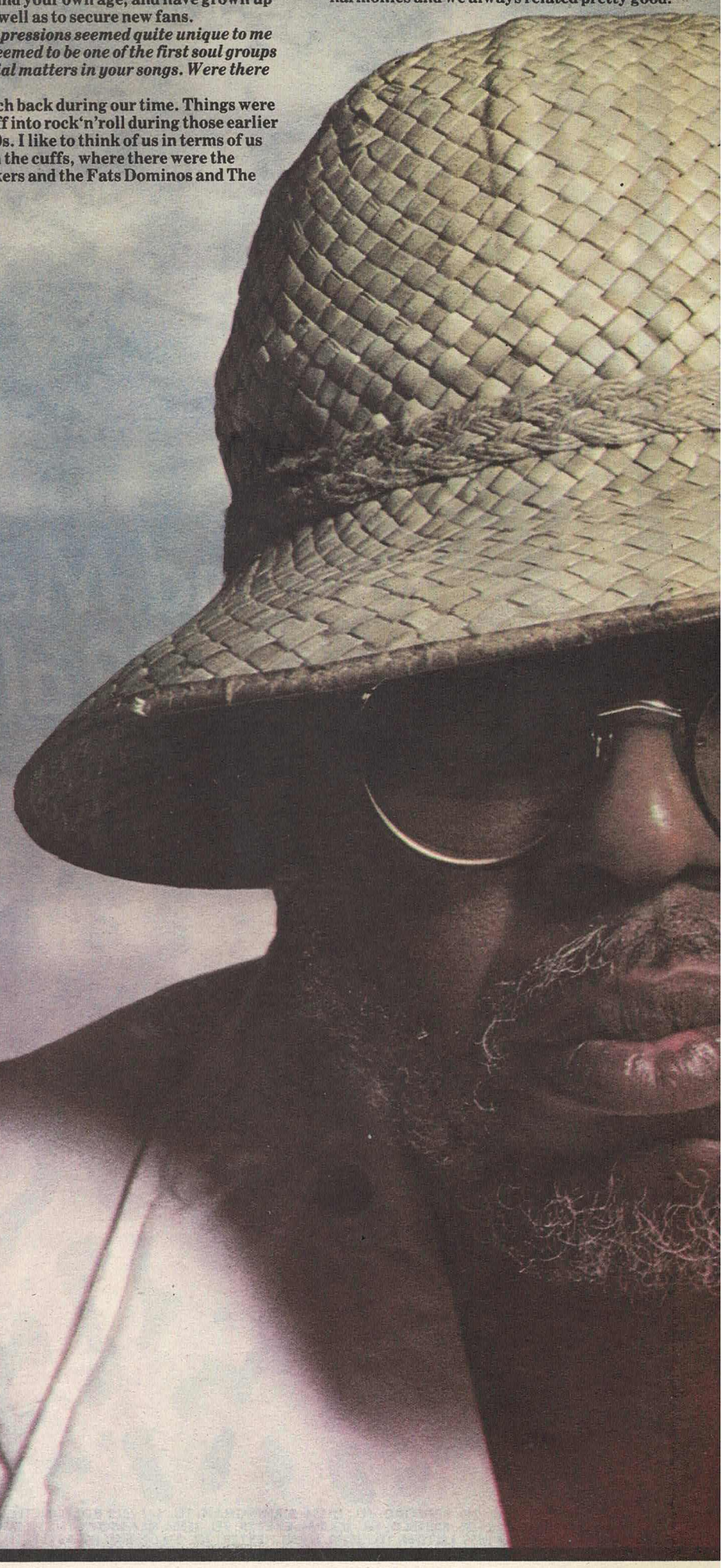
I was very conscious of those things and it has always been my way to write messages of inspiration, even about current events, no matter how controversial. It seems to draw me as long as I can see some truth or some honest realism about how I sense people want to be.

Did the other two Impressions, Sam and Fred, feel the same way?

They seemed to appreciate it because our response from people was always very real, simply because the songs – 'This Is My Country' 'Choice Of Colors' 'We're A Winner' or 'Amen' — seemed to hit upon the realities of what everybody was all about. While we didn't have the fantastic success of The Temptations, or some of the bigger groups that were selling many, many records, there seemed to be a place for The Impressions because it always seemed to relate to the consciousness of people.

It made us individual in an era of rock'n'roll where no one else was really doing it. Then, of course, others would begin to turn around and you would hear James Brown – Now say it Loud! I'm Black and I'm Proud! – when those kind of things were *never* said or related on such a level. It made us feel very good.

The other two fellas' backgrounds were of the church and gospel music, so we always had our harmonies and we always related pretty good.



SO PROUD

THE MORAL STANDARD OF SOUL

BY PAOLO HEWITT
PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

Yes, because tied in with that social conscience was a strong religious feel.

I would say so: 'People Get Ready', and things of that matter. I've always had my own sensitive feelings, but as a youngster they probably were more of curiosity and relating them to my own personal emotions. However, my breeding was between my mother – who was a very creative person herself who used to recite a lot of poetry – and my grandma, who during those earlier years was out to earn her degree as a minister.

She had a little storefront church in Chicago and while I lived with my mother, I spent a lot of time with my grandmother during the summertime.

We would travel across the country and she'd go to different conventions and take us. The upbringing was of a very spiritual and religious background, especially on her side of the family. We even started a little group. I met Jerry Butler when I was very young because he joined our group. Myself, Jerry and three of my cousins were known as The Northern Jubilees out of Chicago.

We'd travel with our grandmother and we'd sing, and that's how we picked up the music. She called her church The Travelling Soul Spiritualist Church, which was ideal because we moved around a lot. (*Laughs*)

So I guess I picked up a lot of her ways unconsciously. Just sitting in a church as a child, seeing her as minister, read, preach and speak of inspiration from different texts in the Bible.

Did you enjoy childhood?

Oh yeah, I think so. As much as anybody else. As a youngster you don't play on how poor you are or where you are as long as mother and surroundings are somewhat content. You don't understand, or you don't see the levels of struggle or racial slurs and all of that stuff. If you're bred fairly well and you have a certain amount of protection, and hopefully you have some modicum of common sense, you come up pretty balanced.

WHEN DID you first become aware of the imbalance in society?

I guess my first noticing of it wasn't even on a black and white level; it was probably between the two families.

Like my grandmother seemed to have more. She had the church and she helped my mother a lot with her children, buy the clothes and stuff like that. Then the comparison of us living in one room with my mother, that would help show the difference. However, my mother always seemed to have the knack as to how to bring about other things to make you not play on the fact that you didn't have as much as another.

I guess, subconsciously, especially during the early years in America, just from hearing the old people talk you'd pick up lots of things of what the past has been, what the present is and the relationship of different races out in the streets, even before you've been introduced to them.

You come into the world innocent and emotionally sensitive. You cry, you laugh, you play, even you fight, but it's of *innocence*. Colour has nothing to do with it. You only learn that from those in seniority.

So it never hits all at once. You grow into whatever it is and then it's how you are balanced out by your peers as to how you are then able to relate, think and even sense towards other.

After you joined The Impressions, in the early '60s you also wrote material for the Okeh label, for people like Major Lance and Billy Butler. Did you have to adopt a different approach when writing for them?

I never tried to go as in depth as I would for myself because it wasn't my way to put someone else into a category that they weren't about. But being a creative person and being competitive, I could write a good 'Monkey Time'.

There was a tune Major did which would make you think if you listened to its lyrical content – 'Um Um Um Um'. It's about walking through this crowd and there's this man sitting on a bench, he just moaned and it made no sense, all he said was um um um um and the lyric was: ***"I couldn't help myself, I must have been born with a curious mind, I asked this man just what did he mean when he moaned, if he'd be so kind, and he'd still just go, um um um um."*** You know what I mean? It was something to think about despite the rhythm.

How about outside America. Were you aware of The Impressions' impact, say here?

No, I never really was. As a matter of fact, it was a long time coming for us to come to England because we were afraid to get on aeroplanes.

Really?

(*Laughing*) Yes. Back during the earlier years we would not fly. We were *deathly* afraid of flying, and I can recall several times agents would tell us that we had quite a following here. They would even tell us that there was a group over here *performing* as The Impressions. (*Smiles*). But we never gotten round to coming to Europe, and I'm really sorry that we didn't. However, we finally began to get on aeroplanes and fly a bit, and *that* was an experience in itself. Now they're like taxis.

The Impressions were also influential in Jamaica. I believe Marley and the early Wailers were modelled somewhat on you.

Yes, we found that they loved the lyrics of 'I've Been Trying'. 'Minstrel And Queen' was a very big record out there, and they just seemed to like our style.

I guess Bob Marley was probably a kid coming up and the influence of The Impressions and our civil consciousness as to people and how we were the first about expressing those thoughts probably motivated him as to his *own* independence with his *own* people, and his own need to be of value and say something of value.

We went there once and played for the Prime Minister along with Johnny Nash and we found that we had a great big fan club there. We didn't even know it! We were met out at the airport; so many people. Made us feel very good.

Yet throughout that success, you've always seemed to have kept level headed.

Well, I suppose it was my grown up way even as a kid. That was all I had, was my mind to think and to try and keep it level and not to space out. (*Laughs*). I found that what I had, *I knew* it was a gift.

In my opinion, one comes into the world and what does he do? He's confused about this, he's confused about that and you learn enough to know that you don't know nothing! (*Laughs*). Then all of a sudden you find that you've been blessed with something, a vehicle that you had no intention of using. But somebody lays it out, a yellow brick road, and shows you that you have an ability to do something that is so natural to you, you bypass it and try to do everything else but that.

I was capable of finding that out at an early age, and with the help of other people, guidelines like The Impressions who were older than me, they had a will. We are going to make it, we are going to do this and here's Little Curtis, *wow!* Give him a little respect and hey! we'll guide him and with him we can go on and make it.

CONTINUES OVER

CURTIS

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Probably because of the respect they allowed to come down on such a youngster, I couldn't let *them* down by being such a silly young dude. You begin to want to think intellectually at the level of your peers, and them allowing you to do it you go on and grow up.

The '60s were such an influential and turbulent time in America, how do you now view those years?

Well, it was definitely that, but it was very much *necessary*, and thank God the turbulence was just of enough value to make those of conscience understand that there was true turbulence and that those of conscience were makng it. So it was, let's change it a little bit, let's start relating, let's *give* a little, so all people can come up a little bit prouder about what we as peers were supposed to be claiming to the world.

But events like Luther King's assassination must have been a big setback?

Yeah, of course. It hurt me very deeply; it hurt a lot of people deeply.

For many people the rebel was in many, many ways probably the easiest target for those who did create the turbulence, because they at least allowed an outlet where some kept it inside. If you keep it inside, it can only harm the body and destroy the mind.

But many people, both black and white, were very, very painfully hurt by his death not to mention the loss of the *real* things about a country.

There can be no money put to the value of the loss of a Martin Luther King. What is a country's riches and what is a country's real power as to what they are all about? It's certainly not money. It's the minds of men and women to raise a country and give off the right vibes and to have the respect of a world; not to mention maybe another world that's looking on. (*Laughs*)

A lot of people still talk about the '60s as an optimistic era.

Well, always remember that everything right can eventually, give it enough time, become wrong. And everything wrong, give it enough time, can become right. It's the balance overall and I think that what is most important is if you listen there's nothing totally either way. You can listen to a debate, an hour of what you know is righteousness, and if they talk long enough you'll be able to see some wrongs about it. And you can listen to something that is suposed to be totally wrong but if they talk long enough there maybe certain points that could be possibly right.

It's like the scale of balance and it takes all people to make a beautiful world.

AT THE start of the '70s you left The Impressions, but amicably.

Well, The Impressions were part of Curtom, my own record label.

Of course. When did you start that and why?

Oh wow, I think it was right after we recorded 'We're A Winner' in 1966 or '67. Our contract with ABC Records had expired and I decided to form Curtom Records. I've always been about wanting to own as much of myself as possible, and after finding that we were basically doing all the promoting out on the road and we were doing all the running, I was ready to get into the record business. We formed Curtom Records and The Impressions signed up with me.

So come 1970, while we still came out with things like 'Check Out Your Mind', and we were still seeing certain amounts of success, being the lead singer kept me out on the road 11 months a year. How can you run a record company on one end and you're out on the road at the other end? It didn't make sense. I felt that I should involve myself more with company and business and make it of some value for a group that was so strong.

However, I didn't want to retire myself as an artist. Even by bringing in Leroy Hutson as the new lead singer, I found myself writing a bit deeper and getting off into other things as to my own creativity, which brought out about the album 'Curtis'. So maybe it was a blessing in disguise, and now Curtom had two artists.

What other things were you getting into creatively?

Well, I guess my lyrics. Say, for instance, the 'Curtis' album. I had always been writing songs of inspiration that for the era seemed to be controversial. During the time 'Choice Of Colours' came out, it was a different kind of song that rock'n'roll groups were doing. But here come the '70s and I found myself not only speaking inspirationally, I found myself also wanting to relate to my own, but in a different fashion.

Like, 'We People Who Are Darker Than Blue' or 'If There's Hell Below' then, of course 'Miss Black America'. . . this is where I found myself lyrically and creatively going, as well as the pretty things and the uptempo things. I've always been able to write more clearly when either my emotions were aroused or I could see into others' emotions and sensitivities and real values.

In your solo work you're both optimistic and pessimistic about affairs. Which one's the strongest trait in your character?

Well, they say that under the sign of Gemini he's more pessismistic than optimistic. I am optimistic or I probably couldn't have succeeded as far as I have in this world.

However, I *use* my pessimism. I will test the waters before I jump in. I will see how deep the hole is before I allow myself to fall in. I'll never jump off without using the pessimistic inbalance. They both can be of value. You can be over confident, or you can be under confident, but if you use both you realise that they can both be of value and that they can work for you.

You also created a new sound within soul music with your earlier works.

Oh yeah, I would think so. Lyrically and instrumentally. Songs like 'Other Side Of Town'. (*Points at my notes*) I notice you have some lyrics there from 'Jesus' . . .

That's from the 'No Place Like America' LP . . .

Which was one of my favourite albums. I liked the way it come off for me. It's funny, it took a certain mood to come up and come out with 'No Place Like America', because I didn't know how people would view it.

I found that in Africa people really appreciated that album, that I was writing songs that in context, for many, seemed to be more depressed but it seemed like the times. The economics were down, people were out of work and it just came off with 'Blue Monday People', 'When Seasons Change' and 'Billy Jack', which was about a dude who was shot.

I found that for me it gave a lot of truth because many times that I am writing, I'm writing for me. It's almost like giving myself a sermon. Just allowing your mind to come out and then come back, read it and put it all in some kind of sensible manner.

You can even listen to it and correct it if it's not totally what your head is about.

HOW DID you approach Superfly?

Well, it was probably one of the best eras because there were the clothes, there was the movie and there was an artist that laid out a lyric in depth that allowed them to accept the movie. Then there was the fads and there was even the introduction of what has been here a long time with people, getting off into cocaine. They were having a lot of fun.

How did you react to the drug scene, especially within the Black circles?

There was no great reaction because all my life I've seen people dealing in drugs and using drugs, or smoking reefers, drinking liquor or taking asprin! (*Laughs*) We're all, on both sides of the continent, drug orientated. Nothing allows you to use your head and let the body heal itself. They say, how do you feel? Here, take this whether it be on the legit side or the illegit side.

I had no great reaction about that except that I might note that while the script read one way, when it came to the screen the priest who was Superfly. . . it looked to me as though it was more an *advertisement* for cocaine because it was just overly done.

And so be it because it put me on the fence enough to go a little deeper and make what I was about with the film, which was *anti*-drugs, where I could go to depths and speak a little deeper about what was really going on, whilst I knew that the media would look at the surface and the glitter, the big Cadillac and the clothes. But if it could be balanced out, that you could appreciate and enjoy the glitter but know in your head the facts of reality, then it's OK.

I take it you've never been seriously involved with drugs?

Well, I take the Fifth Amendment on that! (*Laughing*) However, I'm not strung out or hung up. I don't smoke, I don't drink and at the moment I'm free and clear of conscience as to any drugs.

YOUR SOLO work during the '70s also coincided with the Marvin Gayes, Stevie Wonders and Last Poets of the world, who were exploring similar topics to you. Did you feel an empathy with any of them?

Yeah, anytime they said the real things you had to join forces and feel a part of it. And you'd like to think that some of your earlier sayings were influences.

To me, that was all beautiful during those times because there were things that related from one group to another, and you could feel masses really taking it in and understanding what they were all about and really using their heads. I'm a believer in (*starts a little dancing movement*) shake your shaggy, shaggy, but have some food for thought too. Why not enjoy both?

But what effect has that music upon people?

(*Firmly*) Pride, independence, more value in relationships in family, more value on giving respect so you can earn respect, whether it be white and black or people of different continents. Social gatherings that don't explode in your face because people are in harmony and the music is of a value that helps keep them there.

I think there's nothing like you going somewhere socially and the music is of a value . . . it's not a preaching thing, you're still enjoying people, but the music is of a level where it's not diverting your head. You can dance, you can lay back and listen to real lyrics, and it brings you about socially where you can relate with others. You can give debate, listen to debate and that's what that kind of music is all about.

Whereas some musics, you don't realise it, but it's going against your grain or it's too loud or it's not saying nothing, or it's monotony.

Given that then, is it hard for you to reconcile your religious beliefs with all the injustices around?

Sometimes it is because He made a very unfair world. However, that's just how I sometimes see it. It may take more knowledge, or more understanding, or maybe I ought to get deeper off to bring it all together. But whatever it is, it *works* for the world. I have to understand that the world and all the elements here work for it.

But for any one individual species in the world it can be terribly unfair. Look at the animals and how they have to survive and how they have to die and how sometimes, when they've got their thing together, an element from somewhere else comes

CONTINUES PAGE 43

Yazoo *Pic: Peter Anderson*

BOTH SIDES UP!

YAZOO

You And Me Both *(Mute)*

HEAR YAZOO at their best and their decision to part seems more puzzling and more regrettable than ever.

Much has been made of the inevitability of the split – the disparate backgrounds, the marriage of convenience – but all the best partnerships have been made of two contrasting halves: Laurel and Hardy, Sylvester and Tweety Pie, sweet and sour. Yazoo's wasn't a marriage of convenience so much as a marriage that had the germ of inspired genius. By playing off each other to cancel out the weaknesses of their respective pasts (infantile electro pop and cruddy dead-end R & B), Vince and Alf provided a brash antidote to the shallow trifles of the '80s hit parade.

Each needs the other to keep them in line, that much is obvious from the two stale tracks on 'You And Me Both'. When either breaks ranks away from the scrupulously fashioned clarity and cohesion that is the bedrock of their best work, their weaknesses – Alf peddling drab melancholy, Vince being the whacky, over-cynical workshop tactician – come to the fore. But, rest easy, it only happens twice. Well over half this record puts pop's foremost maverick duo in a superlative master class where finely detailed atmospherics are matched to unbridled sensuality and compassion to make it the prime pop music of its time.

Taking a cue from 'Winter Kills' on their debut album and the sublime, opening 'Nobody's Diary', Yazoo move into areas a good deal darker than the sparkling assertions of 'Don't Go' and 'Feel Like Love'. There's an undertow of sadness, of wounded love, spurned love, lost love; the backdrop is frozen glances in the moonlight rather than warm clenches on the dancefloor and it works a treat.

There are also a few songs that explicitly tackle the dilemma of a country in decline. Very much the product of Thatcher's England in winter, 'You And Me Both' isn't exactly a carefree summer record.

But it is a brave, ambitious work which carries the electro ditherings of the last few years into new areas. There is a deftness of construction in Vince Clarke's shimmering 'Mr Blue', a genuinely heartbreaking melody which has that bristling shiver down the spine which hallmarks classic pop from all eras past. It's a beautifully crisp, evocative piece pinpointing the real outcome of the last four years of harsh political strictures.

As on 'Upstairs At Eric's', none of the songs here are collaborations – Vince Clarke writes five songs and Alison writes the remaining six. Two of Alf's songs, the sharp and spunky 'Knocking For A Good Time' and the bold, beefy 'Sweet Thing', assert her public image as the archetypal big mama blues shouter supplanted into the white British pop world of the '80s; and fine solid tracks they are.

Elsewhere, both her songs and Clarke's add new dimensions to that image. If Clarke's golden moment is the aforementioned 'Mr Blue' hers is undoubtably the stark moody magnificence of 'Ode To Boy'. A tale of teenage infatuation, with Clarke's judicious accompaniment giving the tremors of adolescent sexual/emotional awakening an aura of tremendous suspense.

Clarke has come a long way from the sugar-lined felicitous ditties he wrote for Depeche Mode. His work here has the mark of true craftmanship – the haunting emotive backdrop of 'Mr Blue', the rich, layered arrangement of 'Nobody's Diary' and the smart dance track of 'Knocking For A Good Time'.

Additionally he launches a hitherto unrealised political vengeance with 'Unmarked', a song that tears apart the militarism which grew from army public information films on daytime TV to the horror of Goose Green. On 'Happy People' he takes over vocal chores with a deadpan cynical scathing attack on 'the silent majority': "*We never give opinions and we never state views/ After all you can't be sure that what we say is true*".

The latter is quite a hoot and, in the wake of the recent landslide, rings true. But the former, while obviously sincere, is overstressed and overcynical, bringing a shrill note to the classy material that surrounds it, because even the personal songs have an uncanny knack of adding to the album's universal themes.

Still, undiminished by a few minor quibbles and despite its posthumous release 'You And Me Both' is a record of loss, yearning, warmth, anger and defiance, and it stands as one of 1983's major achievements.

Gavin Martin

MORE PECULIAR THAN FUNNY

KILLING JOKE

Fire Dances *(EG)*

AT LAST, the return of the Joke of the Wild Frontier . . .

With 'Revelations' 18 months ago, producer Conny Plank had understood the essence of the Joke and honed it to its swiftest, cleanest punch-line. But fresh from this triumph, the Joke collapsed into farce. Jaz finally flipped his lid and decamped to Iceland, and after months of increasingly tedious shenanigans the shaggy dog story wound up leaving Youth Martin as butt. Ha ha. So what's new?

The same old Joke, but somewhat different in the telling. Where once they had been, in Barney Hoskyns' immortal words, 'a steeled and shining European war machine', Killing Joke have now gone West. Mindful, perhaps, that KJ's absence had been filled by such pretenders as Sex Gang Children and Southern Death Cult, Jaz and Co. are after recapturing lost territory by beating the young bloods at their own game.

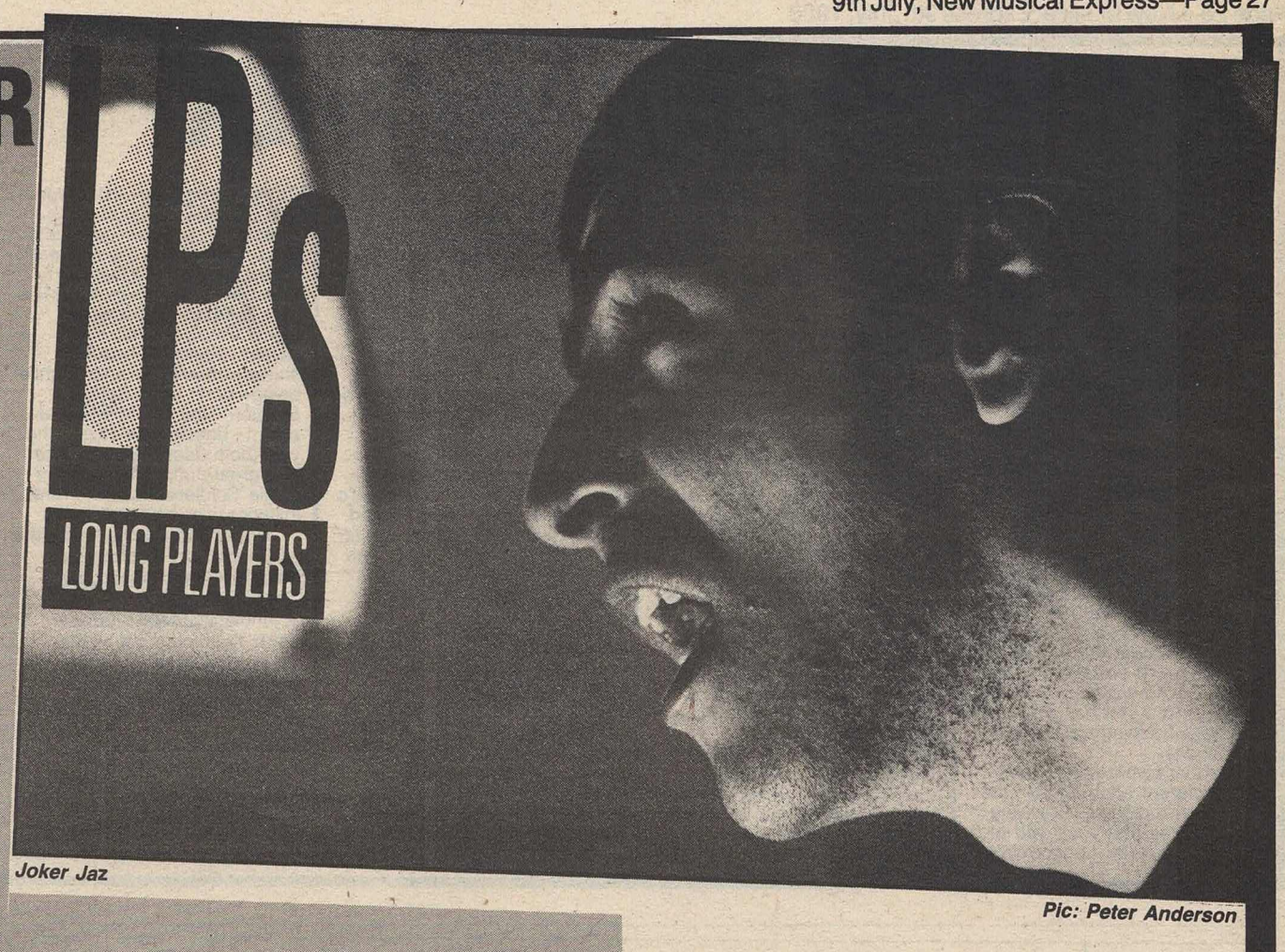
Hence that implacable roadmenders' on-beat has been ditched in favour of an Ants-style gallop. The results are less skull-crushingly impressive but rather more listenable. This *is* a significant change in the sound, but that's the only joker in the pack. In every other respect 'Fire Dances' reveals the elements we know and love reassuringly in place.

Like Jaz Coleman himself. He's the Savonarola of rock; an apocalyptic shaman, a rabid hell-fire preacher dancing gleefully on our predicted ruins. His voice, more sinister and disembodied than ever before, sings of the primitive, atavistic and ritual — 'Let's All Go To The Fire Dances', 'Feast Of Blaze', 'The Gathering'. But he's no anthropologist; Killing Joke put their stethoscope to the heart of darkness, and its beat is deep and eternal, muffled only by 'Civilisation' 's flimsy rib-cage.

The self-produced 'Fire Dances' lacks the sonic sweep and edge of 'Revelations', with consequent loss of intensity. It's easier listening all the way through, but short on such murderous peaks as 'The Empire Song', 'The Hum' or 'Requiem'. The cruel, bass-heavy 'Dominator' evokes the visceral splendours of Bowie's 'The Man Who Sold The World', the prototype apocalyptic HM album, and the whole LP boasts several fine riffs and stomping moments, though it's not without its filler tracks.

So 'Fire Dances' won't bust anybody's guts, but it may well raise more smiles than any previous Joke. Funny peculiar.

Mat Snow



Joker Jaz

Pic: Peter Anderson

The Box, overjoyed at good review.

Pic: Tom Sheehan

CRAZY LIKE A BOX!

THE BOX

Secrets Out *(Go Disc)*

IF YOU heard 'Out' on the *NME* 'Racket Packet', or caught The Box live, you'll have received an addictive foretaste of 'Secrets Out'.

The first full length offering from this Sheffield band is a classic. It sustains the originality, passionate intensity and angry energy of the recently released EP ('No Time For Talk'), yet retains powerful evidence of the band's birth from Clock DVA.

One reason why The Box, rather than the existing remnant of the Clock, carry the banner for the original band, is the awesome presence of Charlie Collins. The two DVA masterpieces, 'White Souls In Black Suits' and 'Thirst', remain as potently playable as ever largely due to the squealing, haunting saxophone which emerged above Adi Newton's growled vocals. Behind this conflict, Turner's bass, Hammond's guitar and Roger Quail's drums, battled to establish order.

Newton struggles on with the new Clock DVA, but Collins and Quail have thrown their energies firmly into The Box.

While the Clock's recent offering illustrated the deviation in style from the late Judd Turner days, 'Secrets Out' seems the natural heir to 'Thirst' recalling the astonishing realism and emotion of tracks such as 'North Loop' and 'Four Hours'. There's absolutely nothing smooth or soapy about 'Secrets Out', nothing blatantly commercial, nothing unoriginal. This is the creative chaos, the aural torture hinted at on EP tracks such as 'Limpopo'.

The animalistic grunts and fierce phrasing of front-man-ic Peter Hope, rising out of the traffic-jam jazz backing, have already resulted in comparisons with Beefheart. This may be so on 'No Sly Moon', but The Box offer no slow romantic interludes to disturb the hectic rock-fired pace. Beefheart meets The Birthday Party in a higher gear; closer to the Pop Group's 'For How Much Longer . . .'.

Occasional attempts are made by bass, guitar and drums to establish conventional jazz-rock rhythms but never succeed for long. Hope's anguished vocals and Collins' lacerating sax draw Widger's guitar into psychotic contests for control, as on 'Strike', with breath-taking results. Lyrics *("I kissed her . . . I killed her")* echo the violent changes of mood that have escaped from Clock DVA into The Box. Bastard sons but true heirs rather than great pretenders.

The nearest thing to the old Clock is 'Something Beginning With L' which significantly features the vocals of Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder. A blast from the past because Mallinder was involved in the production of the 1980 DVA Anti-Chance album 'White Souls In Black Suits'.

Star track is 'The Hub' with Collins' flute transcending the pathos of Hope's vocal pains. With Widger's liberated guitar it reaches an amazingly intense and chaotic climax of tremendous power before closing with vocal emotions reminiscent of Ian Curtis nearing his pay-day: *"I start to think that I'll always be near you / I start to wish I could be on my own again"*.

The Box are to Kajagoogoo what Viv Richards is to Chris Tavare. Incredible flair, passionate intensity, uncompromising originality and ENERGY. Don't expect to see 'Old Style Drop Down' outpace H20's 'Dream To Sleep' (yawn) in the fabulous sensational Top Twenty, but this is an excellent album.

Open The Box . . . Oh Yes, 'Secrets Out'.

Len Brown

THE MEMBERS

Going West *(Albion)*

ONCE UPON a time I thought The Members fell between the stools of The Clash and The Boomtown Rats. Little has changed, except you might throw in The Barron Knights for good measure. They're locked into that perennial piss-take attitude of showing off on the pub piano whilst saying "Look Ma, no hands." The Members want to be funny, funky, eclectic, important, but most of all Good Blokes. This can make for jolly live entertainment, but wastefully irritating records. Like this one.

Maybe I've been asleep, but 'Going West' seems to be their first LP in some time. Certainly the opener, 'Working Girl', came out as a single two years ago and, by virtue of its relative quality, bolsters up the rest of the set.

But there's little else to cheer. The LP's dominant strain is an overworked, brassy, muscular funk that you might buy from Strummer's radical chic magpies or Wham!'s youthful narcissists, but looks a dodgy purchase from these whiskery old lags. Admittedly Tesco and his mob can play, and Martin Rushent and Dave Allen have produced a clean, spacious and punchy sound. But so what?

The Members' social anger in assaults such as on nepotism ('The Family'), urban drudgery ('Going West'), or class exploitation ('We, The People') is not just blunter than in the days of 'Offshore Banking Business', but completely pointless. The tone of cynical outrage is more a habit than anything else.

Paeans to the locker-room mentality such as 'Boys Like Us' are no better for being encased in a song which shows that The Thin White Demi-God's 'Fame' is not beyond their grasp. And Kraftwerk's 'The Model' performed Max Romeo/UB40 style is not so much an inspiration as a cerebral spasm putting on airs. Almost as daft is 'You And Me Against The World', which sounds like an aged elephant of a Springsteen song that has crawled away from the herd to die in this graveyard of ill-fitting styles.

The Members could once have been contenders, but now they're well on their way to Palookaville. It's usually a one-way trip.

Mat Snow

THE ISLEY BROTHERS

Between the Sheets *(Epic)*

SOME SOUL groups have their own continuum. If a senior vocal unit like The Temptations has to suffer a producer's — and hence a popular — whim to keep abreast, an organisation of sound like The Isley Brothers only have to shuffle their family deck.

But even The Isleys have been adrift of late. As timeless as their strengths were, bound up in Ronnie Isley's peerless and ever-hungry voice and a rock-funk structure that could adapt to every black track, they faced the '80s with a sudden fear of growing old.

It sounded clear from their last few records: this was a group with nowhere else to take a vision born of '70s opportunism, the chintz of glamrock amped up to a populist soul power and shading down into the most sultry of ballad ripples. 'Summer Breeze', 'Harvest For The World' and 'Take Me To The Next Phase' – the whipcrack backs-to-the-wall anthem that George Clinton always wanted to write – bridge most of the crossing points of soul savvy and rock muscle that the last decade sweated out.

Aside from a few stray successes ('Say You Will' and 'Hurry Up And Wait') their form since 'Winner Takes All', the last great Isleys LP, has been second division. 'Between The Sheets' changes all that. It's the first Isleys album for the '80s.

It seems at first as though nothing has changed: the three plus three sprawled across silken sheets and Ernie's liquid fuzzbox squeal cueing in the opening 'Choosey Lover'. But the familiar has been refreshed. Most of the mannerisms of neu disko production – the squirting synthesisers, ubiquitous claptrack and rock-based aggression, most of which were Isleys developments anyway – have been absorbed and modified by the family affair.

The old Isleys squeeze has been sluiced through with the accoutrements of (ahem) high-tech romance, and instead of an occasional hit hardly anything seeks to miss.

Five tracks on the first side simultaneously push Ronnie past the point of no return as far as sexual politics are concerned – the sentiments expressed in 'I Need Your Body' and 'Let's Make Love Tonight' make Rick James sound like Pat Boone, while 'Between The Sheets' itself blurts out every screw-metaphor you can think of – and wrap him in the most sensitive and kaleidoscopic swirl they've ever conceived.

Although simplicity was always the Isleys' ace they have at last moved into a necessary diversity of sound without surrendering the compulsory sensual embrace that would make a ballad like 'Make Me Say It Again Girl' riveting. 'I Need Your Body' is a thesis on desire that can function without the kerbcrawler lyric to equal effect.

And the record grows tougher as it progresses. 'Way Out Love' and 'Gettin' Over' are enticing and hammer-hard uses of the synthfunk theorem, which 'Rock You Good' – vocoded vocals and all – clenches wincingly tight. Only in their streets dialectics is there any sense of disappointment. 'Ballad For The Fallen Soldier' is overblown post-'Nam angst, and while 'Slow Down Children' has a finger for Reagan the title gives away its certain softness. We used to be told to *fight* the power, not slow down!

Otherwise, The Isleys recoupled to their best form, a funk record to outstrip all comers. And after all these years they've finally got themselves some decent trousers.

Richard Cook

The restrained sartorial elegance of the Isleys.

SHAKIN' OVER SPILT MILK

VARIOUS ARTISTS
These Cats Ain't Nothin' But Trash (*Big Beat*)

THE MILKSHAKES
After School Session (*Upright*)

THE PRISONERS
A Taste Of Pink (*Own-Up Records*)

THIS IS as self-reliant a lot of lads as you'll find anywhere and I'm proud to slap my moniker on a full endorsement of 'em. To paraphrase Mark Shipper's seminal essay on The Sonics, it's a case of "SEVENTEEN GREAT MUSICIANS!!!, THREE GREAT CHORDS!!!". It was The Sonics (of early-'60s 'Psycho' fame) who first stuffed these same Kinks riffs and ramalama-power drums up the ears of American parenthood, helping to bring forth an epidemic of garage-trashing that lasted out the decade.

And that's what these bands – each different, each unique – are up to: from thrashing out a living in other locales, they've moved into prominence on the London circuit as the by-demand compilation indicates. Star act The Milkshakes contribute four neat beat cuts, including a chance to capture their now-deleted 45 'Please Don't Tell My Baby'. The Cannibals sound OK three out of four times, billing their band of beat as R&B, tho' to me it checks out as sheer backyard burnout.

It's the Stingrays quartet which is the sampler's dead weight – contrived snarlobilly not quite pedestrian enough to even get up and cross the street. They do get the LP's real scene-summing couplet, however, with "*You spend your money dressin' up/ Goin' out and showing' up*".

Their spot would've been better allotted to The Prisoners, whose 'A Taste Of Pink' LP is an exemplary treat – cos like their buddies The Milkshakes, these guys are forging something both noisy *and* appropriate to their national soul from the American garage inheritance. Its ingredients are those handed down from the instrumental groups and local bands who were the precursors of both '60s Beat and the garage scene; the prominence of guitars in the lineup comes from rockabilly, as did the two guitar-bass-and-drums Beat basis. But it's the *attitude* (mean, macho and dirty-sounding thanks to sax, fuzztone or Farfisa) about ineptitute which makes a garage band. And that The Prisoners – particularly organist Jamie Taylor – got.

Back in 1961, it was an instrumental trio (Johnny And The Hurricanes) who headlined Hamburg's Star Club; The Beatles had to beg to open their shows. Now new instrumentals like 'A Taste Of Pink' or 'Come To The Mushroom' (Prisoners) and 'El Salvador' or 'Hide And Scatter' (Milkshakes) arise to shake dem fillings by cramming 20 more years of feeling into the same three chords.

On the basis of their initial LP under this name – and the fact that they've practically established squatters' rights on the German club circuit including the Salambo Sex Theatre, formerly the Star Club – critics always cite The Milkshakes as purveyors of identikit Hamburg-era Beatlesound. But what they *actually* are is what the Fab Four got scared to keep on being after Epstein tamed 'em – in the words of vocalist Billy, "Just cos The Beatles turned into a load of shit doesn't mean they always were".

One should know that The Milkshakes had five previous IDs (and once released a record called 'Empty Sounds From Anarchy Ranch'), because it shows in their sheer enjoyment of being a band. 'After School Session' – the third Milkshakes album – boasts the sleeve of the year (both sides) plus a helluva lotta great stuff, particularly the single 'Soldiers Of Love', a rare instance of great *genre* lyrics.

'Jaguar' and 'Cadillac' recall the old Chuck Berry records from which Billy learnt to play guitar; 'You Can Only Lose' owes a psychological debt to Richard Hell's 'You Gotta Lose'; 'Little Minnie' manages to drag the Everlies out to the garage and 'Let's Stomp' puts The Cramps to shame.

The essence of good garage rock is the (good-hearted) violence of its dynamics – and it can be nirvana if you got the shakes and you got what it takes.

Cynthia Rose

Junior – topee or not topee? Pic Andre Csillag

JUNIOR FAILS TO GROW UP

JUNIOR
Inside Lookin' Out (*Mercury*)

OF ALL the qualities in the world to possess, 'potential' must be the most irritating.

At any stage other than the outset of what you are doing, to be continually told "You've got potential, kid" amounts to little more than insult. Junior's new album is the result of so much potential that it crossed the line into wasted talent.

Young Giscombe has one of the best voices in England. He has that rare ability to carry or lead a song, instead of just following the melody, and allow the rhythms enough space to grow as strong as they like. His producer Bob Carter, the man who took Linx to giddy heights, knows exactly what to nurture in the background, and what and when to lop it off.

So what went wrong?

The tunes. What the pair started with is so basically ugly, that even with the utmost care and attention it could never expand into anything other than monstrous.

They are of that harsh, heavy-metal-edged school that Americans (the presumed audience for 'Inside Lookin' Out') seem to go for as they confuse loud noises with excitement. Only once – 'Baby I Want You Back' – do music and vocals work for each other, with beautiful results. Like the title suggests, Junior is trapped inside this chamber of horrors, looking out at what he could've been.

With any luck it's not too late yet for him to find an open window.

Lloyd Bradley

LESS A SWANSONG, MORE A DEAD DUCK

BLUES BAND
Bye Bye Blues (*Arista*)

AT LAST the Indian summer of the '60s British R&B boom is over. Back in '79, five old lags got together with no particularly grand design, but discovered that a considerable audience had never disappeared, just grown old too. The days of Korner, Davies and Mayall were long gone and Clapton was God no more, but The Blues Band sparked off nostalgia for an era pre-mortgage, pre-kids, pre-'70s and pre-menopause. Hence their success, or so I assume, because they certainly didn't deserve it on talent alone.

'Bye Bye Blues' is The Blues Band's farewell, recorded live last Christmas, and tells the true story of the Blues, and that's the story of the booze. As far as most British musicians of that vintage are concerned, rhythm and blues are either a rollicking knees-up or a drunken lament. Such a simplistic vision does no service to the vein they're tapping.

Covers comprise half the set, but listen to their versions side by side with the originals and the inescapable conclusion is that The Blues Band played the most godawful ham-fisted travesties. Where is the knavish wit and fire of Chuck Berry's 'Nadine' and 'Don't You Lie To Me', the acerbic snarl of Dylan's 'Maggie's Farm'? Only on Titus Turner's 'Grits Ain't Groceries' does the heart beat a little faster. The Rumour brass section stabs, Dave Kelly's slide guitar shivers and he also sings rather well. His smokey, plaintive quaver reminded me of Roger Chapman, and the whole outing joyfully recalled early Graham Parker.

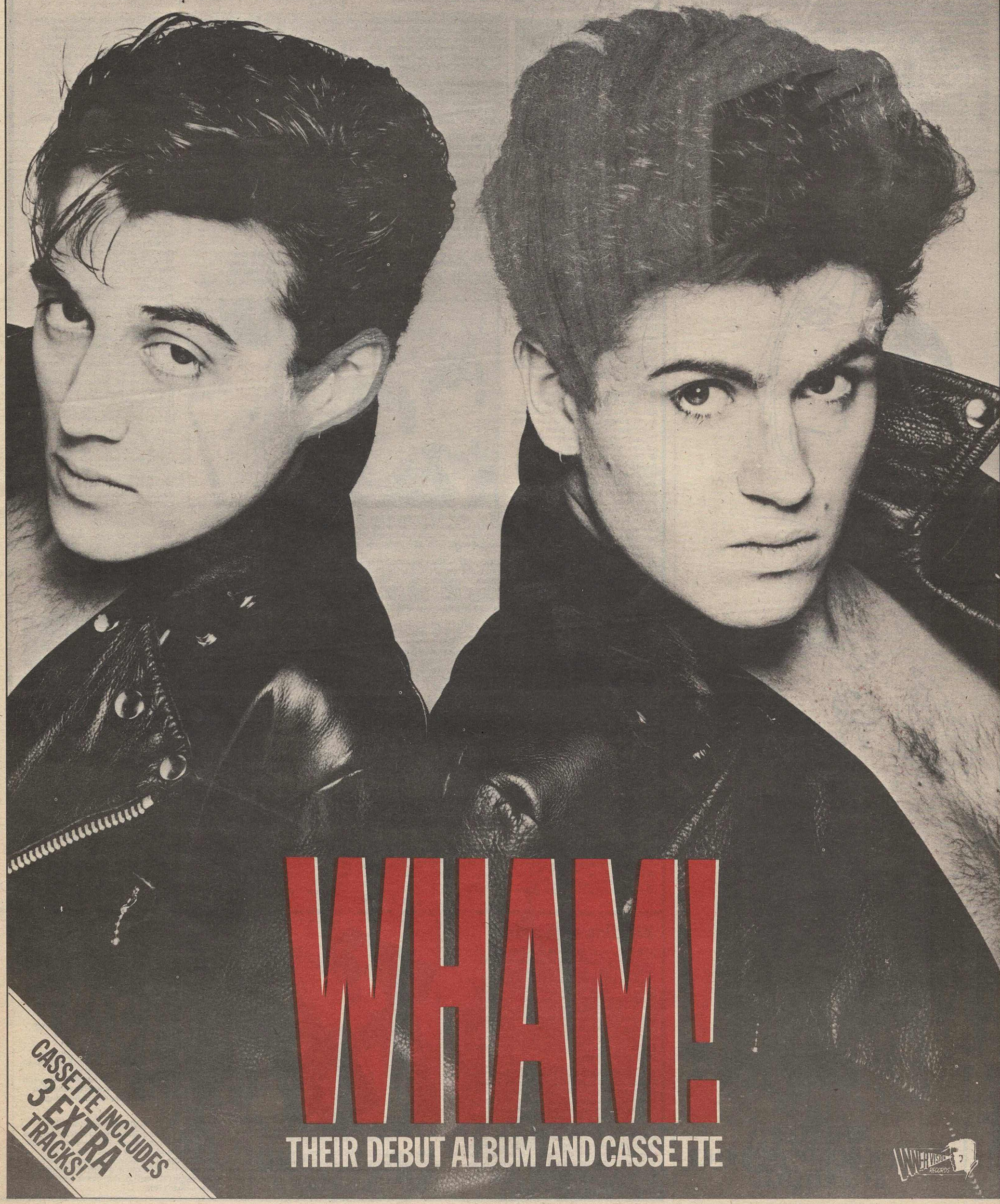
But the man most at the mike was well-known nice guy and all-round entertainer Paul Jones. The elixir of eternal youth he shares with Cliff never reached his vocal chords, and the voice which once soared with Manfred Mann's 'Pretty Flamingo' back in '66 has now flown the coop. A pity, but not out of place on a stage where a century of collective experience has ground down inspiration and feeling rather than refined it.

Time gentlemen, please, but history shows that old British bluesmen never die; they just go on and on.

Mat Snow

FANTASTIC

INCLUDES BAD BOYS - YOUNG GUNS (GO FOR IT!) - WHAM RAP! (ENJOY WHAT YOU DO?)



CASSETTE INCLUDES 3 EXTRA TRACKS!

WHAM!

THEIR DEBUT ALBUM AND CASSETTE

INNERVISION RECORDS

● Y Records are launching a new label called New York Connexion specially for disco tracks licensed from the Big Apple and previously only available on import. First release on July 15 is the album 'Enjoy', an hour-long compilation of eight 12-inch singles (including **Grandmaster Flash**) from Bobby Robinson's Enjoy Records label. A single from the LP, 'Enjoy With Me' by **Midnight Blue**, is out the same day.

● PRT Records are releasing eight more albums in their ten-inch DOW series, following the success of the initial six. They are 'Works' by **Status Quo**, 'Love Lies Bleeding' by **The Searchers**, 'Candy From Mr. Dandy' by **The Kinks**, 'Minstrel Boy' by **Donovan**, 'Music In Sea Minor' by **Captain Beefheart**, 'Duckwalking' by **Chuck Berry**, 'Meek And Honey' by **The Honeycombs** and 'Upminster Kids' by **Kilburn & The High Roads** featuring **Ian Dury.**

● Released by EMI on August 8 is the album **'Andrew Powell** & The Philharmonia Orchestra Play The Best Of The Alan Parsons Project', from which the single 'Lucifer (And Mamma Gamma)', is issued next Monday (11). Powell is one of Britain's top arrangers, producers and conductors, and these are his first solo releases. He's been The Alan Parsons Project's musical director for eight years, he produced the first two Kate Bush albums, and he's currently working on arrangements for the new Nick Heyward album.

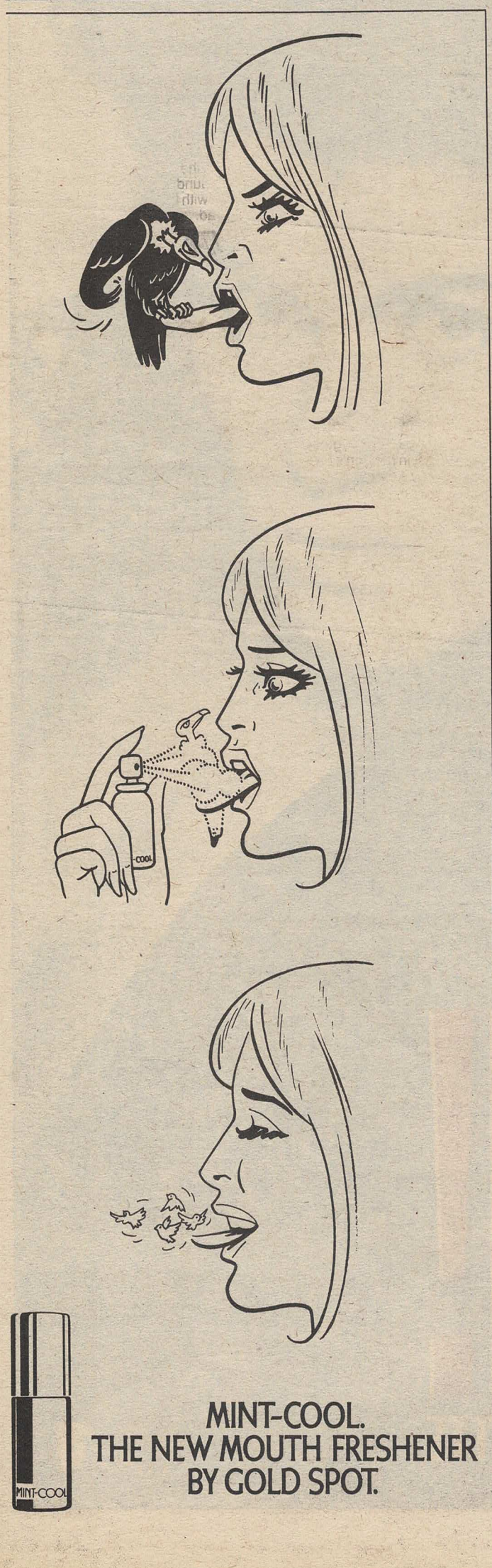
● **The Penguin Cafe Orchestra** release a mini-album this weekend which, with admirable inventiveness, they call 'Mini Album'. It consists of two tracks from previous albums, two brand new items and two recorded live in Tokyo last year. It's on the Editions EG label, through Polydor.

● **Zebra** are a hard-rock three-piece, who were formed in New Orleans from the ashes of a band called Maelstrom, and this weekend sees the release of their self-named debut album by Atlantic. It was produced by Jack Douglas, who worked extensively with John Lennon.

● The Magnum Music Group has scheduled August 19 for the release of a solo **Don Everly** album titled 'Brother Juke Box' on its new country label Sundown. This is the first outcome of the company's exclusive deal with Hickory Records, the label division of Nashville's famous Acuff-Rose publishing house.

● Currently touring nationwide, nine-piece Manchester band **Yes Sir** already have a large following in the North. Now comes their first single, aptly titled 'Yes Sir' and coupled with 'Heart Attack And Vine' – available from shops in the Manchester area, or by post at £1.30 (including p & p) from JoJo Records, 91 Darley Avenue, Chorlton, Manchester.

● **Phil Thornally** has been a top engineer for a number of years, as well as producer and songwriter. He's now signed exclusively to Riva Records, and his debut single 'So This Is Love'/'Last Too Long' is out this weekend.



MINT-COOL.
THE NEW MOUTH FRESHENER
BY GOLD SPOT.
MINT-COOL

record NEWS

● Five-piece London band **The Passion Puppets** are heavily tipped for major stardom, according to Stiff Records who – by coincidence – have just signed them. Their debut single 'Like Dust'/'House Of Love' is out this week in either 7" or extended 12" forms.

● Three-piece band **The Drivers** from the South of England have already scored in Canada with their debut album, which they recorded in Toronto with Rush producer Terry Brown. Now Greyhound Records (through Pinnacle and The Cartel) have concluded a licensing deal with the Canadian company, and release the group's single 'Talk All Night'/'Sister' this week, followed by the album 'Short Cuts' at the end of July.

TAKING CARE, who recently signed to Arista, comprise two stalwarts of the Liverpool music scene – Paul Simpson (left) and Ian Broudie. Their debut single 'My Boyish Years (Drink To Me)'/'An Evening In The Ray' is released on July 15, and the 12-inch format features an extended version of the A-side plus a bonus track called 'Sad Day For England'. Simpson was more recently singer and guitarist with The Wild Swans, with Broudie has lately been concentrating on production with the likes of Wah and Echo & The Bunnymen.

● The debut album by Swedish rock band **Trash** has already picked up a large number of sales on import, and now it's being released officially in this country by RCA. The LP is called 'Watch Out'.

● **The Dream Syndicate** hail from Southern California, and their debut album 'The Days Of Wine And Roses' pays homage to the likes of Lou Reed, Tom Verlaine and The Velvet Underground. It's issued in this country by Rough Trade.

● 'Pictures' is a concept album out this weekend on Editions EG/Polydor. It's based upon human life cycles – and it's written, produced and performed by **Andy Stennett** and **John Rocca**, the latter being a member of Freez.

● The R. Dean Taylor classic 'Gotta See Jane' has been revived and up-dated by new band **Ladders**, featuring Andy Scott – the former guitarist, synthesist, vocalist and producer with Sweet. It's out on Statik Records in both 7" and 12" formats, and the B-side is 'Kruggerands', dedicated to a banned South African black movement.

● **Samson**, just back from an extensive European tour, are now busy recording a new single with producer Pip Williams for September release. Their autumn activities will consist of a major UK tour and recording sessions for their second Polydor album.

● **Gabi Delgado**, one half of the late-lamented D.A.F., releases a new single on Virgin this week. It couples 'Amor' and 'Sex And Soul', and it's available only as a 12-inch. The A-side is a new track, and the flip is culled from his well-received solo LP 'Mistress'.

● The new single from **The Jonzun Crew**, issued by Polydor on July 15, is taken from their current album 'Lost In Space' – titled 'Space Cowboy' and coupled with the instrumental version, it comes in both 7" and 12" formats. The weekend, the same label releases the single 'Land And Water (Big Fish)'/'I'm Trouble' by Southend duo **G02**.

● Cambridge group **Toucan Jive** revive 'I Want You To Be My Baby' in a unique percussive styling, and release it this week in both 7" and 12" formats on the newly formed Kay-Drum Records label, with distribution by Pinnacle.

New African label

JIVE RECORDS are launching a new label called Jive Afrika, devoted solely to African music. Already on the roster are Sakhile, Caiphus Semenya, Hugh Masekela, Letta Mbula and The Soul Brothers – the latter are the biggest selling act ever in Southern Africa's record industry, with average sales of 200,000 per album. First release on the new label is a self-produced single (7" and 12") titled 'Angelina' by Caiphus Semenya – a singer, actor and dancer who has composed and arranged songs for Cannonball Adderley, Lou Rawls, Herb Alpert, Nina Simone, Quincy Jones, Harry Belafonte and many others.

● Next Monday (11) sees the release of six more double-play cassettes in Motown's 'Flip Hits' series. They each feature four former hits by the artists in question, who are **The Commodores, The Four Tops, Jackson 5, Gladys Knight & The Pips, The Isley Brothers** and **Michael Jackson.** They should retail at the price of a 12-inch single.

● Birmingham singer **Sandra Lobban,** who already has two reggae-chart hits to her credit, releases a new single called 'Another Dirty Trick' this weekend on Loose End Records (through MCA). It was produced by Peter Collins who was responsible for al the Musical Youth hits, and the extended dubwise workout on the 12-inch format was mixed by Dennis Bovell.

10CC release a new single on Mercury this weekend titled 'Feel The Love', which is somewhat reminiscent of their No.1 hit 'Dreadlock Holiday', and the nucleus of Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman are joined on the track by New York session drummer Steve Gadd. A video is being filmed by Lol Creme and Kevin Godley, the first time the original 10CC line-up have been together for over six years. The B-side is 'She Gives Me Pain'.

BANANARAMA take another stab at the charts with a new single appropriately titled 'Cruel Summer', available in both 7" and 12" formats. with 'Bustin' Loose' as the coupling. It's out this week on London Records, who also reissue the HAMILTON BOHANNON hit 'Let's Start To Dance Again' in 7" and – for the first time – 12".

ELTON JOHN's single 'I Guess That's Why They Call It The Blues' is still high in the charts, but that hasn't stopped Rocket from releasing the follow-up this week. Titled 'I'm Still Standing', it's culled from his current album 'Too Low For Zero'.

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN have only appeared in Britain once (at London Lyceum on March 8), and had to cancel their recent projected second show (at Brixton Ace) when one of their members was hospitalised. But they've now been signed by the Some Bizzare label, who are rushing out their album 'Stratagien Gegen Architekturen' (er, 'Strategies Against Architecture', we think), and the group will be returning to the UK shortly for further dates.

THE JETS – comprising the three Cotton brothers, and best known for their chart hits 'Yes Tonight Josephine' and 'Love Makes The World Go Round' – have a new single out on EMI next Monday titled 'Blue Skies'. They've been spending the last few months working on material for a new album.

DEPECHE MODE have a new single issued by Mute Records on Monday next (11), featuring 'Everything Counts' coupled with 'Work Hard' – it was recorded in London and mixed in Berlin. There's also a 12-inch format containing extended versions of both tracks.

BOB ANDY – founder member of The Paragons with John Holt, and well remembered for his chart hit duet with Marcia Griffiths 'Young Gifted And Black' – releases a new 12-inch single 'Honey'/'Going Home' this week on his own I-Anka label (through Jet Star and The Cartel). The seven-inch format follows shortly, and the album from which it was taken 'Friends' will be issued at a later date.

THE SMITHS, generally considered one of the brightest prospects to emerge this year, have signed a long-term deal with Rough Trade Records. They say this "represents a conscious decision of preference" for the independent label, which was competing against three major labels, one of whom offered a six-figure cash advance. Their single 'Hand In Glove' has already been released, and they are currently in the studio with producer Troy Tate recording tracks for their first album and follow-up single.

MICHAEL JACKSON has a "new" single out this weekend. In fact, it's a reissue by his former label Motown, following the success of the recently re-released 'One Day In Your Life'. The latest track chosen for revival is 'Happy', and it comes in a limited edition poster bag, with a picture disc version to follow shortly.

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE have their 'Live In Yugoslavia' LP issued by I.D. Records this week — the first album to have been recorded live in an Eastern Bloc country by a British group, and the first to have simultaneous release in the UK and Eastern Europe. The most intriguing aspect of the LP is that it features the group performing 'So What', which originally appeared on vinyl as the B-side of the single 'Streets Of London' — and 8000 copies of that single were recently ordered to be destroyed by Bromley magistrates, when they upheld the decision that 'So What' was "obscene".

GARY BYRD pops up next Monday (11) with an 11-minute rap 12-incher titled 'The Crown', which he co-wrote with Stevie Wonder, who also joins him on vocals. Backing singers are Andrae Crouch, Syreeta and Teena Marie — and Wonder also contributes piano, drums, Fender Rhodes, synthesisers, woodblocks and tambourine! It's the first release from Wonder's own label, though it appears here on Motown, and a chrome cassette version will soon be available.

A CRAZE were signed some weeks ago to Paul Weller's Respond Records, though at the time they were called The Craze, and they joined the last few dates of the Respond Possee tour – and their first single 'Dumb But Not Mute' is due out next month (through A&M). Meanwhile, they have composed the new TRACIE single 'Give It Some Emotion', released this weekend via the same outlet, with a new Weller number 'The Boy Hairdresser' on the flip.

HELEN SHAPIRO, who was topping the charts when many of our readers weren't even born, releases a new album on July 15 – her first for 19 years! Titled 'Straighten Up And Fly Right', it's a collection of standards and show tunes, and it's on Charlie Gillett's Oval Records label.

MODERN ROMANCE follow their recent hit 'Don't Stop That Crazy Rhythm' with a single released by WEA on July 15, titled 'Walking In The Rain' (7" and 12") — it's taken from their current album 'A Trick Of The Light', and a limited number of the seven-inch contain a free five-track flexi-disc featuring edited versions of other LP tracks.

RAT SCABIES of The Damned has signed a solo recording contract with Paradiddle Music, for whom his first offering is a three-track maxi-single featuring 'Let There Be Rats', 'Wiped Out' and 'Drums Drums Drums'. Initially it's only available by post at £1.50 (including p&p) from Paradiddle Music, 47 Barton Road (The Basement), London W14 9HB.

THE HOLLIES have reunited their original 1963 line-up of Allan Clarke, Tony Hicks, Bobby Elliott and Graham Nash to record an album titled 'What Goes Around . . .', which will be issued next month by WEA International. Meanwhile, a single from the LP — their version of The Supremes' hit 'Stop In The Name Of Love' — is released on July 15.

GEORGE BENSON, who played two British dates last weekend, has his new single 'Feel Like Making Love' issued through WEA this weekend. It's his version of Roberta Flack's 1974 hit and is lifted from his current album 'In Your Eyes', as is the B-side 'Use Me'.

NICK STRAKER, who achieved global success with his single 'A Walk In The Park', now attempts to conquer the world all over again with his latest offering – it's the self-penned and self-produced 'You Know I Like It', released this week by Pinnacle Records in both 7" and 12" versions. His self-named album follows in mid-July.

Juggling with dates

ONE THE JUGGLER begin a UK tour this weekend, and dates so far confirmed are at Hastings Rumours Club (this Saturday), Coventry Dog & Trumpet (July 14), Bath Moles Club (15), London Marquee Club (22 and 23), Hull Dingwalls (26) and Liverpool Venue Club (27). Scottish dates are currently being finalised and these, together with more English gigs, will be announced next week. To tie in with this live activity, the 12-inch version of their second single 'Damage Is Done' is released by Regard Records this week.

COOK DA BOOKS have joined the Men At Work tour as support act – it started earlier this week and continues until July 14. To coincide with these dates, the Liverpool band's third single 'I Wouldn't Want To Knock It' is being rush released on their own Kitleland Records label.

GASPER LAWAL and his Africa Oro Band are late additions to the line-up of Peter Gabriel's open-air concert this Saturday (9) at the Crystal Palace Football Ground in South London – see *Gig Guide*. They will be opening the show at 4pm, and the other acts featured are The Thompson Twins and The Undertones.

LOUIS WELLSTED & RUDI WILLIAMS of Dance On A Telephone

DANCE ON A TELEPHONE, the London-based electropop group, play London Brixton Ace on July 11 (tickets £1.50 from the box-office and usual outlets). They've also been filming for an American TV show called *London Calling*.

EDDIE TENPOLE TUDOR has landed a residency at London Camden Dingwalls on the strength of his recent sell-out show there – on Thursdays, July 21, August 4 and 18 and September 1 – and each night will have a different theme, with competitions and surprise guests. He and the band also play Feltham Football Club (tomorrow, Friday) and London Woolwich Tramshed (July 14).

THE WAKE are playing a number of gigs in support of their upcoming single 'Something Outside'/'Host' on Factory Benelux. They support Howard Devoto at Manchester Hacienda on July 14, then – in their own right – play Newcastle Dingwalls (July 20), Fort William Milton Hotel (22), Sheffield Leadmill (30), Aberdeen Valhalla (August 3) and Edinburgh Le Metro (5). Further dates – including venues in Glasgow and London – are currently being arranged.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS, newly booked to headline at London Marquee on July 20, begin a new club tour next month. First confirmed gigs are Sunderland Mayfair (August 5), Oxford Pennyfarthing (13), Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's (15), Billingham Swan (16), Kingston Grey Horse (22) and London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (25).

Images launch summer trek

ALTERED IMAGES return to live action later this month, headlining at London Hammersmith Palais on Sunday, July 24 – and they'll also be playing a couple of provincial dates at around the same period, though these haven't yet been confirmed.

These three shows are in the nature of a prelude to a full UK tour in August, details of which will be announced in a week or two, and they are currently rehearsing with David Wild (drums) and Jim Prime (keyboards) in preparation for their outing.

The band have a new single issued by Epic this weekend – titled 'Love To Stay', it's taken from their current album 'Bite'.

READING MATTER

Little Steven in, Big Country back

THE READING FESTIVAL line-up is now steadily coming together, following the hassles – reported last week – of various intended American acts dropping out. It now seems that the sole Stateside contribution (apart from the already confirmed Survivor) will come from Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul, who were said by the organisers this week to be "99 per cent certain". And the harassed promoters have been cheered by the news that Big Country, who last week withdrew from the event, are now back in again.

Other newly confirmed bookings are Steel Pulse, Steve Harley, Sad Cafe, Pallas, The Enid, The Opposition and Heavy Pettin', though The Truth will not now be appearing. And negotiations are in an advanced stage for The Belle Stars to join the line-up. Now that the bill is almost complete, it's expected that the delayed running order will be announced next week.

Meteors active as ET goes home

THE METEORS have undergone a personnel change on the eve of a British tour. They had just begun rehearsals for the upcoming dates, when Dave 'E.T.' Bass went home – never to return. The group have since been busy auditioning new bass players, and will be back to full strength in time for their first show – a "Bastille Day Guillotine Party" at London Camden Dingwalls on July 14 with The Sex Beat supporting.

Other confirmed dates are Feltham Football Club (July 22), Colne Francs (23), Manchester Gallery (24), Hull Dingwalls (25), Newcastle Dingwalls (26), Sheffield Dingwalls (27), Hitchin The Regal (29), London Camden Electric Ballroom supported by Under Two Flags and The Defects (30), Rayleigh Crocs (August 11) and Brigton Pavilion Theatre (12).

Prince Charles in The Strand

PRINCE CHARLES & The City Beat Band – who, as previously reported, fly into the UK to guest in Duran Duran's open-air charity show at the Aston Villa Football Ground on July 23 – will take the opportunity of headlining a London show during their brief visit.

It's at the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand on Sunday, July 24, and tickets are available now. The band will have a new single released by Virgin to coincide with their arrival, titled 'Beat The Bush (Parts 1 and 2)' – and there's also a 12-inch format, on which the A-side is coupled with 'Beat The Bush (Mixers Delite)' and 'Bonus Beat'.

EVERLYS REUNION IS ON

THE EVERLY BROTHERS are reuniting after all, and they're planning a comeback concert in the autumn at London's Royal Albert Hall – just as *NME* forecast on December 4 last year. Don and Phil, who had 20 major chart hits in Britain (including four at No. 1) during the period 1957–65, split up ten years ago – with such bitterness that they didn't even speak to each other for years.

But 31 weeks ago, *NME* was able to report exclusively on their intended re-formation – which brought an instant rebuff from Capitol Records, to whom Phil Everly is signed, stating that it was completely false and demanding a retraction. However, as so often happens, *NME* has now been proved right – the brothers have themselves confirmed both the reunion and the projected Albert Hall show. It's believed their first move is to put a backing band together.

tour NEWS

Wham in autumn

WHAM, among the biggest selling singles artists in the UK this year, will be headlining an extensive British tour from mid-October – and this will coincide with the release of a George Michael solo single. They'll be accompanied on the road by a ten-piece band, and we're assured that their show will be "very theatrical".

Below: ANDREW RIDGLEY and GEORGE MICHAEL

More upcoming tours

● THE RAMONES, who pulled out of a proposed summer tour of the European festival circuit (which would have included the Reading Festival) because some of the events were in danger of collapsing, are now expected to tour this country in the autumn. And to obviate any problems on the Continent, this visit will be confined solely to the UK.

● ZZ TOP, the Texas boogie band, intend to use their appearance in the Castle Donington 'Monsters Of Rock' event (August 20) as a pointer to a possible future tour. If they feel they are in tune with British audiences, they'll be back later in the year for a string of concerts.

● AL JARREAU has already assessed the reaction of British audiences – he was so delighted with the response to his recent Hammersmith Odeon concerts, which had to be extended, that he's now planning a return visit towards the end of the year. And this time, he'll also be appearing in the provinces.

● SMOKEY ROBINSON seems likely to tour here in the early autumn. Motown headquarters in Detroit admitted at the weekend that a visit is in the pipeline, but insisted that it is "still very vague" at this stage. Even so, to our knowledge at least one British venue has an October date pencilled in for him.

Now Rory's at the Marquee

RORY GALLAGHER is the latest big name to join the parade of stars appearing in London Marquee's 25th birthday season – he's at the club on July 26 and 27 (admission on the night £5). Another new booking is Twelfth Night, who appear at the venue on July 16, when their act will include the premiere of their new 18-minute work 'The Collector'.

One The Juggler are confirmed for a two-night stint on July 22 and 23, followed by the previously reported Caravan reunion (28-29), Chelsea (30-31) and Sex Gang Children (August 4-6). The return of Welsh group Man has now been brought forward to September 16, 17 and 18, a week earlier than announced last week.

● The delayed reunion gig by the original Manfred Mann line-up will not now take place, due to the unavailability of some members. Those who've been clutching tickets expectantly for the past two months must now claim cash refunds.

More African music in town

GAMBIA's formost kora musician Amadu Bansang Jobarteh and his son Sanjally are playing a series of UK dates, based around their previously reported appearance in the WOMAD Festival at London ICA tomorrow (Friday). In London, they are at the Empress Of Russia, E.C.1 (tonight, Thursday), the City of London Festival in Cheapside (July 18), Jenako Arts Centre in Balls Pond Road (19–21), Tottenham Court Rd. Roebuck (21-22), Lambeth County Show in Brockwell Park (23), Royal Festival Hall Foyer (24) and a GLC event in Battersea Park (26). They also play at Cambridge University Music School all next week (11-16). The kora is a 21-stringed West African harp, and is the basis of Mandinka music.

THE ALARM, newly returned from a successful American tour, are playing a handful of dates prior to recording their first A&M album. They are at Sheffield Limit (July 12), Manchester Hacienda (13), Leeds Warehouse (14), Retford Porterhouse (16) and Dartford Flicks (17). They'll be back on the road in September, and that outing will include a major London show.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF SIGNS are taking their "Hi Art – Low Life" club on the road, and first confirmed dates are London Tottenham-Court Rd. Roebuck (tomorrow, Friday), Brighton Zap Club (Saturday), London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave (July 12), Northampton Black Lion (16) and a free festival at London Tottenham Old Recreation Site (30). Their North London co-operative Melodia Records has concluded a deal with Jungle Records, who will be releasing a 12-incher by the group in the near future.

TANDOORI – the dance-rock band fronted by guitarist and vocalist Zal Cleminson, and featuring Barrie Barlow (drums) and Charlie Tumahai (bass) – have been off the scene for a few months while working in the studio and preparing a new stage presentation. They re-emerge next Monday (11) for a date at London Marquee, with more gigs to follow.

SAD CAFE are the first attraction next Wednesday (13) at the opening night of a new club in South Manchester. It's called Adam & Eves, and it has a capacity of 800. Further details may be obtained by phoning 061-881 3320.

PLAY DEAD, whose mini-album 'First Flower' has been attracting widespread attention, have landed the plum role of support act on the upcoming Killing Joke tour – they'll be appearing on all nine dates in the period July 21–30, but excluding Hammersmith Palais on July 31. Prior to this, they have gigs in their own right at Brighton Alhambra tomorrow, Friday), London Marquee (12), Birmingham Golden Eagle (14), Manchester Gallery (15) and Coventry General Wolfe (16).

JULUKA, the South African multi-racial group, will definitely be appearing on British TV following the (albeit reluctant) change of attitude by the Musicians Union. They'll be featuring their new single 'Impi' in Granada's new fully-networked *Hold Tight* series, which begins on July 26 – their contribution is screened on August 9. Meanwhile, the group's Johnny Clegg still has a problem to resolve with the MU, who have told him that – if he wishes to return to South Africa and perform his music there – he can't remain a member of the union.

BIG COUNTRY are set to play Dunstable Queensway Hall on July 16, as an addition to their current tour schedule. This isn't a new booking, though it is newly announced – the reason being that it was felt opportune to let the group fulfil their date at Aylesbury Friars (only 16 miles away), before revealing the existence of another gig in the vicinity.

KILLING JOKE have added another date to their previously reported British tour later this month – it's at Manchester (Ashton) Metro Club on Sunday, July 24.

THE FALL, already set to play London Brixton Ace on July 15 with The Box (all tickets £3), are to appear the previous night (14) at Derby Tiffany's – this is being promoted by BBC Radio Derby, who are recording it for subsequent broadcast, and tickets are £2 (or £1.50 for the unwaged). The Fall will be touring the UK extensively in the autumn.

POWDER BLUE are a seven-piece Canadian blues band with a considerable reputation in their own country. This weekend they make their UK debut by playing two nights at London Camden Dingwalls – with Johnny Copeland (Friday) and with Geno Washington (Saturday).

Festivals in focus

ELEPHANT FAYRE

ELEPHANT FAYRE at St. Germans in Cornwall (July 29–31) has added more names to its roster of acts, originally listed by *NME* at the end of May. Rip Rig & Panic will now be appearing in the Sunday night concert, and Ivor Cutler has also been added. As reported, the big Saturday show is topped this year by The Cure, who will be unveiling their new line-up for the first time, and they have also chosen their own support acts – Laughing Academy and SPK. The Friday night concert is devoted to reggae, and Benjamin Zephaniah now joins Clint Eastwood & General Saint and Black Roots.

BRIXTON

THE BRIXTON FESTIVAL in South London starts today (Thursday) and continues until July 17 – with a mixture of rock, reggae, jazz, dancing, poetry, street theatre, review, workshops and children's entertainments. Highlight is this weekend's carnival, starting on Saturday at 12.30pm with a street procession from St. Matthew's to Angell Park – with floats, costumes and music from Masala and The Bushmasters. Later in the park itself there's a concert topped by The Poison Girls, supported by 7RPM and Come Natural. This Sunday in Angell Park (1–8pm) there's a free Afro-Caribbean concert, as part of the Capital Music Festival – those appearing include Misty In Roots, Duda Pukwana's Zila, Majesty and Supercombo.

SALTLEY

THE SALTLEY FESTIVAL in Birmingham is substantially larger than in previous years, and involves many activities during the last week of July, but culminates in a music event at Adderley Park on Saturday, July 30 (2–10.30pm). It's mainly a showcase for the pick of local talent, including such bands as And Also The Trees, Xpertz, Atheist Age, Amlak and Prediction. There will also be many sideshows and stalls, and admission is free.

DUBLIN

DUBLIN has two big one-day open-air festivals coming up next month. The first is on Sunday, August 14, in Phoenix Park (about five miles from the city centre) and features U2, Simple Minds, Eurythmics, Steel Pulse and Irish band Perfect Crime, plus one other band still to be confirmed. The second is two weeks later on Sunday, August 28, and it's the Dalymount Festival – a metal monster with Black Sabbath, Motorhead, Twisted Sister and Diamond Head.

WEST LONDON

ASWAD

A PEACE FESTIVAL organised by Westminster CND takes place this Saturday (9) in London's Meanwhile Gardens from noon to 8pm. It's headlined by Aswad, with support from The Impossible Dreamers, Brent Black Music Co-op, The Corporation, Frank Chickens, Fufu & The Lightsoups, Krew! and compere Tony Allen, plus surprise guests.

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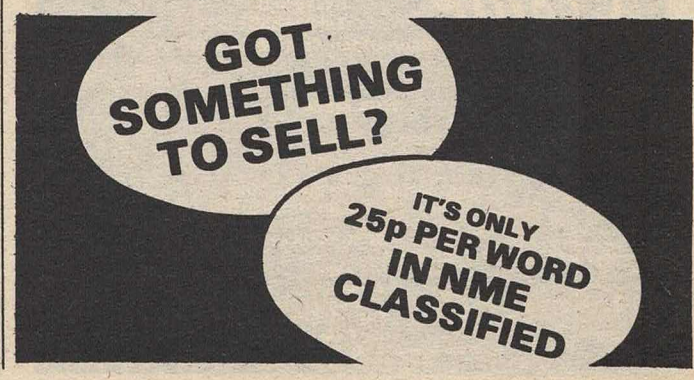

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THE HAÇIENDA

Friday 8th July
CENTRAL LINE
Tuesday 12th July
DEFUNKT
Wednesday 13th July
THE ALARM
Thursday 14th July
HOWARD DEVOTO
Wednesday 20th July
NEW ORDER
Friday 22nd July
JAH WOBBLE

Members Free Monday – Thursday
11–13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST, MANCHESTER
061–236 5051

THE Venue
160–162 Victoria Street, London SW1E 5LB
Tel 834 5882
Doors Open 8pm. Main Band on at 9.30pm.
Tickets only available from Virgin Megastore 14 Oxford St, W1
Tel: 631 1234

THIS WEEK

Friday 8th July — CLUB NIGHT £3.00
Saturday 9th July — CLUB NIGHT £3.00
+ Special P. A. by Yvonne Everley
Thursday 14th July — SOUL SPECIAL feat. EDWIN STARR + very special guest GENO WASHINGTON £3.20
+ Leo's "Midnight Hour" – All Night
COMING SOON
Wednesday 20th & Thursday 21st & Friday 22nd July — ROY AYERS £5.20
Wednesday 27th July — AMAZULU £3.20
Thursday 28th July — ZAINE GRIFF £3.20 Advance £3.50 On Night
+ Special Guests THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
Friday 29th July — HEATWAVE £4.20
Open Every Friday & Saturday 9 till 3

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES present
CROSBY STILLS & NASH
SATURDAY JULY 9 at 8pm
NATIONAL EXHIBITION CENTRE
BIRMINGHAM
Tickets: £8.50, £7.50, £6.50
By personal application from N.E.C. Box Office and the following agents:-*
CYCLOPS SOUND BIRMINGHAM PICCADILLY RECORDS MANCHESTER
H.M.V. WOLVERHAMPTON H.M.V. LEICESTER
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WAY AHEAD NOTTINGHAM WAY AHEAD DERBY
MIKE LLOYD RECORDS NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME
MIKE LLOYD RECORDS HANLEY LOTUS RECORDS STAFFORD
*Agents subject to booking fee
Album and Cassette "ALLIES" Out Soon

READY, STEADY, GO

ONCE AGAIN this week, the emphasis is on individual events, rather than tours – because very few big names set out on the road at the peak of summer. There are exceptions, of course, the most notable being HOWARD DEVOTO who's headlining his first solo outing – and, indeed, his first UK trek since the demise of Magazine – and he can be seen in action initially at Leeds (Monday), Derby (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday). CHELSEA are also doing the rounds, playing their comeback gigs following their recent reunion – and SOFT CELL are at Glasgow (Sunday) and Edinburgh (Monday), as two-thirds of their latest 'Falling Apart' mini-tour.

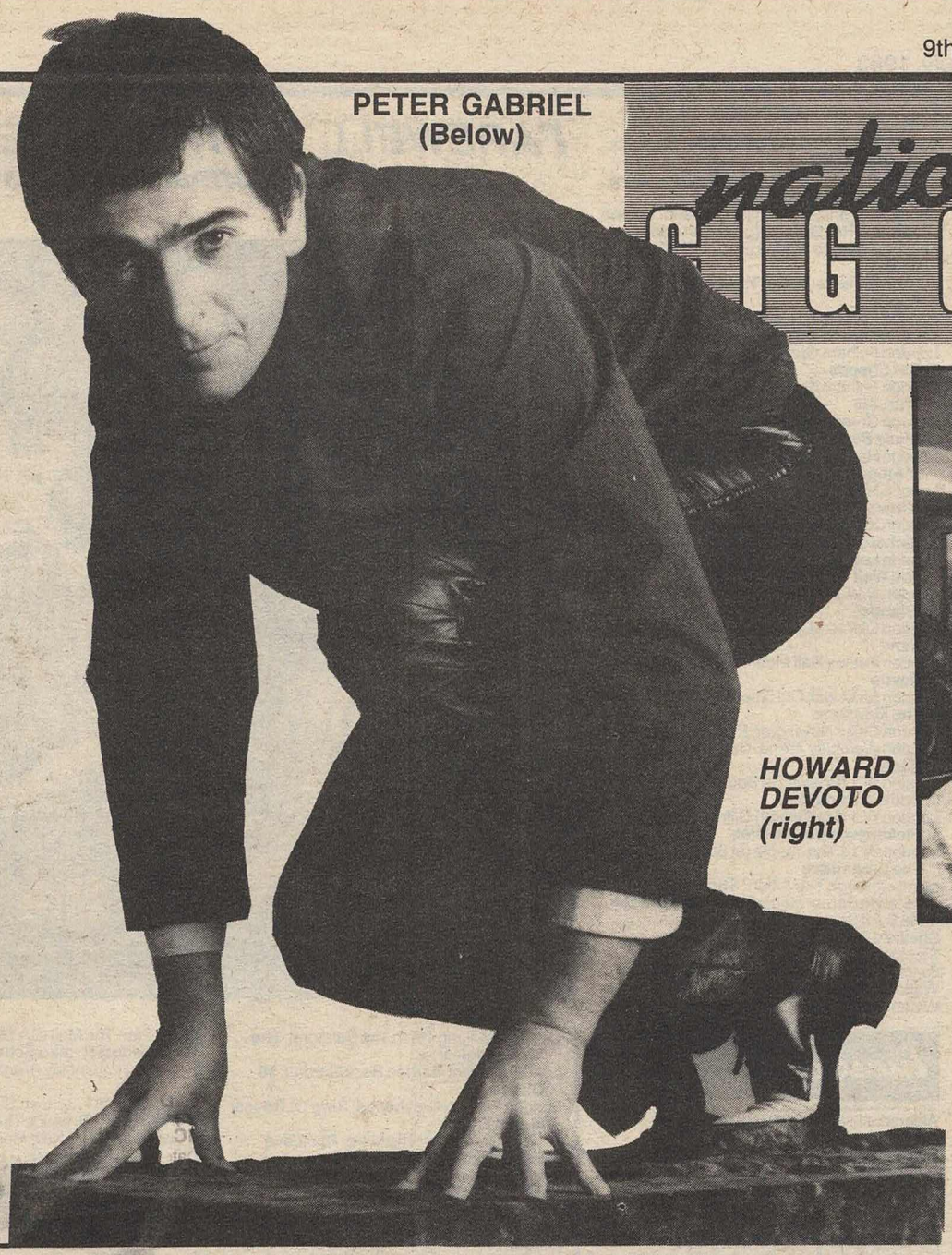
The major open-air event of the week sees PETER GABRIEL topping an anti-Apartheid benefit show at the Crystal Palace Football Ground in South London – it's not only his first London performance for many moons, but also the first time that Selhurst Park has been used for a rock concert. Support acts (or perhaps we should say, guest stars) are THE THOMPSON TWINS and THE UNDERTONES, the latter making their farewell appearance in Britain before they split.

Those old stagers CROSBY STILLS & NASH are back in this country to play a couple of nights at Wembley Arena, as part of the Capital Music Festival. Another facet of the same event, which is running in London throughout July, is the continuation of the World of Music, Arts & Dance (WOMAD) at the ICA Theatre in The Mall – and among this week's top names are ORCHESTRE JAZIRA (Friday), MISTY IN ROOTS (Saturday), JAH WOBBLE (Sunday) and 23 SKIDOO (Tuesday).

Jazz fans are in for a treat with the arrival of the near-legendary South African pianist Abdullah Ibrahim, better known as DOLLAR BRAND, who's appearing with his quartet at four separate London venues from Saturday through to Tuesday – supported at all of them by 11-piece salsa band VALDEZ. That, too, is part of the Capital Festival – though the very welcome one-off by JAMES BLOOD ULMER (Brixton Ace on Thursday) is not.

That hugely popular New York outfit DEFUNKT, fronted by the irrepressible Joe Bowie, are back for dates in Manchester (Tuesday) and London (Wednesday), the latter at the Albany Empire. Also in the metropolis ICEHOUSE (Lyceum) and X MAL DEUTSCHLAND (Klub Foot) have specials on Thursday, while THE DAMNED are at Hammersmith on Sunday.

Not the most brilliant of weeks maybe (though remember that ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN are continuing their steady progress south) – though, surprisingly, the total number of gigs has increased since last week.



PETER GABRIEL (Below)

nationwide GIG GUIDE

HOWARD DEVOTO (right)

London Selhurst Park Crystal Palace Football Ground: **Peter Gabriel/The Thompson Twins/The Undertones**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ray Alexander/Mike Carr Trio**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Stan Robinson Quartet**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Misty In Roots**
London University Union: **The Republic**
London Woolwich Public Hall: **The Gymslips**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Flesh For Lulu**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
London W.10 Meanwhile Gardens (noon-8pm): **Aswad/The Impossible Dreamers/The Corporation/Frank Chickens etc.**
Lymington The Coach House: **Unicorn**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **March Violets/Darkness & Jive**
Norwich Whites: **Airbridge**
Nottingham Boat Club: **Dagaband**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **The Time Dance**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Mosquitos**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Sunfly**
Preston 100 Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **Four Minute Warning**
Reading Target Club: **I.Q.**
Scarborough Elevenholme Centre: **Zoot & The Roots/Mumbo Jumbo**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Lion Youth**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Albion Band**
Southampton (Shirley) The Crown: **The Press**
Starcross Atmospheric Railway Inn: **Mustang/Jessica Weeks**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Cuban Unit**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Chasar**
Stroud Marshall Rooms: **Ekome Arts Band**
Tarrant Monkton Langton Arms: **The Outer Limits**
Telford Dawley Town Hall: **Ion Age**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Bob Fox & Stu Luckley**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **A Bigger Splash/Tecmorec**

thursday 7th

Belfast Queen's University: **Big Country**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Eddie Martin Blues Band**
Buckingham The Mitre: **The Prowlers**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Morrisey Mullen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The 45's**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **Negative Response/In From The Light**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Sandy Beach & The Deckchairs**
Derby Blue Note: **The Enemy**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Robb Thompson**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Steve Winwood**
Feltham The Airman: **Airbridge**
Ferryhill King's Head: **State Of Emergency**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Fair Exchange**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Jiff Boy Jive**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Vets**
Jersey Gloucester Hall: **Cilla Black**
Lancaster Spiders: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Leeds Brannigans: **Icicle Works/To Be Continued**
Leeds Playhouse Theatre: **Ekome**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Strange Migration**
London Battersea The Plough: **Graham Larkbey**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Culture Shock**
London Brixton The Ace: **James Blood Ulmer**
London Brixton The Fridge: **King Kurt/Sunglasses After Dark**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Inmates/Ground Zero**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Smiths**
London Covent Garden The Piazza (outdoors): **Capt. J.J. Waller/Benjamin Zephaniah & Little Dave/Jenny Lecoat/The Newtown Neurotics**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **New Age**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **Yellowman/Aswad**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers/It's A Tightrope**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Glass Ties/After Dark**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Rare Earth**
London Hammersmith Klub Foot (at The Clarendon): **X Mal Deutschland/Gene Loves Jezebel/Dead Can Dance**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Silly Wizard/Stirabout**
London Kensington De Villers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Jungle (at The Sunset): **The Impossible Dreamers**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Eddie Thompson & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Leicester-Square The Subway (Triffids): **Ipso Facto/Mark Miwurdz**
London Manor Park Three Rabbits: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Marquee Club: **Motorhead/Anvil**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **Sus/Black Star Liner**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Republic**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Young Jazz Big Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Norman Emberson Quartet/Maggie Kinson**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Icehouse/Matt Fretton**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **The Marine Girls/Dick Gaughan/Ritwik Sanyal**
London Tooting The Castle: **Hunters And Collectors/Hired Guns**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Twelfth Night**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester The Gallery: **My American Wife/Jumpcuts**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Mystic**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellows: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Men At Work**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tredegar**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Triad**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **Logo**
Rayleigh Cross: **Red Lipstique**
Reading Target Club: **Here & Now**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Salisbury Arts Centre: **2 Finger Zen/Un Deux Twang**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Glitter Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Watersons**
Stockport Brookfield Hotel: **Yes Sir**
Stockport The Smugglers: **The Deceased**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Colenso Parade**
Swindon Solitaire: **Geno Washington & The Soul Band**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Central Line**
Whitehaven White House: **Chasar**
Wokingham Angie's: **Sam Mitchell Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 8th

Ayr Darlington Hotel: **A.P.B.**
Banbury Motor House Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bracknell Folk Festival at South Hill Park Arts Centre (until Sunday): **Proper Little Madams/Crows/Jumpleads/Bill Caddick/Dead Sea Surfers/Brass Tacks/The Albion Band etc.**
Brighton Alhambra: **Play Dead/The Ghost Shirts**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Crazy Trains/Brilliant Corners**
Cardiff Bogies: **Tredegar**
Carlisle Creeps Bar: **Chasar**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Black Onyx**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **The Thompson Twins**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Tony McPhee Band**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Croydon Warehouse Theatre: **The Pop Icons/Second Sight**
Dartford The Orchard: **Pasadena Roof Orchestra**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **A Formula**
Goole B.R.S.A.: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **John Otway**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **1990**
Hitchin The Regal: **Chelsea**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Dynamite Band**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Yes Sir**
Inverness Ice Rink: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Jersey Gloucester Hall: **Cilla Black**
Launceston White Horse: **Vok**
Leysdown Stage Three: **Direct Drive**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Larry Miller**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Capt. J.J. Waller/Benjamin Zephaniah & Little Dave/Jenny Lecoat/The Newton Neurotics**
London Brixton St. Matthew's Meeting Place: **Pete Nu Trio/Helen Denniston**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Push Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny Copeland**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Trevor Watts' Amalgam/The Legendary Champions**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Bonsai Forest**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Stockholm Monsters**
London Edmonton Picketts Lock: **Yellowman/Aswad**
London Finchley Rd. Castle Club: **Steve Hooker's Shakers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Auntie & The Men From Uncle/Hula Palaver**
London Fulham King's Head: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Killer Koala/Model Trains**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **Suicide/David O'List & Dol/Straight/Sus**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sunglasses After Dark/The Worms**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Jimmy Lawton Show**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Cosmotheka**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Fufu & Lightsoup/Bonsue/Chris Gladwell/Bulk/Bulge Babies**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **The Dix-Six Band**
London N.W.6 St. George's Hall: **Emotional Spies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Gerry Gibbs Quintet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban & Steve Waller**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Orchestre Jazira**
London Tottenham Court Rd. The Roebuck: **A Popular History Of Signs/The Exit Girls/Syndromes**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Jive Marines/Blood Fetish**
London W.1 (Conway St.) Adams Arms: **Patrik Fitzgerald**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Central Line**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Twisted Wheel/Jump 'n Grunt**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Wildlife/Brands Hatch**
Newmarket Cabaret Club: **Mezzoforte**
Nottingham Blotts Country Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Men At Work**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Chimneys**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Terraplane**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Ramsgate Royal Hotel: **First Offence**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Rhab Stallion**
Sheffield The Marples: **Dynamic**
Slough The Dolphin: **Chalky White & The Shamrastas**
Totnes Dartmouth Inn: **Mustang/Jessica Weeks**
Weymouth Gloucester Hotel: **Unicorn**
Wokingham Angie's: **Rave To The Grave**

saturday 9th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Barrow Champers Disco: **Yes Sir**
Bedford Wollesly Arms: **Fractured Nerve**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **East Orange**
Blackburn The Return: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Braintree Essex Barn: **Mezzoforte**
Brighton Zap Club: **A Popular History Of Signs**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Shiva/Ten Feet High**
Bristol Granary: **Tredegar**
Brixham The Skipper: **Chapter 29**
Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Snap On Tools**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Black Onyx**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colchester Tartan House: **Direct Drive**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Icicle Works**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Harlequins**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Pink Umbrellas**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Larry Miller**
Hailsham Crown Hotel: **Separate Energy**
Harrietsham Half Way House: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Henley The Jolly Waterman: **Warm Snorkel**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Time Circle**
Hertford The Woolpack: **Gothique**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Howard Jones**
Hull Dingwalls: **Wildlife**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Here & Now**
Letchworth College: **B-Hive-K/Tannoy/Sabre/10 Yen/The Burglars/Architects Of Disaster**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Central Line**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Angell Park: **The Poison Girls/Come Natural**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Remarkable Family**
London Brixton The Ace: **Dollar Brand/Valdez**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Paradise**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Geno Washington & The Soul Band/Powder Blues**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Pinkies**
London Enfield King's Arms: **Culture Shock**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Vibrators/Creatures Of Habit**
London Fulham King's Head: **Salt**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Laverne Brown Band/Passion Blades/Nigel Hobbs Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **D'Rango Slang/Marionette**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Men At Work**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Carmel/Country Pride**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewood: **Capt. J.J. Waller/Benjamin Zephaniah & Little Dave/Jenny Lecoat/The Newtown Neurotics**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Midnite Follies Orchestra**
London Pimlico Community Festival (afternoon): **Hank Wangford Band/The Republic**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Inmates**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Sam Mitchell**

sunday 10th

Ashford The Crusader: **City Talk**
Birmingham Odeon: **Steve Winwood**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bowness The Albert: **Yes Sir**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/The Drivers (evening)**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Travelling Riverside Blues Band**
Fetcham Riverside Club: **Nomads**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Soft Cell**
Glasgow The Mayfair: **The Suede Crocodiles/del Amitri/Lloyd Cole's Commotions**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Friends**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Haze**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton Angell Park: **Misty In Roots**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/Laverne Brown Band (evening)**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Ova**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Colour Me Pop/ Pattaya**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bobby Rosengarden Quintet**
London Finchley Torrington: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Dirty Strangers/The Downbeats**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Websters**
London Hackney Marsh Festival: **Ekome**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lemming Glass Co/Career In Commerce**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Men At Work**
London Hammersmith Palais: **The Damned/Lords Of The New Church/Blood And Roses**

CONTINUES OVER

London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Islington King's Head Theatre Club: **Roberto Campoverde/Jim Mullen**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Suppose I Laugh**
London Marquee Club: **Rock Goddess**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Palmers Green Intimate Theatre: **Dollar Brand/Valdez**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Pyne**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **Jah Wobble**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Martin Carthy**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Capt. J.J. Waller/Benjamin Zephaniah & Little Dave/Jenny Lecoat/The Newtown Neurotics**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Brian Leake's Sweet And Sour**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Northampton Five Bells: **The Void**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Nottingham Wollaton Park: **Pinski Zoo/Fatal Charm/The Chimneys/Carter & Jones/R. Cajun Band**
Oxford Corn Dolly: **Truffle**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Jam Ja**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtome): **Masque**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Pete Castle/Filter**
Sheffield Lane Top Club: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Southport Theatre: **Heatwave**
Windsor Blazers: **Mezzoforte (until Saturday)**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Geisha Girls**

monday 11th

Blackpool Yellow Submarine: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Blue Side Of Midnight**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Chelsea**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Barflies**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Soft Cell**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Pendragon**
Glasgow Tiffany's: **Echo & The Bunnymen**
Harrow The Roxborough: **The Committee/ Anthrax**
Hull Dingwalls: **Hell Fire Club**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Warehouse: **Howard Devoto**
Liverpool Venue Club: **The Subhumans/The Destructors**
London Brixton The Ace: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ferraro/Edge/ Another Rip Off**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Straw Dogs/Ylanf Ylang**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Salena Jones & Her Quintet (until Saturday)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Dollar Brand/ Valdez**
London Earls Court The Troubadour: **Culture Shock**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Airbridge**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Toucan Trolls**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Two Heroes/Cut Out Shapes**
London Fulham King's Head: **Grub St/Rough Entry/V8**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Omen/Bullet Blues Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Dogs D'Amour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Winwood**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Red Richard/Mike Pyne (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dancette/ The Wait**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Mike Westbrook Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Arizona Smoke Revue**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
London Wembley Arena: **Crosby, Stills & Nash**
London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.14 The Jungle (at Sunset Jazz Club): **The Committee**
Middlesbrough The Albert: **Showers**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Dynamic/T Dive**
Stockton John Walker: **Icy Eye**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **Tavares (for a week)**
Wigan Tiffany's: **Dagaband**

tuesday 12th

Aldershot Fives Bar: **Warm Snorkel**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Tundra**
Bannockburn Tamdhu: **Pendragon**
Birmingham University: **Ekome**
Brighton Centre: **Men At Work**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trick Of The Light**
Derby Blue Note: **Howard Devoto**
Hull Dingwalls: **One Of The Waiters**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester Dusty's Wine Bar: **The Pleasure Beat**
Liverpool Philharmonic: **Yes Sir**
Liverpool Pickwicks: **The Cherry Boys**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Europeans**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Dualists**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**

FAREWELL TO THE UNDERTONES
– last UK performance on Saturday

London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **48 Chairs**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Ring Of Roses/ Model Trains**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Reckless Pedestrians/Stained Rain**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Steve Winwood**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Central Line**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Dollar Band/Valdez**
London Marquee Club: **Play Dead**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hunters And Collectors**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (WOMAD): **23 Skidoo/Remko Scha**
London Wembley Arena: **Crosby, Stills & Nash**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **A Popular History Of Signs**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Defunkt**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Scarborough Taboo: **Dagaband**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Dynamic/Wall To Wall America**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Alarm**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Gymslips**
Skegness Days Holiday Camp: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Stockton John Walker: **Showers**
Swansea Brangwyn Hall: **Big Country**
Wolverhampton Scruples: **Sub Zero**

wednesday 13th

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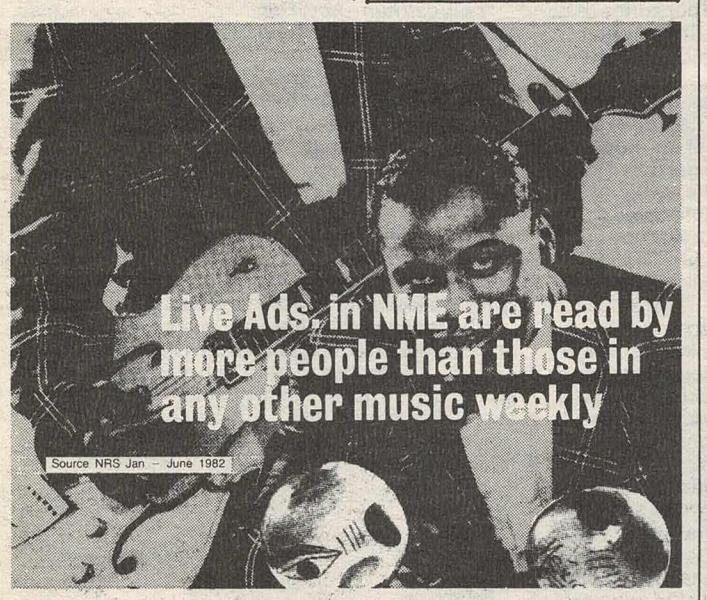

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AMERICAN PIRATE
ON THE ROCKS

On a rare visit from her new home in France, Rickie Lee Jones lays down her cutlass and beret to discuss the songwriter's art, dissect the jazz step and look through some old valentines. Richard Cook attends a girl at her volcano and succumbs to the freefall.

Falling is an accident.

When you stumble, your senses spindle up into a paroxysm of sudden fear, all balance disorientated: if you hit the ground you're in a state of shock, lifeless for an instant.

Then you pick yourself up, bruised at the least. Falling into this state called 'love' can be much the same. Rickie Lee Jones knows all about that.

In Jones' music, loose-hipped and timelessly adrift in a world of pirates, barkers, romeos and clowns, freefall is the perpetual state of motion. One is enticed within by whispers and beckoning glances – there is none of the bullying to attention that rock undertakes – and your status as participant and confidante is taken as read.

Except there is a distance between her stretched and half-seen panoramas and yourself that can only be filled in with the shapeless regions of loneliness itself.

And it is through that misty domain, where the wraiths of old, lost loves meander like homeless souls, that Rickie Lee Jones sets you to freefall.

The love song is cut loose from its moorings of simple faith and/or betrayal; it is upended and open ended to admit a muzzy, weightless mixture of elation and sadness. Through a baffling, intriguing montage of slang, scat and prismatic sound (acoustic strings and brushwork – forgotten sounds!), we are tugged into a most private world, a world entirely of one artist's imagination.

It is obsessively confessional without giving much away: the intimacy is part illusion, for all the names and signposts have been altered, the steps wrongfooted. We are instead compelled to protect our own secrets over this ghostly screen. As we freefall, all senses dazed and uncoupled, grabbing at the straws of familiar chords, we resort to the basest sentiments of the heart: the hungriest desire to be loved.

No wonder this singer has captured so many souls.

'Rickie Lee Jones' and 'Pirates' chart the ebb and flow of this amorous current with a breathless, childish sincerity. Vertigo, another deprivation of balance, also holds court here: we seem to be looking far down on cityscapes on the point of vanishing into memory, places where the most intense dramas of passion (fulfilled and unrequited alike) are being played out before us.

But we are observing through a *camera obscura.* Producers Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman fashion a sound that is distantly crystalline. The songs are akin to movie reels, composed of gradual dissolves; and they are quintessentially American pictures, halfway to a homage, backtracking to a lament.

But now their progenitor has taken up residence in France.

"I HAVE quite a reservoir of America to draw on," she says, rubbing an unstockinged leg in the stale afternoon heat. "It's just a landscape. Any landscape will do. And the style of turning a phrase can grow with more information, seeing things. It will get richer. If I start writing about people in the Casbah it'll still have the same humour."

She perches in a hangdog posture on a prim swivel chair and sips at a glass of still water. London is hot and scruffy today. Here for a few promotional hours, she wishes she was back in her new home.

Rickie Lee Jones is one of those people who don't seem especially striking until you study them a few times. Eventually you find yourself staring. Bunched up in a baggy old floral dress, beat-up blue slip-ons on her feet, she seems calmly displaced. She has the slowest handshake of anyone I've ever met. She talks in a voice propped somewhere between sleep and a lazy animation: imagine these words spoken by a country girl, already wise but entranced by the city's trail of backstreets and docks and alleyways.

Does she hear a song before it's written?

"Sometimes," she says in a near-whisper. "Sometimes I'll just catch something and it'll take months or years to work out. Or maybe just a week or an hour."

The lyrics seem to turn on intuition, songs magicked out of a book of love where any word can count. Jones' words often sound invented.

"Sure," she laughs. "It depends. Sometimes I might make up a word just to fit the rhythm of a line. Sometimes just because they crack me up, the combination of two sounds . . . or of two words. Sometimes you can make up a word and people will know what it means, remarkably enough. It will evoke a response in people that's nothing to do with words.

"In New Orleans music, especially in Dr John – he does that all the time. What does he say? This aggravation, instead of congregation. Or he'll stick a word in that fits – congriculture. Beautiful words! Anything goes, you know. It's how you get past rules that's important."

Are the characters who people her songs real creations or artificial creatures? Are they just crossing points for feeling or vehicles on their own?

"Well, they're certainly vehicles. But they become quite living. A character can make up a character. It's a conglomeration of the mood you're in, something you need to get out of your heart, what's happened to you this week, somebody you'd like to see. It could come out of a face you saw, a mouth you felt, a tear you cried . . . something you drank. It's not just flesh and blood. They do become living friends – and they become much more than people. They're feelings and places, but more than that.

"For instance, the street where the first verse of 'Living It Up' takes place is a place in my mind at a particular moment when the sun's just gone down, a place I've known for years. And then I introduce to this special place a character and it's then what's happening to him.

"It's all very deep in my own mind. So it's a vehicle for a filtering out of my own life and maybe something a little real on its own. Something miraculous.

"It's a gift to me: to be able to take things I can't articulate and then bring them into the physical world – without actually making them physical, because it's only music. It's never a property anyone can hold, but we all feel it, it's here."

RICKIE LEE pieces the fall together. It sounds like the performing of this art must be an enormous, draining undertaking.

"It's a lifetime," she says with a faint sigh. "I love to tour now, but each time I play the songs it's very necessary for me to act them each time. The power of it is exhausting, but it's fun. And you have to take care of them to make sure they stay alive. I think you can get really bored with your work."

Has she ever got bored?

"I can get bored *immediately*, and then I'll go back to it. I haven't made enough records to recognise a pattern, but I can get excited and then bored and then excited again, for a lot of different reasons. It can be so tedious and emotionally scathing to *operate* on a song, to take bits in or out. When I'm finished I feel I just have to move away, which is maybe why I don't write too much."

Has she ever discarded anything because it's too personal – that final joke on the professional open heart?

She fumbles in a cluttered bag for a cigarette.

"I discarded 'Hey, Bub' for a number of years."

"I will call him – hey, Bub
He had a little place he kept for me
He would tell me –
Boy, we were so in love
Moved us to a home there
A place where he'd take care of me
And I'd always know where he'd be
I don't know, it happened so fast . . .
And sometimes all I see is lonely . . ."

"I don't think I'd discard anything because it was too personal, only if it wasn't a good enough song. Not because it revealed too much. I'd have razor blades in my wrists if I thought that way!

"I have songs that I like very much, but aren't appropriate to record, somehow. I have one that sounds like Merillee Rush, y'know, 'Angel Of The Morning'? It's not like that, but there's something about it that . . . I have some real different material. But that aspect is one I kinda relinquished. I leave that to Lenny (Waronker)."

WE NEED not elaborate on Ian Penman's definitive celebration of 'Pirates' (*NME 31.7.82*). But it's worth mentioning how severely the artist licks her wounds here. One needn't be familiar with the personal details of her shattered affair with Tom Waits to hear how the record is a suite of disenchantment and slow recovery, caught most clearly in 'A Lucky Guy'.

"But what happens to them
Do they matter
Do they disappear
Into a lonely girl
Now I'm a lonely girl
Cuz I want someone with me in the world."

Her new 10 inch record, 'Girl At Her Volcano', draws out this dance. Seven songs – of which the heartbreaking 'Hey, Bub' is the only original – measure out a lover's leap into her most treasured memories.

A translucent reading of 'Walk Away Renee' is a bittersweet farewell to a mortal affair; the ragged, touching live versions of Billy Strayhorn's sumptuous 'Lush Life' and the broken puppet 'My Funny Valentine' are theatrical devotions to the romantic impulse. She performs Waits' 'Rainbow Sleeves' – an ironic development of a line from 'Pirates' – as tremulously as she dares.

It is a diversion, rather than an extension of 'Pirates'. To follow those first records, which appear to form a full circle, looks close to

impossible. 'Pirates' is not so much an exorcism as a complete run-through of the debut's possible developments.

Was there anywhere left to go?

"It was real reflective of my life," she murmurs. "To have continued going on there – in my life, it was like there was nowhere left to go, so I'm breaking out of things. But it would have been easy to write another one – and oddly enough, fairly easy to write another one and have it accepted. It's important to do something that scares me a little bit; a sense that I've done some good work, but I'm not sure how it fits. Nothing that is predictable to me. If I know exactly how something's going to do then I don't really need to do that."

Why then use a rock presentation – which is always so endangered by the predictable – for music that has allegiances elsewhere, in a jazz temper?

"You know, jazz is very closed, a one-lane road. It's become a contradiction of what it's supposed to be – you play *this* way in *these* clubs. The idea of jazz should be more like poetry. Today it's very sterile and self-indulgent for musicians. You close off things immediately with a jazz format."

But what a glorious enclosure!

"I don't think I have roots in a musical place. I'm not a competent enough or patient enough musician to write for jazz. Form is very hard with the kind of lyric I write.

"I don't pick a format. It's *sold* in a rock format, because that's more what it leans into, a rhythm and blues thing. People have a very romantic vision of me as Peggy Lee or something, but that's very boring. I used to do those jazz type of gigs and though it sounds new when you have to do it evey night, it's as boring as any routine. Same solos, same things . . .

"I always look for room to move. I have to find a place in my own mind where I can be free. You get locked up by catholicism and Americanism and this and that . . . just to break through. To learn not to be afraid of an electric guitar because you look ridiculous with an electric guitar, little girl. To learn to break out of things you've been taught."

UNPROMPTED, Rickie Lee speaks an unconscious mind.

"I'm 28. I feel . . . I feel old. I'm getting strong. The most important is starting not to be afraid. I was always *afraid*. When I was a little kid I was always afraid of the dark. And when you get older you put it on to other things, afraid of men or losing money. But really I was just . . . afraid.

"And then you think, well, the worst that could happen is you'll die. Imagine sitting back then in your chair and thinking of all those things you didn't do because you were afraid! Like you'd put handcuffs on yourself."

Is it important that her music's heard by a lot of people?

"No, it's not," is the thoughtful response. "But then it's all relative. Some places you're well known, some you aren't – I'm in the best of possible worlds in that way. Those things that are measured on Earth about fame and what's important are only earth things. What's important is that what you do gives something to life in some way. Even if it's only in feeding your goddam children so they don't grow to hate the world for not giving them food."

So she takes 'entertaining' seriously?

"Yes. It's a separate job from writing and singing and I don't think people should do it if they don't know how to do it and if they don't love it."

But the fear of entertaining?

"I always wanted to do it," she says, as if revealing a confidence. "Sometimes I still shake like a madman when I have to go onstage. I put my foot on a guitar pedal and the shake makes it sound like an old dog! But most things to do that are enjoyable have something at stake, somehow.

"A lot of the real joyful things when you're an adolescent – things you remember with *real joy* – are the moments that were maybe a little *wrong*, you know. First kiss, or sitting on a car that wasn't yours."

Does she get lost in music?

"Sure. *Sure.*"

What's it like?

"It can be dangerous. It can be so *close*, sometimes, when you connect. You know the little feeling you get when you first meet somebody and you're falling in love and you're sitting at a table and going, oh boy, it's perfect! Well, it's not even like that. It's like that but on a higher level, not as tentative. It's understood. Like – we'll be here till we die."

Does that happen very often?

"It can, y'know, it depends on . . . years go by on stage. I seldom go through a show where I don't connect and forget everything."

Would she like to achieve a state of grace where she disappears inside the music?

"I think it's easier to say things like that if you're an instrumentalist. It's different when you're singing. You can't disappear because you're the tool being used by the music. Sometimes I can almost disappear into the music of a ballad." Rickie smiles one of her giant slow-motion smiles.

Would she like to escape the culture from which she sprang, an American blonde on the rocks, another custodian of the disappointed entanglement?

"I have tremendous respect for it without feeling any dedication towards it. There is a whole planet of things going on. There's so many countries in America alone.

"I do have an honest tenderness towards it and I use it unmercifully. But it's only a love of it as a writer because there's so much to draw on. And there's still many other neighbourhoods to draw on."

ALTHOUGH the particularity of genre is sidestepped in Jones' records, her abiding love for the infectious breeze and smoke of old rhythm and blues is usually clear. If her own writing dissolves the straight pleading of R&B, they still have a common emotional ground.

"I'll be walking along and I'll go (snaps fingers) — hey! Let's do that song! Only the ballads are things that I've had with me to do for a long time. There's so many old songs I'd like to do."

She suddenly swoops into the motif of 'Sweet Soul Music'.

"*Spotlight on* — who would I put the spotlight on? I don't know. But I like spotlights."

What will her next record be like?

She retreats. "It's not good for me to talk about the songs before they're done because they'll be very angry with me when I go back to finish them. I can't say that they'll be any kind of thing in case they never get finished."

Is this work inexhaustible?

"It depends on me. I have a short attention span. I'll stay with it if I find things that are new to me. There's a lot of other things I'd like to do. I'd like to see a point where everything is integrated — where there's no contracts, and I could do this movie and work at this hospital and write this song for this person and work on my garden. I think the way this job is it's exhaustible. To try and keep things the same is a big mistake."

It's curious how this young music relies so deeply on the powers of memory. All of Jones' songs are reflections on something past — sonnets for someone "*who'll turn your memories back into dreams again*". Like memories themselves, they bend and shape around our wishful interpretation: we remember, or hear, as we want to.

"I have a mechanism that erases things. I don't remember things very well, but I must remember them in some way. Maybe I overloaded somewhere because I have trouble keeping things in my conscious memory.

"And yet I remember things from a long time ago that are crystal, breathing still. If I remember them I'm there. I can remember going with my dad and mom and brother to shoot guns in the desert, at snakes and tin cans. My dad put a rifle up to my shoulder and said, shoot that can. And I remember that he smiled when I pulled the trigger and I went flying. I remember that very clearly."

Her voice is barely a whisper. She remembers standing on a distant avenue, watching a boy walk away. In perfect sympathy my machine does not *quite* catch his name.

"And I thought I would surely die."

I WONDER how much the past is a temptation to her . . . what year would she have preferred to be born in?

"I'm alright with the one I have. If I picked another one — about 380 AD. It was a serious time. The beginning of civilisation, which was probably the downfall of mankind. But it was the beginning of the knights — what a revolutionary idea they were! To go out and *do noble things!* Now, it's just opening doors and stuff. It turned into chains for behaviour. But then it helped to make up legends. If I could've kept my teeth and stayed healthy I'd've liked to have lived then."

Does she still think we have no regard for posterity?

"Even more so. We're destroying the planet. Our architecture has no aesthetic value. We put out quantity instead of quality. Money was created as an exchange for goods, but now goods don't matter. We have no regard for tomorrow.

"I think individual freedom has resulted in a disregard for your position in the overall scheme of things. You no longer realise your responsibility to mankind. That's why there are no heroes. There's no one here to serve mankind. The century is in disarray! There is no concern for the effects of the things we do. America will be raped over and over in the next 20 years and none of the country that I knew will be there."

Into this sad reflection comes the abrupt sound of a car alarm, carelessly triggered. Rickie Lee crinkles her face up in mock terror.

"They shouldn't be able to do that with sound! Then everyone has to go WAOHWAOHWAOH until it stops!"

A girl at her volcano, almost scorched, still enjoying the fall.

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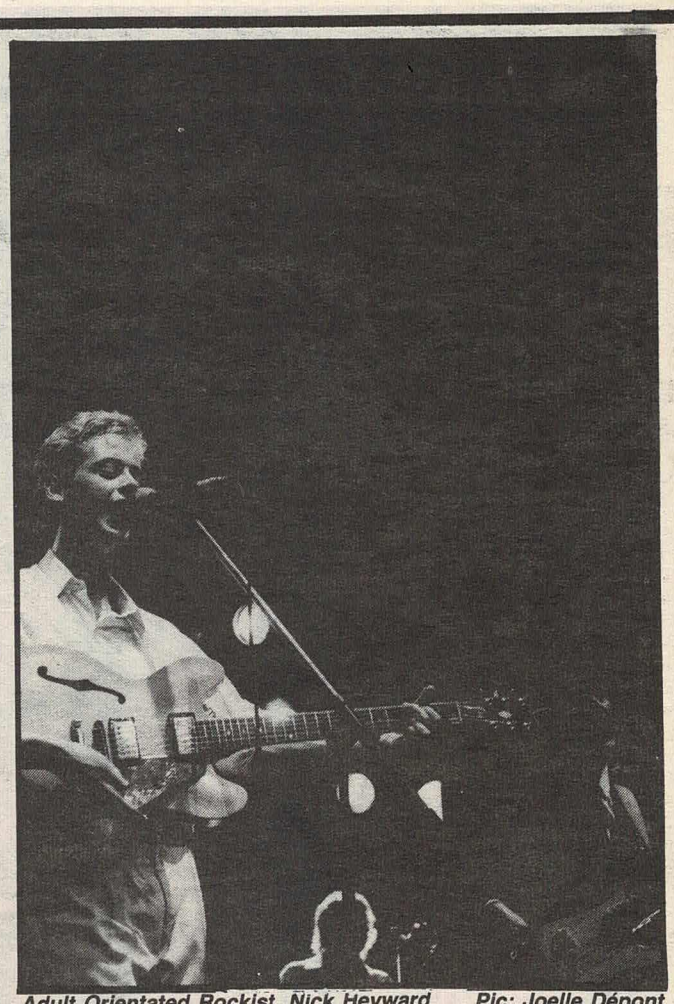


Adult Orientated Rockist, Nick Heyward *Pic: Joelle Dépont*

HEYWARD

NICK HEYWARD BAND

London Dominion

AND SO pop's Little Boy Lost finally comes of age, burning yesterday's sugary bridges behind him as he rides off into the sunset and a new haven of mellow maturity. Just like his opposite number Clare Grogan, Nick Heyward wants the world to know that he has grown up. No longer the little yellow pixie, he would like to be seen as a devil of sophistication, an ultimately butch young cowboy striking the opening blows in a battle for a return to Real Music.

To this end, he has surrounded himself with a crop of aging sessioneers who would be more at home on Rick Wakeman's Channel Four muso's jam *Gastank*. His drummer, Dave Matticks, was once a member of Fairport Convention, while guitarist Tim Renwick's credentials stretch to a stint with Quiver — not that these names would have meant much to the hordes of screaming, silk-scarved teenies who still make up about nine-tenths of his following.

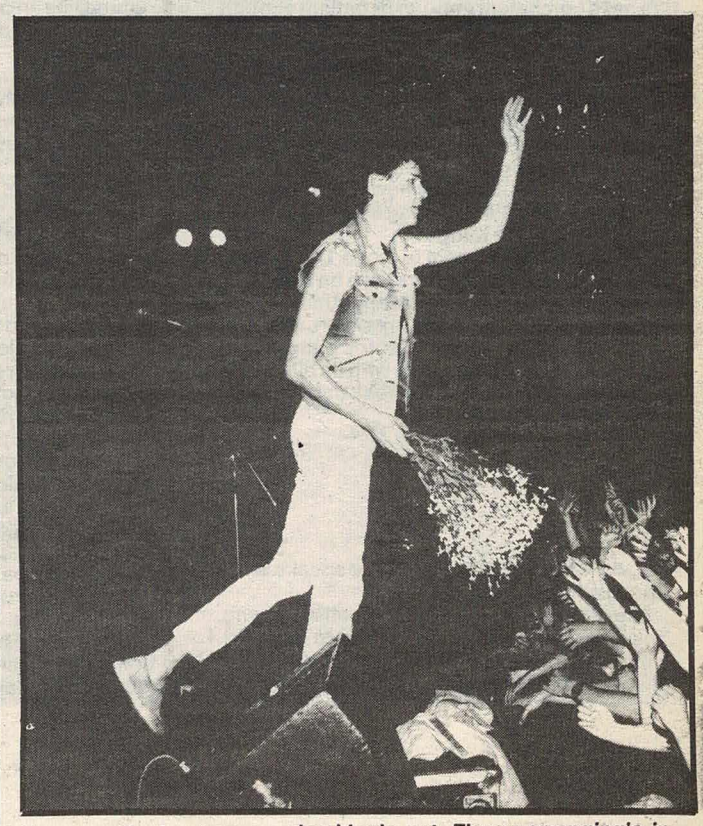
At times his new approach actually comes off, but for most of this Dominion show it left him in a strange sort of limbo. The sessioneers are technically superb, but the flat competence they bring to the old Haircut songs — 'Coming Home', 'Fantastic Day', 'Milk Film', 'Love', 'Shirts' and 'Surprise Me' — is no real compensation for the nervous energy and spikey verve of Blair, Graham, Hunky Leslie and company.

Heyward himself remains a fine songwriter. New numbers like the Dexys/Stax orientated 'Two Make It True', the Beatley 'I Believe In Someday', a poppy 'Gathering Sticks' and, of course, the recent 'Whistle' and 'Situation' singles show no diminishing of his talent on that score. Ultimately, however, he lacks the authority and stature as an individual performer to make the massive leap from band frontman to solo artist in a totally satisfactory manner.

In going out of his way to make an impression as a serious, maturing minstrel, he seems to have forsaken some of the sparkle and enthusiasm that made him special in the first place. And, for one of the scene's few bona-fide fruitcakes, he also appears to have lost a little of his humour.

Next time, Nick, put a hoover on it!

Adrian Thrills



Nouveau Rock – beercan chucking's out. Flower arranging's in.

ELVIS

ELVIS COSTELLO

Camden Dingwalls

AND NOW, Ladies and Gentlemen, a story entitled 'From One *Great Artist* To Another' or 'Bisexuals to Bi-Focals'.

It may seem a bit obvious nowadays to compare anyone with the great yawn-too-late sensation of the moment, but it's difficult to resist the temptation of setting Bowie and Costello, the acts this week heading back to base in the name of charity, against one another.

At the risk of sending Sylvian and the rest of the clone squad off in a pillow-gnashing tantrum, it looks blindingly clear that if there is an '80s equivalent of Bowie, it is, artistically, Costello. Apart from demonstrating an ability to produce a vast body of frighteningly wonderful songs, Elvis has played the smart guy with a series of images (in his case more musical than facial) — also, like Bowie, he's taken more than a couple of lessons from early Dylan. Somewhere in this apostolic succession, though, there's been a radical shift.

Bowie on the stage of Hammersmith Odeon is slumming it, standing on the lowest rung of his natural league, which has always been the big one. Costello, on the other hand, has always flirted more with failure. From the rusty edged psychotic bank clerk of 'My Aim Is True' to the sad-eyed social commentator of 'Shipbuilding' and 'Pills And Soap', Costello has consistently placed himself on the receiving end of bad luck.

There's always been a great wave of blues splashing across his rhythm, the beautiful music of the reluctantly ugly loser. So while others bathe in stardust, it's a sad fact that Costello will stay soaked in sweat — which brings us to Dingwalls.

The fine dusting of beard has gone, there is no solo accoustic plaintiveness or piano-accompanied crooning and the horns, once used to give a soul flash to the encore, now form a less silver tongued backdrop against the boozy arrangements. Just for tonight, all fine distinction has gone, leaving a sound of brutal sway, reeking once more of backrooms and late-night drinking dives, revealing once more Elvis the pub rocker.

If you wanted to stomp along, it was heaven; if you wanted to listen (and not many did) it showed just how much the songs have changed since the days when he played this for real. He's no longer frightening because he's no longer broken up and threatening to break out — he used to sound like the man who'd been a nobody for too long and was beginning to get dangerous, now he's just a town crier, beginning to get tearful.

So he sweated his way through the set, *forcing* the energy into it, slipping in 'Backstabbers' and even tacking 'Stand Down Margaret' to the back of 'Big Sister's Clothes', but failing to disguise the fact that the newer songs are sinking even deeper into the realms of melancholy. 'The World and His Wife' may have been skipped through with a falsely cheerful note but the tone of blue is too deep to obscure.

He played 'Oliver's Army'. The crowd went mad and then that was it. Elvis slunk off to drip quietly in the dressing room and I squelched off into the night.

Don Watson

Elvis by Ian Wright

Live at Dingwalls

AL JARREAU

Hammersmith Odeon

WHAT WAS expected was duly delivered in due course, but nevertheless there is always something extra to be found in a few moments of Al Jarreau. Sometimes, to be sure, there is too much too smooth, but it is the best bits of sketchy scat and exuberant vocal ease that we treasure – straight lines of lyric turned into warm shapes of curve and contour.

Unfortunately tainted as he may be for many of you by association with something like George Benson, somewhere like Stringfellows, or some shoes from Gucci, I would still say that if you can fall for the Rev Al Green, you could forget the sociological implications and do something similar for Al Jarreau.

You may have to take the smooth with the smooth, but I defy any who would go to dance upon a roof to a version of 'Blue Rondo A La Turk' to remain unmoved by the crisp snare and horn burst which introduces 'Black And Blues' or Jarreau's elegance and exhilaration throughout any number of this evening's tunes.

The highlights were mainly in the earlier sections of a near three-hour show in which Jarreau, backed by an eight-piece band leaning squarely on the policy of the professional rather than the expense of the passionate (though not without an affectionate clout at times), selected material from most periods of his platinum-selling decade as a recording artiste.

I thought there were some tiresome stretches, due to too much soaring into the mock-operatic ether in search of catharsis through vocal calisthenics. But when not chasing his range all over the store, and when mixing pressure with relaxation around a line like *"home is where the heart's on fire"* or sorting out 'Trouble In Paradise', he thrills.

The last word would go to the girls who jump up onto the stage at the show's close to smother him in kisses.

Mark Cordery

SHRIEKBACK

Camden Electric Ballroom

SHRIEKBACK TREAD that fine line between anthropological dry-funk and muso-slumming whimsy. They don't always pull off this delicate balancing act, but tonight Shriekback played some of the most assured and powerfully satisfying music I've heard this year.

To revive an archaic term, Shriekback lay down a *groove*. The pulse they tap is recognisably human, yet machine-like in the smoothness with which the parts interlock and fire. This android funk reflects in their name, eliding the raw edge of animal feeling with polished-aluminium recording studio jargon. And, of course, 'My Spine (Is The Bassline)'. The case rests, m'lud.

Shriekback's aforementioned *groove* runs from end to end, to seamlessly cumulative effect. Theirs is a frontal assault – a wall of muscle that overwhelms you, and then, Jane Fonda-style, compels you into its sweating, flexing workout.

Bassist Dave Allen, drummer Martin Barker and ebullient percussionist Pedro Artiz mesh in a rhythm section so tight, yet so relaxed and vitally inventive, that it's hard to believe they're two-thirds British. More characteristically Anglo-Saxon are Barry Andrews' icily calm keyboards, which shimmer amongst the rhythms' sinews in chill contrast to their hot pumping iron. Guitarist Carl Marsh switches effortlessly from scraping brush-strokes to moodier colorations, and adds his vocal prowess to that of the dome-headed Swindonian ivory-tickler.

At best, Carl and Barry evoke ancestral voices, drily chanting from the burial grounds, but that's one way of saying they can't sing. Tonight they inject pizazz into their otherwise dessicated droning – but then tonight was *speical*. On vinyl they offer intriguing but hardly gripping academic pleasures; for Shriekback at their inspired best, you must take them alive.

Mat Snow

STU ADAMSON

Pic: Andrew Catlin

BIG COUNTRY

Hammersmith Palais

IN A big country . . . fresh air, cool springs, fields of fire, wide open spaces, a rich harvest of wholemeal riffing and the spectre of Old Father Rock once again raising his head and flailing his arms in front of a blazing amp.

Once the bottom fell out of the pop boom sometime around the middle of last year – with the credible gloss of the ABC album an ultimate conclusion and epitaph – the emergence of bands like Stuart Adamson's Big Country was inevitable. The call was for something tougher and it has been answered in part by the muscle and sinew of the New York grooveline, in part by the more vigorous pop syncopation of Wham, JoBoxers and The Style Council and in part by the return of the guitar band in general and the Celt wave of U2, The Alarm and Big Country in particular. Forget the Batcave, new punk and heavy metal variations: if rock music is alive and breathing anywhere, it is right here!

Big Country's surge up through the soft underbelly of the pap chart has not been without an element of hyperbole. When Paul Weller listed Adamson as one of the people he most admired, it was not for his incisive, expressive mastery of the guitar or even his undoubted integrity, but for his "burning passion", while critics always place great store on the band's "heart and soul". Adamson, though, is an astute cookie and has shied cleverly away from this myth-making process, well aware that such clichés are now so debased by over-use that they have lost almost all meaning.

For the tartan-shirted legion of youngbloods, at the Palais to pay their tributes to the returning (guitar) heroes, the essence of Big Country is their pioneering purity and rugged sense of purpose, manifested onstage by a welcome lack of superfluous embroidery and a strict awareness of their strengths and limitations.

At the centre of the inferno, and ably flanked by the robust rhythm section of Tony Butler and Mark Brzezicki, the twin guitars of Adamson and Bruce Watson weave a melodic wicker with its roots in spatial, dynamic rockism – echoes of everything from The Who to Joy Division – though some of its branches reach out towards the more unfamiliar ground of traditional Celtic folk song and even the unorthodox harmonic scale of bagpipe music. It is a style which dates right back to the first Skids single, 'Charles', although it is only with the advent of Big Country that Adamson has fully exploited and refined his often inspirational playing.

That vaunted "passion" is hardly the cathartic baring of heart and soul that some would have you believe, but a more communal, mutually uplifting celebration with the band cast as unlikely messiahs in much the same way that U2 inspire rabid devotion in their audience. But Big Country are certainly no U2 clones; musically they are far more concise than the Dublin Wonders (who tend to coast and ramble through a set), the tight focus of their performance giving Adamson far less room for indulgence than Bono enjoys and exploits, when U2 play.

If there is a flaw, it must be in Adamson's rousing but limited voice. For most of the set, the spirit of the musicianship and the force of the material can carry him, but on slower songs like the hypnotic 'Balcony' and, even more glaringly, a version of Smokey's 'Tracks Of My Tears', his larynx does show signs of cracking.

But the quibble is a relatively minor one. Halfway into 1983, Big Country are one of the few really convincing guitar groups in Britain. They have staked out a clear path and are following it admirably, guided by intuition rather than the expectations others have of them either as a chart band or the inheritors of rockism's rancid heritage. Big Country do not smoulder. They positively burn . . . *fire!*

Adrian Thrills

24 HR. STYLE

JAZZ-FUNK ALL-DAYER

Birmingham Powerhouse

JAZZ-FUNK is stylish. (Anything that can lure people into spending the better part of a long, hot Sunday afternoon dancing intricately mapped out steps in huge swarthes has to have some ulterior compensating factors.)

But now I've blown it; I've mentioned style in public when it should only be discussed in private. (And amongst consenting adults.)

Now, I've run this gauntlet of Bores Of The Year to tell you that the truly unique thing about style has been virtually unnoticed by all who've compiled lists on the subject. Style operates by exclusion. The basis of style is, in other words, a complete, utter and total contempt for the 'other lot'. (Lists of refused party invitations are far more interesting than those you accepted. Or, for that matter, refused marriage proposals sparkle far more in the telling than the 'Bartis is willing' sort.)

So, I'll deff-out some of the things jazz-funk isn't, because that's the only truly stylish way to define style.

1) Jazz-funk is not 'the health look'. (Although to the uninitiated it might seem to be similar, because they share a lot of the same clothes – leg-warmers, string vests, shorts.)

2) No one gets pissed; they're all absorbed in dancing in amazing Ken Russell-type urban ballet formations, with an element of body-popping/martial arts thrown in for good measure.

3) The music consists of familiarity-breeds-contempt esoterica: anything the far side of Linx (preferably the North Atlantic side) – but there's also Change, I-Level, D-Train and Donald Byrd.

. . . In other words, some are born stylish, some attain style, and some have style thrust upon them. Jazz-funk is the former. You have been warned.

Amanda Root

LIVE

LIVE

MILSHAKES PRISONERS

Brixton Fridge

"DON'T SAY revivalist," urged The Prisoners' bass-player Allan Crockford in the bar afterwards, echoing Cynthia Rose when she wrote about The Milkshakes last year: "The thing about genuine garage bands is that they will remain forever 'modern noise'. . . because their subjects (suburban repressions, hormonal torment, geographical ennui) remain both awesome and topical to successive interpreters." The Fridge's garage double-header testified to that.

Despite the constancy of post-war teenage preoccupations, perhaps the finest flowering of its rock'n'roll soundtrack occurred in the mid-'60s, when a heady mixture of primitivism, drugs and modern art heralded the New Society that never happened. Both tonight's mobs misspent their youth in Chatham, learning the licks on old records by The Kinks, Small Faces, Who, Troggs, Pretty Things, ? And The Mysterions and even more shadowy combos – a vice shared, as I'm sure you've not forgotten, with The Jam and the Pistols.

The Prisoners go in for the whole Granny takes a trip, from Jamie Taylor's rinky-dink organ and matching haircut to singer-guitarist Graham Day's Ilya Kuryakin-style black polo and Townshend 'Birdman' poses. It's 1965 again, but The Prisoners conduct no anaemic exercise in fake nostalgia as did The Lambrettas or Mood Six. Their music is gutsy, well-crafted and downright cheeky. Every orginal is a bastard son of such garage anthems as '96 Tears' or 'Wild Thing', but antiquarian reverence is the last thing you'll hear – they kick the stiff back to the land of the living.

Sitting in for The Prisoners' regular skinsman was The Milkshakes' Bruce Brand, who summed up their respective styles by changing from a horrendous Simon Dee paisley shirt/tie mismatch to a sharper two-tone combination harking bach to the spivvy '50s. Not that his skinsmanship sobered up one bit – Bruce thrashes his way round the kit like Mitch Mitchell before he lunched out.

Less Regency buck, more down the line, The Milkshakes perform raunchy show-stoppers such as their own 'You'll Be Mine' with a gleeful instinct for maximum R'n'B, the essential sound of every cranked-up, sweaty bierkeller since time immemorial. What Wild Billy Childish and his cohorts lack in distinctive songs – a criticism I'm sure greater familiarity will reverse – they make up for in evergy level. Only the truly sublime Barracudas can shake 'em down more throughly.

Garage bands like tonight's have a strong Continental following. Europe remembers what we seem to have forgotten: it don't mean a thang if it don't have that twang. My fellow Britons – shake some action!

Milk Shake

THE RESIDENTS

Hammersmith Odeon

CALIFORNIA'S LONGEST running mystery — the recurring popularity of The Cult Without A Face that is The Residents — is not so much solved as deepened by their first European shows.

In the 10 years since their launch The Residents' cult has sluggishly snowballed on the increasing numbers of discontents who, disillusioned with the direction taken by the youth bandwagons of the '70s, were in desperate need of something that would not only reflect their alienation but also mark their separation from the rest.

What better satisfaction for these than being in on an obscure, clever joke such as The Residents? Especially as The Residents obviously share their followers' longing for a rock idealism based on a sentimental notion of '60s pop innocence. Of course, because innocence is unattainable to the already initiated, The Residents can only keep a hold on it through parody.

The Mole Show they're parading around the world, however, is marked by a deeper nostalgia. This is a nostalgia for experiment, rather than experiment itself — a neo-expressionist musical with undertows of Futurist fanaticism and Brechtian didacticism! The storyline, about an industrious subterranean community of Moles forced overground and into the arms of the Swiss-like Chubs, (who'll welcome them so long as there's dirty work to be done), reminds one of *Metropolis* albeit, as Barney Hoskyns said, folded in with *Watership Down* and *Fidelio*.

It is presented as Epic Theatre, a deliberately dry form that attempts to engage the viewers' minds more than their hearts. Here, there are no heroes, just figures representing types and conditions. Thus dancers shuffle on and off, pushing before them giant screens and cardboard cut-outs, which signify where we are. And just in case we are lost, The Residents' captive DJ Penn Jillette keeps us abreast of the action, explaining The Residents' intentions and throwing in a few flip, funny slants of his own.

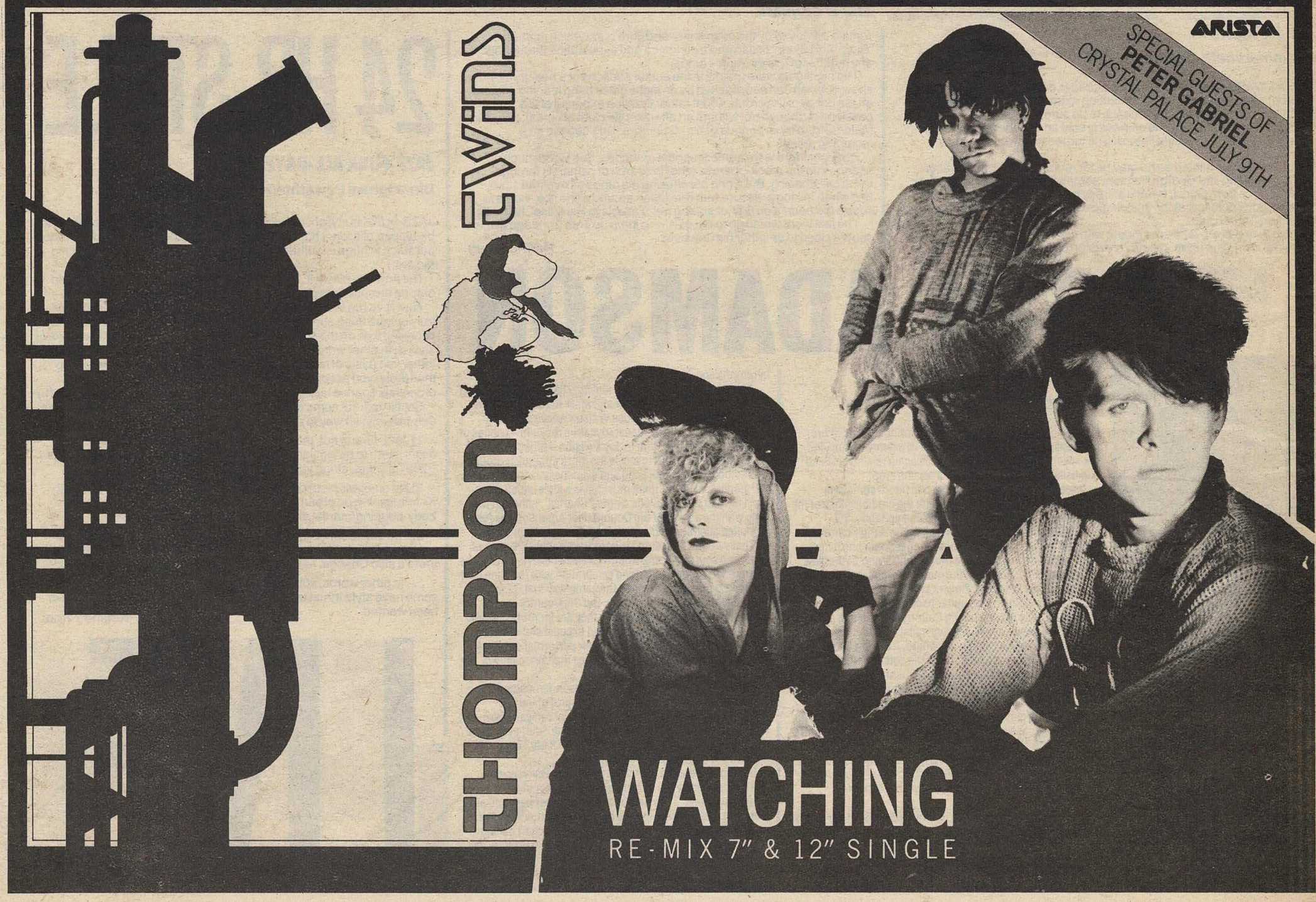
In many ways he is the star of the show, partly because he's a poor spectator of Epic Theatre – he will keep getting emotional! – and also because he anticipates accusations of epic scale pretension. And if we can't directly sympathise with the four Residents hidden behind a scrim curtain churning up stomachs with quite brilliant and *physical* subterranean tunes, we can more readily take to their bewildered dumb American puppet, who is the antithesis of The Residents themselves. That is, all heart and no art.

But Jillette doesn't so much complement *The Mole Show* as neuter it. Through him The Residents hedge their bets; and to be sure nobody loses. Similarly, they insist on having a final joke at the expense of their own impotence by closing with '(Can't Get Me No) Satisfaction'.

Chris Bohn

Plonker and Wart from the big screen family favourite **'Watership Down'.**

EPIC MOLES!



KING SUNNY ADE AND HIS AFRICAN BEATS

Hammersmith Palais

THERE'S ONLY one thing wrong with King Sunny Ade And His African Beats: they make nearly everything else else sound drab and mean-spirited. But that malaise is soon dispelled; when you're in the grip of this mighty music, your heart simply has no room for pettiness. The 19 Beats played nearly three hours of the most vital and uplifting music I've ever heard, and a packed Palais almost burst with joy, our refreshed hearts beating as one.

There's been one major development since his first visit back in January. Tonight his audience was almost overwhelmingly British hipster, whereas at the Lyceum Nigerian ex-pats composed almost half the revellers. Is it too early to draw a parallel between tonight's jubilation and the beginning of Bob Marley's mid-'70s ambassadorship?

One crucial difference is that not a spark of militancy fires the King's music; the Chairman and his Beats cook the food of love. Quite how this is achieved with such a massive battery of drums and other percussion almost defies analysis. It pulsates and teems rather than calls to arms or unleashes a barrage. Arrayed on a huge sloping horseshoe-shaped stand, the rainbow of rhythm beat out the variegated but united sound of a community in perfect empathy.

The tonal range of all the instruments, even the drums, evokes a choir of voices ranging from chatter to sweet keening. By the same token, the singers integrate so naturally with the rhythmic matrix that they become as percussionists themselves – talking drums and drumming voices.

Add to that a bevy of guitars and you'd expect a cluttered, turgid racket. But no. Their sound is so light and effortless, the arrangements so fluid, precise and yet unforced, that you are reminded of the peaks true master musicians can conquer.

There are no back-seats, but the Chairman, of course, is at the wheel. Characteristically dapper in black shirt and ornate waistcoat, he leads the dance but never hogs the limelight.

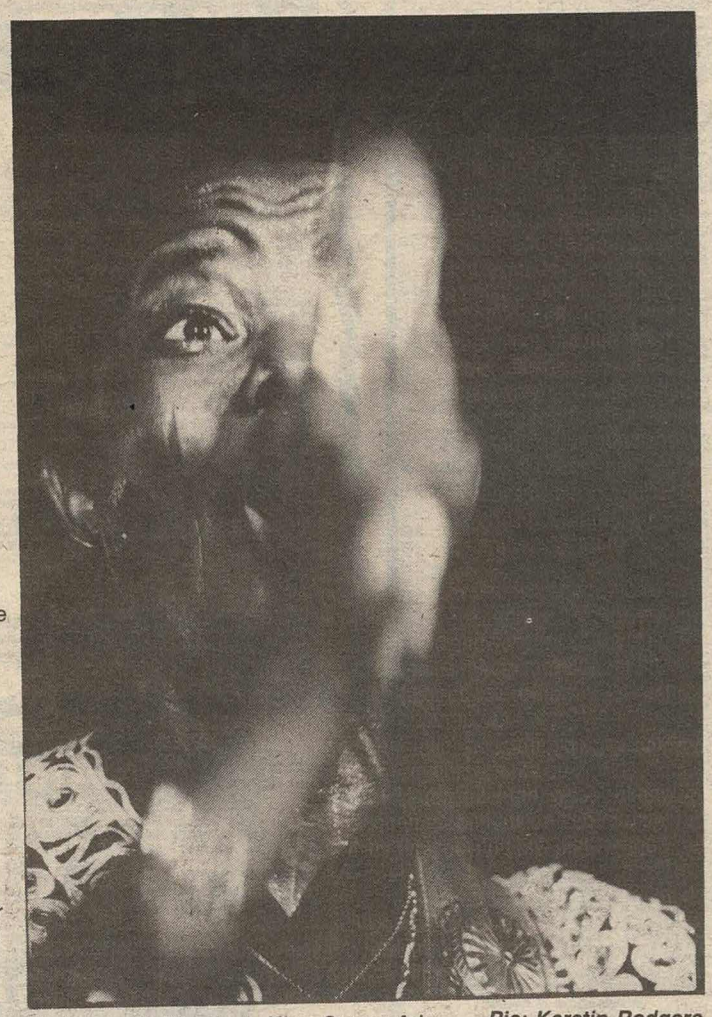
Jacob Ajakaye, tubby in his sky-blue robes, sang some gorgeous solo passages, and Demolo Adepoju's steel guitar is simply one of the most scintillating yet subtle sounds I've ever heard.

"E maajo," called the King. "E maajo!" we, his ecstatic subjects, chanted rapturously.

"It means: I love you!"

We love you too.

Mat Snow



Chairman Of The Beat, King Sunny Ade *Pic: Kerstin Rodgers*

DAVID BOWIE

Milton Keynes Bowl

WHO'S PUSHING back there, someone shouts, as another poor girl falls to her knees, tangled up inside blue breathless bodies. Probably Bowie – today's turn, yesterday's turn on – helping clear the carton covered hard baked Bowl of Satuday's people so that the clean-up can begin for Sunday. Bowie, with much more and less on his mind now than wanting to shoot bitter pills down the sore throat of pop, like relishing how simply playful and profitable it is to be a Kristofferson, or wondering if the offer to become the Bowie as in Crosby, Stills, Nash and Bowie is high enough, would still be willing to help clear one flock out in readiness to scoop the next sheepish lot in. Bowie pushes again – he's pushing everything this year except his luck – and pulped bodies sway, as erratically as Bowie's '83 beating up of 'White Light White Heat', in a duff effort to reach one of the buses that have come to collect us. This is the post-show squash, sponsored for David by Kia-Ora. People from Levi's crawl through the crowd, ripping open the knees of jeans in happy support of their hard times. The police herding us along are sponsored by McDonalds: they wear Ronald McDonald wigs under their helmets.

Forced up aginst deadened bodies clutching their ridiculous moonlight balloons, pathetically gripping onto the only anonymous elegant body I could find – there must be pleasure sugaring this kind of daft discomfort – I'm locked in this moment along with hundreds of fans raising some rare action on a day of massive passivity. We've slowly marched out of dreaded exit number 6 needing transport back to the station. Five thousand of us, and the sensible amongst us now realising, of course, that Bowie can do nothing with fishes and loaves except maybe make sandwiches. And sell them, the serious moonlighter.

My left hand round a thin thigh, my right arm twisted up my back – Bowie as bully too! – my legs a good, but *bad*, ten yards apart, inching closer towards a bus, I look up through some clean Keyne trees at the mocking moonlight (the *mocking* moonlight) and I couldn't help but think to myself. . .

. . . ah, the snobberies of art.

In the giddy daylight, I'd reckoned the backstage enclosure was to be a comforting refuge from the big wait in The Bowl, but it was just as dispiriting. Only one celebrity, John Hurt, and I'd ticked him off in my celebrity spotters book that very morning as he shopped down my local high street. Only one interesting girl, and it would be the one who routinely humiliates me, especially after I've bought the drinks. She was highly amused by the label on my jacket, one she usually sees on her mother's clothes. Sure, I know I should have been swathed in Commes Des Garcons but the days of needing to look hard and calm at a Bowie concert are long gone. I wonder what she would have said to Bowie about his costume? Still that yellow thing, still those Ogden braces . . . let alone still that same position for 'Cracked Actor'.

I decided not to queue for an hour for a baked potato, to do so seemed unreasonable, surreal even, and bought two squishy cartons of wine. The wine's shrillness scratched the snob out into the open with a vengeance, and I stared piteously at all the piety. I angrily attacked the second box of wine, finally managing to rip it open; it squirted down my shirt and at just that moment the serious motorcade swept past. In the back of a Mercedes Bowie, today's star turn, tomorrow the world, all grinly teeth and blondely waves, fit like one of London's meany-teeny-weeny Whamites, laughed at the snob soaked in cheap white wine . . . or maybe laughed at the queues of sad-eyed people lining up under a keen sun for limp pizza, buying in their gross plastic bottles of cider.

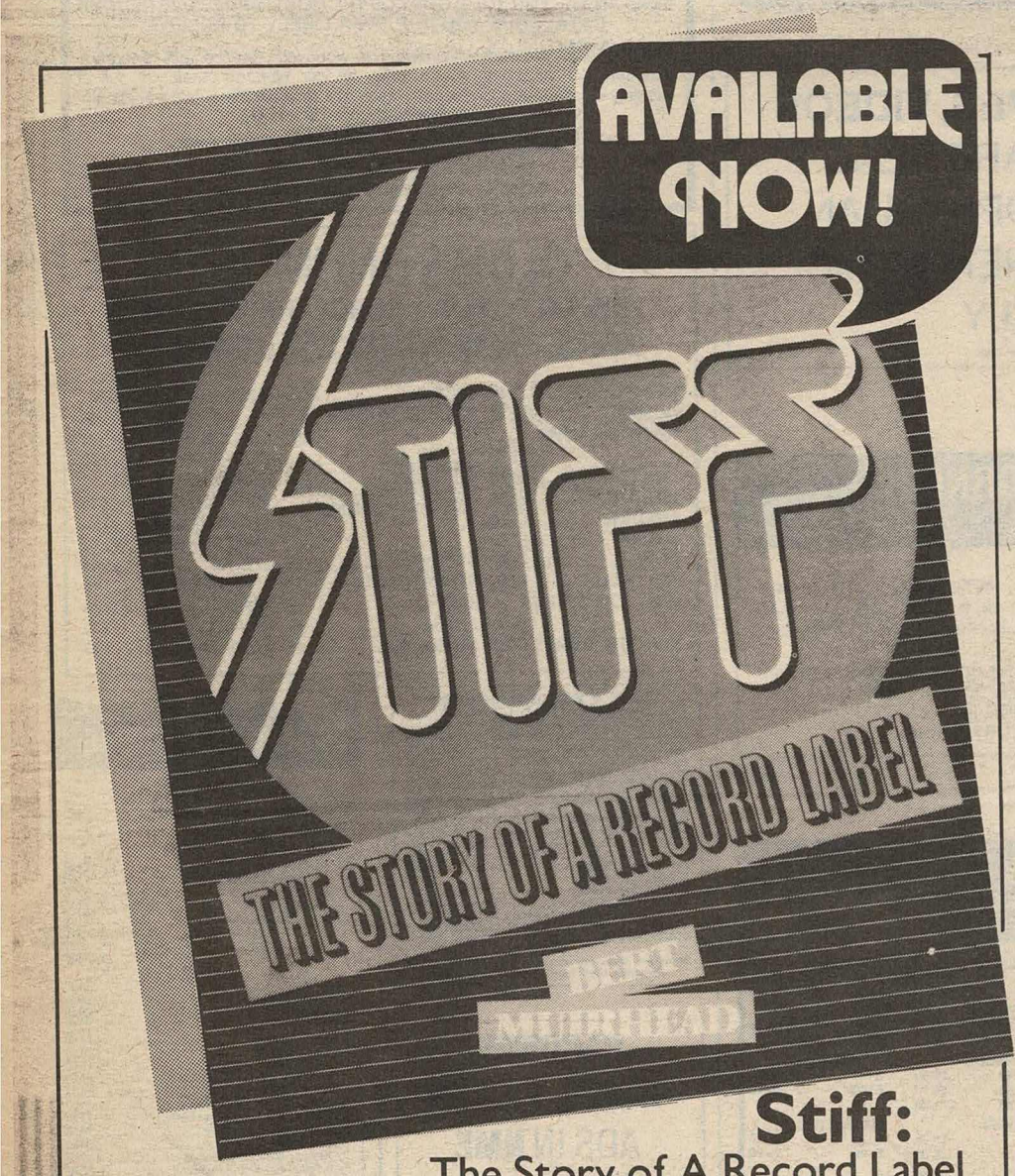
And he was gone, into the depths of the back stage where my purple triangle sticker could never hope to take me. Appearing hours later as darkness fell into The Bowl, a remarkable example of the entertainer avoiding feeling, devoid of any dangerous belief, dedicated to delivering an exact £10 retrospective. This new, very *visible* Bowie says much to us about the rewards of mediocrity that maintain rock's motion. With a critical cunning and historical perspective that detaches him, if only academically, from the carefully limited rock solid smoothness of Rod Stewart or Cliff Richard, he has packaged himself almost perfectly as the stoical, valueless hero of modern life, preparing for a who-knows-what excursion into 'power'. He understands completely what the average, vague rock fan wants – the familiar, which he lightly brushes with his puckish sense of fashion. He has mimicked brilliantly a loss of interest – just like Jagger – and become the sociable, controlled rock star with a daring totally inside all reason: it is his 'best' expression of artificiality. He has emptied himself out, perhaps moving towards *starting* . . . something. From a distant point of view this exercise is as intriguing as a minor '60s art movement.

Considering the dried details of a day at The Bowl, then it's easy to hook Bowie up on the wall of the rock right and just say 'Push off'. The rock right; that pomp area Derek Jewell smugly links with Thatcherea, where the motive is to completely disregard the basic premise 'How are we to live?' and to dig holes in the sand, there to lay the audience's soft head. The end result is some pretend prosperity, a make believe happiness – everyone's having a good time so it must be alright you can't knock that who are you to etc. etc. Fighting hard against this growing myopic trend, I soak in the juices of the snobberies of art and consider such spectacles as Bowie at The Bowl nauseatingly protective and take the 'good feeling' they apparently impart about as seriously as Matt Monroe's moonlight. The rock right, and Bowie's use of it, is simply about The Place and keeping people in it.

As 'celebration' this kind of rock event lacks that vital thing, sense of purpose, and it's not good enough that such a thing might be tucked away in the secret folds of Bowie's trickery. What there is, as always, is an audience desperate for security and prepared to be extraordinarily patient to receive it. For the snob, depending on your mood, you can either see Bowie's exploitation of today's rock audience's spectacular innocence as nasty or fascinating.

So Bowie finally pushes me into a coach, and I think maybe he's performed this years unexpected 'emptying out' to prepare for an indication how rock could be *less* unsatisfactory – the driving confrontation that needn't be self piteous or self destructive. As he pulls me off the coach and lets me queue for forty minutes for a train, I decide that I don't like David Bowie very much this week, and I spit on his not very saintly visibility.

Paul Morley



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CURTIS

FROM PAGE 26

and destroys it.

It's not because of them living wrong or not being righteous. It's because from somewhere something else come down on it and it's gone. It's unfair for one, but then it proves that these over here had to feed their babies, so you look at that and you say, well, I can understand that. So it is in our social structure. Someone has to pay whether it be fair or not. Usually, it's unfair for somebody else.

Or you look at it on a larger structure. It's a beautiful day, everybody's doing OK and I'll be dammed, there's an earthquake, 20,000 people just gone! Is that *fair*? You look at it on TV and you can accept it, but if you're in that predicament how are you going to think? You look up to your God and you say, I'll be damned! What's happening? I changed ten years ago! I got everything right, now everything is wrong.

Such is life. We all accept it. God gave us all minds to be curious, controversial and whatever we've got to say we can say it, and that helps a lot because if you couldn't you'd probably blow up.

It serves its purpose, because how else could I take on the role and want to be optimistic, to say, hey! everything is going to be alright when I haven't experienced what is the worst? It should be understood that nothing is fair. We just have the mind and the mental ability to try and make it as fair and as sweet, based upon our principles and our society, as we possibly can.

But we still kill up all the cows and eat them. We bring up chickens and eat them. We take some land over here and those people got to suffer . . .

Does that refer to the balance scale you sing about on 'Honesty'?

Oh yeah, I think I was speaking on (*begins to hum*) *"third world say . . ."* Ah! I forget my lyrics . . . I have to hear those songs for them to come back, but it probably was. Then I end up saying, *"There's no answer, what are you going to do?"* No one individual can change anything.

Which you also say on 'Jesus' from 'America Today'.

Yeah: *"don't call be a saint because there's nothing I can do. All I ask of you is that you do as I gotta do myself and look into my inner self, only you know how to be free."*

You live and you grasp all of life that you can, but who is to say that life is to be anything but to survive? And the masterplan is to survive and replenish. That's all.

WHAT HAPPENED to Curtis Mayfield in the latter part of the '70s?

During the latter part of the '70s I went off. I had my children and I raised them. I lived another part of my life which was just as fulfilling and probably more successful for my own head than the success you're speaking about through my records and making money and seeing my name in headlights. Sometimes that conflicts against home life and just being what an earthly person is all about.

Can you imagine having your children and you're such a figure in the world that people run into you and your children are dispersed? They want autographs, you belong to *them* and you're not thinking that you're just a person with a family, trying to give *them* a little now. You must put all things in perspective.

Even so, you've been a respected 'name' since 1958.

Which has been a beautiful fulfilment for me and which only makes you need other things for yourself. For a body to be totally fulfilled it must have many things, and when you go to any one excess and you ignore the other needs you are not a fulfilled person. Matter of fact, you can go haywire if they all don't come in balance. So the question you ask is almost like, why aren't you a Quincy Jones? Or why aren't you successful like these people over here?

Everybody has their own individual success, hopefully they are capable of putting it all into perspective where they can still be a happy person and lead a clear life as to what they are all about. If not, the success and the money was *only* for the media, to be totally exploited out of the individual's context because making money and being a person, a big person, all it is, is exploitation to earn bucks.

Hopefully, there is some value in it as to where we can respectively still say, well you've earned bucks from all the media, but was there anything said that people can *use*?

I'd like to think that my lyrics, or whatever I've done, have at least been of some value to the consumer. However, when the consumer moves on to other things, I shouldn't be so hung up about my own success that I can't learn to come back down in the balance of just being people.

As a matter of fact, success for a person, woman or man, is probably of more value as to, how does the man lose? How does the man fail? Can she or he get up again? How do they take on just *being* after having rode up in the air? How do they take on having to crawl on the grounds?

Only when you can accept both in the cycle do I see a person as successful. Then it's about his survival, his wit and his ability to still carry on and not be so influenced as to either end that he can't be a normal person.

Well, those latter day albums, 'Heartbeat', 'Do It All Night' . . .

'Heartbeat' I enjoyed. 'Do It All Night', I think everyone was locked up into disco and really, I guess . . . disco wasn't me. Or, there wasn't enough time for me to adapt to disco creatively. I don't think I was the greatest producer or performer at what great disco is about. So I tried and failed, in my opinion.

Through those years you also went through quite a few labels.

We started off with Buddah, we went to Warner Brothers, from Warner Brothers we went to RSO, and RSO was probably the shortest and last of the distributions. It was pending on the business and of course our ability to make money. They are all investments in a creative person and, in order for you to be creative, you've got to earn money somewhere, just to be out there.

It must have been difficult adapting to impersonal big companies after running the show yourself with Curtom.

Yeah, it sure was (*laughing*) because all my life has been, even on the up and coming . . . I had some kind of little label. In the end I decided to go with Neil Bogart of Boardwalk Records, and it was something that you adjusted yourself to. I was sorry to see Neil leave because he was, in my opinion, the key to whatever we were trying to do as far as Boardwalk was concerned. When he left it was like the last of the parents to leave.

Are you still with Boardwalk?

No, I'm not. I'm a free agent.

Does that worry you, not having a deal?

No.

Because I felt 'Honesty' was a real return to form.

Yeah, I felt so too. But in my opinion I had no strength or believers in the company, and that's very important for an artist.

ARE YOU still content with your life and the way it's going?

Yeah, I'm still doing the things I like to do, that I love. It's not necessary that it earns as big a buck that it sometimes did. I just believe in myself enough to think I'll always get by.

How do you feel about living in America?

The album?

No, actually living in the States.

Oh, it's my home. I feel good in it.

Any thoughts on Reagan?

Hey, he's accepted just like I accepted many other Presidents. Remember it isn't the President, it's the people. They're the ones that hit the news, but remember they're the ones the people brought in whether it be a mistake or not. Who's to say that a country and its masses can't make mistakes? We all do.

However, that's home and how I feel about it is like asking me how I feel about my family and my children and where I live. I accept his poor qualities just as much as I accept his good qualities.

But you are anti-nuclear missiles.

Well, those things sometimes come about. That doesn't mean everyone isn't anti-nuclear. Either way we're going to go. (*Laughs*) We're probably far too gone to give and take. The only good thing about it is that it won't harm the actual world. It will just replensih itself and it's got all the time in the world. (*Laughs*) It's just those who don't have that time, sometimes panic.

Looking over it, it would seem that you place your faith more in actual human relations than any kind of mass political answer.

It's probably because I know that best. Mass political things, to me, are manipulators. That's like if there's hell below we are all going to go. The first thing, as I said earlier, is to gain enough knowledge to find that you are awfully *unknowledgeable* about everything. It can all become so confusing, and that's just life. However, that's not to say that we don't enjoy life. So be it.

It just seems illogical that your best LP in ages, 'Honesty', shouldn't have succeeded.

Oh, I enjoyed 'Honesty'. It was my will to put together something that I thought would be very strong, competitive and maybe something appreciated. However, with all of that, it seemed in my opinion that it was done in vain simply because I had no real outlet for it. So be it. It's happened before many times.

It's probably just at the step of what could be my best. Who knows? You try and not let that break you down, where you can't respond back, because that's what the whole game is. You throw things up and hopefully one or two may stick out of 20 or 30.

What else can you do? You know what I mean?

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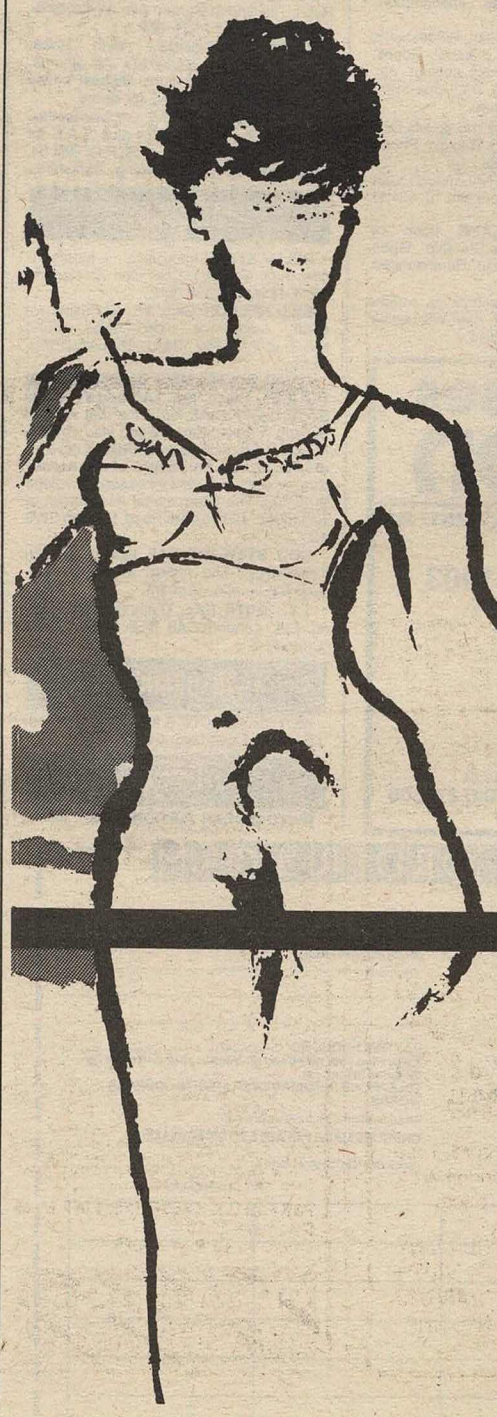

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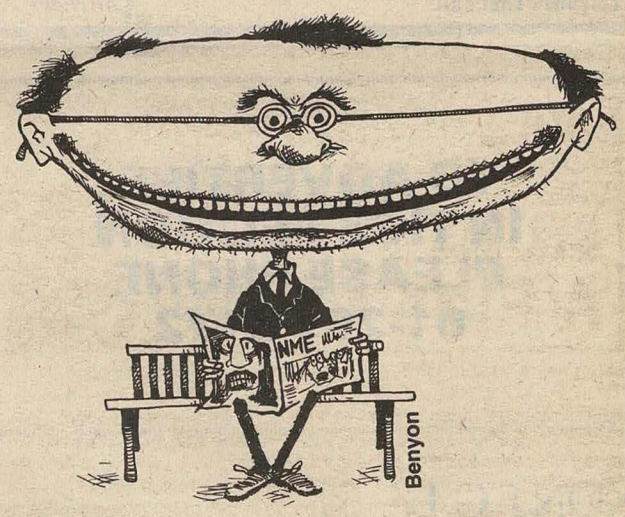

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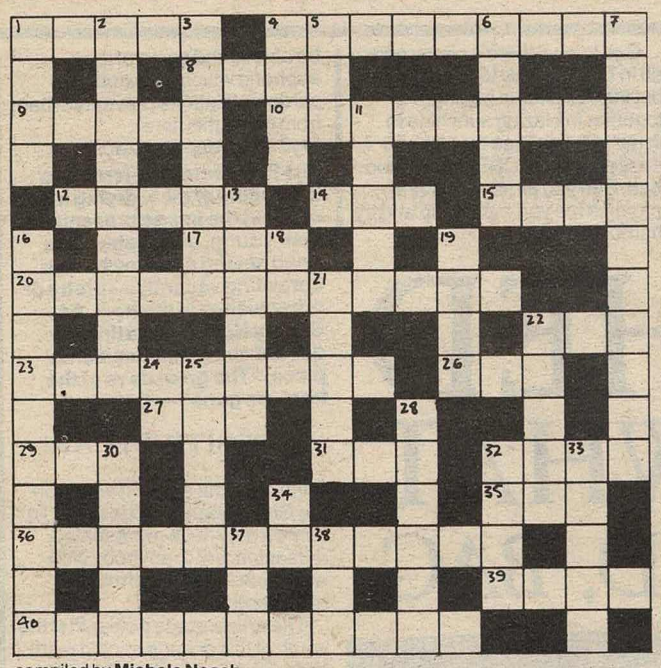
4. A happy disposition for this nobility. (4-5)
8. *"Can you tell a green field from a cold steel — "* (Floyd) or Third —, Boston band. (4)
9. What Squeeze gave a dog, or more precisely, a girl. (1-4)
10. On Ralph Records they're commercial moles with big eyes. (9)
12. Dance in the pan? With light? (5)
14. This club will shoot you, maybe. (3)
15. Originally Ms. Soul, changed her last name when Micky Most discovered her in America. (4)
17. Blondie's consumming beat. (3)
20. The Buzzcocks just couldn't get enough. (6-6)
22. Nick feeling Bowie. (3)
23. George Benson gets back to the earth. (6-3)
26. Everybody, look at Emily. (3)
27. *"There's a — at the end where I can meet you and your friends"*, Bowie at his most over-quoted. (3)
29. Initially, the Test. (1-1-1)
31. One of the two doomed Beatles. (3)
32. The last thing The Pop Group reckoned she was beyond. (4)
35. Not just Mr. Med of Golden Turkey fame. (3)
36. Go on Rod, tell us a story of old. (5-7)
39. Howard Devoto's life didn't start out with illusions. (4)
40. Japan fix a car in a tent. Some artists. (3-2-6)

CLUES DOWN

1. What hams those naughty lads are. (4)
2. Lunar frivolities from a tubular hippy. (9)
3. What Divine, Barry Humphreys and Kenny like wearing. (7)
4. Where's Roland, the Captain. (4)
5. Take the Ms out of Stewart Copeland's brother. (3)

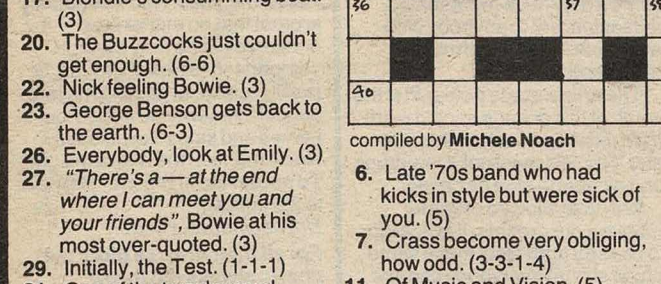


compiled by **Michele Noach**

6. Late '70s band who had kicks in style but were sick of you. (5)
7. Crass become very obliging, how odd. (3-3-1-4)
11. Of Music and Vision. (5)
13. A silver implement used in a Fab Four ditty. (6)
16. Is Joan Armatrading too late for Elton John? (4-2-4)
18. Iggy says Say It! (2)
19. Had a single 'Here's To The State Of Richard Nixon' and also wrote for *Time Out*. No wonder he was a victim of suicide. (4).
21. Break on through to the other side is a double clue. (5)
22. If you do this to Chicago you'll take away their heads. (5)
24. The un-numbered half of the singing dole cards (1-1)
25. Dylan saves his women for the right day. (5)
28. Richard Strange runs clubs that look forward. (6)
30. *"She's wrapped around your burning — "*, Creatures recent. (5)
32. Back to The Buzzcocks; first word of their longest titled single. (4)
33. The perfect German band, or is it my turn to give the cards out? (5)
34. Presley's blues, nothing to do with shoes. (1-1)
37. Short story from Kerouac, like ice. (3)
38. Holgar Czukay could, maybe still . . . (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Freshies, 5 Guildford, 10 Off The Wall, 11 October, 12 Evans, 13+30D Give It To Me, 14 Yes, 16 Specials, 20+4D Rat Scabies, 26 Four Tops, 28 Magic Bus, 31 Endgames, 33 Nutrocker, 34 DJ, 38 EMI, 39 Neville Staples, 42 Henry Cluney.
DOWN: 1 Flowers Of Romance, 2 Enflame, 3 Ha Ha Said The Clown, 5 Calveston, 6 I Don't Like Mondays, 7 Detroit, 8 Oh Boy, 9 Darts, 15 Eon, 17 Leer, 19 Ear, 21 Omega Tribe, 22 Utd, 23 Warsaw, 24 Disc, 27 Ode, 29+43A Special Brew, 32 SD (Simon Dee), 35+18A Just Thirteen, 36 Blon, 37 Blue, 40 Ely, 41 AWB (Average White Band).



MANY the wonders I this day have seen: . . . return of reggae Thursday at the 100 Club in Oxford Street, W1 tonight with a special ravers night featuring upfront rockers Sus plus sounds fe Black Star Liner from 8.30pm to late. Rate: £2.50 . . . **the sun, when first he kist away the tears that fill'd the eyes of morn;** — . . . summer UK Super Heavy Sound Clash 1983 is held at Acton town hall on Friday featuring 7pm until midnight SW London extraordinary super heavy weight sound of Coxsone Outernational, from NE London the exelina super heavy weight sound of Fat Man, from Midland Birmingham the power of the super heavy weight sound of Quaker City and from Manchester the magnificent sound of the super heavy weight President . . . **the laurell'd peers who from the feathery gold of evening lean** . . . this Friday also sees the debut of the Society Club at New Ambassador Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, Euston, WC1 – commencing from 8pm to 2am – in attendance live onstage Arema and resident sound of Hawkeye featuring David "Ridien" and Papa Face. . . **the ocean with its vastness, its blue green** . . . from 10pm at the Peoples Club, Paddington on the same night dancing to Frontline International and Nasty Rockers. . . **its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears**, – . . . and every Friday from 11pm till late Ranker & Olive invite you all to a ranking night out at Devon Close, off Chesnut Road, Tottenham, N17 moving to Newlook . . . **its voice mysterious, which whoso hears must think on what will be** . . . at the ICA on Saturday live onstage Misty In Roots plus support Kanda Bongo Man . . . **and what has been** . . . at Hampstead town hall on Saturday is the People's Progressive Party's grand Caribbean dance – from 7.30pm to midnight — with music from Los Tropicanos. Adm: singles £3 couples £5 . . . **e'en now, dear George, while this for you I write** . . . while appearing in Stroud at the Marshall Rooms on Saturday is Bristol reggae/highlife dectet Ekome Arts Band . . . **Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping so scantly** . . . leaving Westminster Pier aboard the Valulla midnight on Saturday is a Thames boat cruise with sounds by Umoja High Power and Groove Master . . . **that it seems her bridal night** . . . a free concert takes place at Angel Park in Brixton on Sunday afternoon from 1pm. Headlining are Misty In Roots (approx 6.30pm) plus Majesty, Super Combo, Marabunta and Zila . . . **and she her half-discover'd revels keeping**. . . every Sunday evening starting this week at the Bhola Bhelpuri House, 148/150 Tottenham High Road, N15 — from 8pm to 2am — for your entertainment and dancing pleasure the Seven Warriors champion North London sound. Admission £2. Dress casual smart . . . **but what, without the social thought of thee** . . . latest issue of Finn reggaezine *Cool Runnings* Vol 3 Nro 3 runs a cover story on Archie selector with Gemini plus interview with Studio 1 drummer Cleveland Brown, Mighty Diamonds overview, reviews and news. Available from Pl 37, 02361 Espoo 36, Finland . . . **would be the wonders of the sky and sea?** . . . and published by Elm Tree this month is Timothy White's weighty *Catch A Fire*, detailing the life of Bob Marley. . .

DEVOTO

FROM PAGE 14

much you're going to bet, what your odds on is for success and happiness."

So what's the alternative?

"The lack of it, which a lot of people have to live with and *do* live with, even perhaps with a reasonable degree of happiness, perhaps through work, perhaps through believing in humanity, or God, perhaps for the sake of their children."

Given that you don't have any children do you believe in work, humanity, or God then?

"I believe in work and I have to believe in humanity. At least I believe that it exists and that it's better that it exists than that it doesn't exist."

STOP WHEN YOU CEASE TO AMAZE ME

HOWARD DEVOTO used to want to be a cowboy, he still cherishes a sneaky desire to be a little more like Alice Cooper and he's still not sure whether he wants to be Howard Devoto. He doesn't know whether to believe in the crystal edifice or stick his tongue out at it, but somewhere at home he has a cassette of a young girl telling him how sensual he is onstage.

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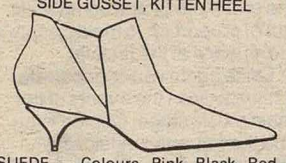
SIDE GUSSET, KITTEN HEEL



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Good luck on the tour, David!
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UNWASHED AND SOMEWHAT SLIGHTLY DAZED, BAG

Illustration by Cornelis Teunissen (1537)

MAD!

Who needs Orchestral Manure anagrams; or never mind the crap, 'eres . . .
No Mental Ecstasy; Not Much Energy; Not My Eulogy or is it Nor Many Eulogies; Not My Earthworm; Not Many Elevations; Not Much Efficiency; Nothing Means Everything (don't it?); Noise Mainly Echoed; Nazi Minded Embarrassment; Nauseous Manuscript Extravagance; Nasty Manuscript Expires; Neutered, Maimed + Exiled; Noxious Mangled Elegance (My compliments); Not My Ego; Naive Moronic Emptiness; Neurotic Monotonous Entertainment; Next Month's Enquirer; Nosy Mundane Experiments; Now Miraculously Expired; Nothing Mysteriously Exposed; Notice My Eccentricity; Notable Monkey Excrements; Narcissistic Moderne Enema; Not Much Enthusiasm; No Miserable Excuse; Nice Mess, Eh!; Nobody Mocks Exploit; Nice Monster Eats; Namely Myopic Eyes; Nominal Marxist Extracts; Note, Missing Exerpts; Num(b) skull Madness Exorcized; Numerous Misused Eyeballs; Nubile Misfits Expressively; Never Mind England; Nibble My Ear; Narrow-Minded Elderlies; Nimble Mercenary Effeminates; Nervous Martyrs Employed; Narcotic-Militant Events; Nonentity Made Easy—er, that's Nonidentity Made Easy; Naked Midgets Enterprise; Numb Meaningless Experts; but of course, Nuclear Missiles Eradicated.
Veronika Fleming, California.
Never Mind 'Er, read on — CB

A RARE COMPLIMENT

It is with considerable pleasure I have witnessed the coming back to form of *Gasbag* in recent months. The whole set-up seems much tidier and healthier these days and surely most of the credit for this new and positive *Gasbag* must fall to that man Andy Gill.

Here for once is a writer who knows to balance his wit and humour with authority and firmness. Over the years far too many *Gasbag* editors have neglected the need to practise discipline towards their younger readers. Not so with Andy Gill. He has set a splendid example to the youth, being firm with a smile.

Watch the friendliness of tone in most of today's letters and notice how foul language has altogether vanished from this page. Many a young *Gasbagger* tells me that Gill has become something of a father to them, a person to turn to when the days seem grey and dim. They know they will never be rejected.

All thanks to that fine fellow Andy Gill. To think that he used to do Commie songs with Gang Of Four!
Olav Five (king), Norway.
Andy sends thanks for those few kind words, Monty. From hereon in it gets nasty — CB

BACKSTABBERS

Here we are bracing up to meet the Tory transformation, which will no doubt see us all bowing and scraping to the bosses by the end of another five years' rule, stabbing each other in the back as we queue for menial jobs, and if that's not bad enough we've got to fight a rearguard action against a fifth column of reactionary *NME* journalists masquerading as punk pundits!
Dean Moriarty, Bridgwater, Somerset.
Isn't your criticism of us part of the conditions you denounce? — CB

I sometimes think *NME* are as opposed to hippies as to the Tories. Are you confusing pop conservatism with political conservatism? The difference is important. You need the anachronisms you kick against so regularly in order to make sense of the present, especially as contemporary pop utilises so many references, including the pop of the past. You can't escape from the past. It's a fact of life to be regretted, not yelled about as if it's all somebody's fault.
Tom Jones, Dyfed, Wales.

Now look, let's get one thing straight: Are you for us or against us? The *NME* peddles itself as a youth paper, but you seem to hate youth cults. Last week you featured three articles hammering your readers' lifestyles. The Glastonbury report knocked hippies. Julie Burchill's Rickie Lee Jones piece took sideswipes at hippies, punks beats et al. And Viv Fongenie's review of Joyce Johnson's great *Minor Characters* bemoaned the Beats yet again.

Are you sure your journalists wouldn't be happier covering bank clerks conventions?
Kerouac Fan, Torquay, Devon.
Hippies, punks, beats, bank clerks — you set 'em up we'll knock 'em down! seriously, though, I can't understand your eagerness to wear your older brothers' cast offs, much less scramble after somebody else's notion of self-expression. Likewise the past. It's been lived. Learn from it and move on — CB

RAINING IN MY HEART

After my third Glastonbury CND festival I am still puzzled by the vicious and cynical way you always report this event.

Last year, according to Amrik Rai, we were all "wellied wallies soaring in drugs and drowning in mud". This year we are "sun soaking slabs of human tripe". I can see why a paper like the *Daily Express* would want to slag off a CND festival but I can't understand your motives.

Your emphasis on drug selling, buying and taking is straight out of the gutter press and completely out of proportion to most people's experience of the festival.

Once again you concentrate exclusively on the events of the main music stage. Couldn't you find the marquee music tent? What about Kevin Turvey and Neil playing to a packed theatre tent? What about all the stuff laid on for the kids in the children's world?

As for the cheap street market with "a thousand hustlers . . . opportunistically capitalising" I was able to get three pairs of handmade shoes for £10 a pair, comics from Knockabout, T-shirts from 5th Column as well as good hot cheap food any time of day or night. There was rubbish and junk food as well, but you could always have passed that!

God knows there's plenty going on in Britain today to depress you, but 60,000 people getting together in blazing sunshine to listen to music, see theatre and raise money for CND can't be too bad. See you all next year and promise me you'll cheer up and try harder!
Chas Nicholson, Oswestry, Shropshire.
As if it really matters, but 30,000 is closer to the mark. (Don't you just distrust bodycounts?) But to restate: Our Gang Of Four's report only reflected and reported their own apparently unpleasant experience of the weekend's entertainment. It wasn't intended as the first blow struck in a new cultural revolution. Would that it were! — CB

Clearly your four who went to Glastonbury were in a stupor so deep that even such acts as Dennis Brown, Aswad, Hunters And Collectors and The Chieftains were unable to wake them! Perhaps next year if Dorrell, Watson and Sanai show a bit more tolerance and awareness, finding time to look upon people as actual human beings and not "slabs of human tripe" they might be able to find some of the euphoria which their drab and sardonic fixations prevented them from doing this time.
High And Happy, Glastonbury.
The Four weren't referring to the quality of meat drying in the sun, but the image presented to their young, uninitiated eyes upon seeing so many bodies sprawling vacantly — pretty or otherwise — in the heat. As Barney Hoskyns pertinently quoted above his Residents' piece: "The great days of the herd are gone" — CB

A POSITIVE PUNK!

Thanks for the exellent article on the Glastonbury CND festival. To some it may have represented defeatism, but to anybody who was there in body *and* mind, it represented the truth.

The article made it clear that the youth of this decade should learn from mistakes made in the '60s and '70s. We must not allow drugs and alcohol to stop us caring.

We have allowed drugs to mobilise our dreams. It is now up to us to try and reject these same drugs so that everybody can live our dreams. If we don't care we have no right to complain.
The Voice of Positive Youth, Ipswich.
Er, thanks for speaking up — CB

HARE KRISHNA MR LAWRENCE

Having read your review of Glastonbury, I'm pleased to see that your biting cynicism has not changed over the past decade. If anything you didn't go far enough. But if, as responsible journalists, you are concerned about a particular state of affairs, you should logically be on the look out for a viable alternative. The need at Glastonbury was obvious.

How come, then, you ignored the 250 feet square area set up by 200 devotees of the International Society For Krishna Consciousness? It included the cleanest, best kept restaurant on site (according to the health inspector), the biggest band marquee and, most amazingly, the highest number of happy non-intoxicated faces per square yard anywhere in the festival! Why? Because theirs is a positive philosophy.

If you'd been a little sharper you'd have noticed the Hare Krishna Band included both Poly Styrene and Laura Logic. Shame you missed them — they only played eight hours a day.

It's all very well complaining, but the alternative was there, right under your noses. The devotees are the only real freaks left, and you, the *NME*, ignored them.

You deserve to be reincarnated as a bunch of ostriches. Hare Krishna.
Steve English, Colchester, Essex.
Listen, you devote your lives to shoving your collective consciousness up God's asshole. We'll stick to keeping our ear to the ground. As we're on entirely different planes, I don't believe there is any sense in continuing this correspondence — CB

What you see — or rather the way you interpret what you see — is a reflection of yourself. The way I see it, Glastonbury is one of the more positive events going on in our world today. Given that there's so much war going on I say hooray when people get together to celebrate midsummer peacefully — however they wish to do it.
Clare Stephen, Edinburgh.
I say huh! to grand gestures — CB

SPARE US THE ROD!

Paolo, as Rod Stewart himself said at the NEC Birmingham: "Bollocks to the critics!"
One Of The Lads, Shrewsbury, Salop.
Well, aren't we properly chastised? — CB

I saw Rod Stewart at Birmingham NEC and was pleased to see he was as good as ever. Reading Paolo Hewitt's article on him, I can only suggest he's jealous that at the age of 38 Rod's still pulling crowds. Yours was as bad as the article slagging him in the *News Of The World*. Both talked through their asses. I conclude by quoting Rod himself: "Thank you for putting 'Baby Jane' at Number Two, and bollocks to the critics."
Janet Holland, Shrewsbury, Shropshire.

Having read your Rod Stewart article I can't help feeling it isn't Rod who's out of touch, but Paolo Hewitt. Hasn't he/she looked at the charts lately? Now he's sitting at Number One, why shouldn't he stick with what Paolo derisively terms "good old fashioned rock and roll" so long as the formula keeps on working?

It only takes a brief look at the British charts to prove that tastes aren't quite so innovative as Paolo imagines. Rod's popularity is proof that no matter how conservative he may seem in comparison to newer groups, he is still capable of gaining massive support. Anyway, who else looks, moves and sings like he does? Not to mention the man's insight: To quote Rod in B'ham: "Bollocks to the critics!"
Unimaginative, London
For all their diverse glory the charts always did throw together strange bedfellows. That Rod is tart enough to sleep alongside Wham!, Irene Cara, Shakatak *et al* is no test of his intellectual perspicuity — CB

Having bought your paper for the Rod Stewart interview, I couldn't believe all of it was as bad as that article. Wrong! The review of *Death Of A Rolling Stone* was a waste of paper and the hatchet job you did on the Rickie Lee Jones LP was a disgrace. What on earth is there constructive about a review which allows nothing else but the writer's one-sided opinions?

In future I'll know it's better to stick to *Rolling Stone*. Anyway, what's wrong with liking '60s and '70s music? I am 20. How right Rod was when he said in Birmingham: "Bollocks to the critics!"
Steve Lee, Greenford, Middlesex.
Give 'em enough rope . . . — CB

"Bollocks to the critics"? Bollocks to the Old Mod, more like. Can Rod Stewart honestly imagine that anyone who hops on a flight from LA to England to watch the "odd football match" has anything at all in common, besides historical accident, with his working class roots?
Michael Melling, University College, Oxford.
Besides, if he wanted to catch the odd football match he'd have done better watching New York Cosmos against Tampa Bay Rowdies — CB

'YOU STUPID JERK!'

Thanks for your article on Poland. Now wake up to the rest of the world! In particular the US, which consists of more than hardcore and thrash, not only of New York and LA, but also those kids from real "lame holes" in the South West and Midwest who are getting together scenes in Reagan's backyard. This is not just a North American happening, for in South American nations such as Brazil there is a huge punk culture.

American hardcore is the best and fastest ever, except you, the British Music Press, are too biased to admit it. Wake up you fuckheads, before you get a third term of Thatcher.
Howard Marks, Blackpool/ Boston.
Not forgetting, of course, the brilliant splatterpunk culture of the Samoans, specially when they get Angry — CB

ETHNICPICKING

Listen you two-faced ratfinks, you wouldn't ignore a Ry Cooder LP in its first week of release. So how come the new Richard Thompson record deserves such atrocious treatment? All you bastards should be shot.
The Hokey Pokey Man, Stoke Newington, London.
Is that Islamic justice speaking, pal? — CB

THE 70's KICKBACK:

Chris Bohn fields the Glastonbury flak

Write to: NME, 3rd floor 5–7 Carnaby St. London W1V 1PG

GOTCHA!

What happened to the anti-tout principle then? I seem to remember the self-righteous *NME* claiming they never took adverts for tickets for sale. The temptation of all those Bowie touts too much for your sticky fingers? Don't forget. Grab the money, forget the principles.
The itinerant, Worcs.

You're right. Sorry. We point out once again that the Ad and You're right. Sorry. We point out once again that the Ad and Editorial Depts operate entirely separately and we only catch each other out after the fact. — CB

A simple question: If your charts are a fair reflection of what records are selling more than others nationally, how can one single be above another in the independent charts, yet below it in the UK Top 50 or vice versa?
Mick, Croydon

The charts are compiled by checking sales in both High Street and independent record shops. Independent group placings differ from the main chart placings because one group's standing in mainstream culture doesn't necessarily reflect its higher position in the margins — CB

TREACHERY

I was in Tiles Club, Oxford Street in 1971 doing my usual unloved-loner-at-the-bar pose when Kenny Everett, who was DJ-ing that night, cleverly stopped a Young Rascals record halfway through and shouted "Vote Communist!" at the top of his voice. I remember thinking "good old Kenny, a guy after my own heart . . ."
The Beat Surrender, Weston-super-Mare.

Gag on this reminiscence, Kenny? — CB

THE PARTY'S OVER

So we lose the world's best rock 'n' roll band. The ones that tore the shroud. Made The Sex Pistols look like a Sunday School choir. Spawned evil thoughts in innocent minds. Gave us crosses to bear, ashes on our heads and thorns to tear our brows. They turned blasphemy into poetry, caused many infant Goths to spend dark nights with their thumbs in their mouths.

If there is a sanctuary in hell that's where I'll go. But do the angels celebrate the devil's birthday in heaven; or does the demon's hi-fi blare their music? The Birthday Party will be sadly missed. Go to your lair, you other wimpy Gothic bastards with your tails between your legs. Your prayers are on fire. You are nothing. You cannot hold up your heads in their footsteps. Die! Die! Die!

Don't forget that bad seeds are stronger.
Dorky Savage, Birmingham.

Just to remind you the nature of The Beast is no regrets — CB

NEPOTISM

Congratulations! What a joy to read the conversation between Mari Wilson and Amanda Root (a welcome addition to our family's great literary tradition). Just two ordinary working girls having a homely natter but what's wrong with that? It makes a pleasant change from menstrual flow and camp fires.

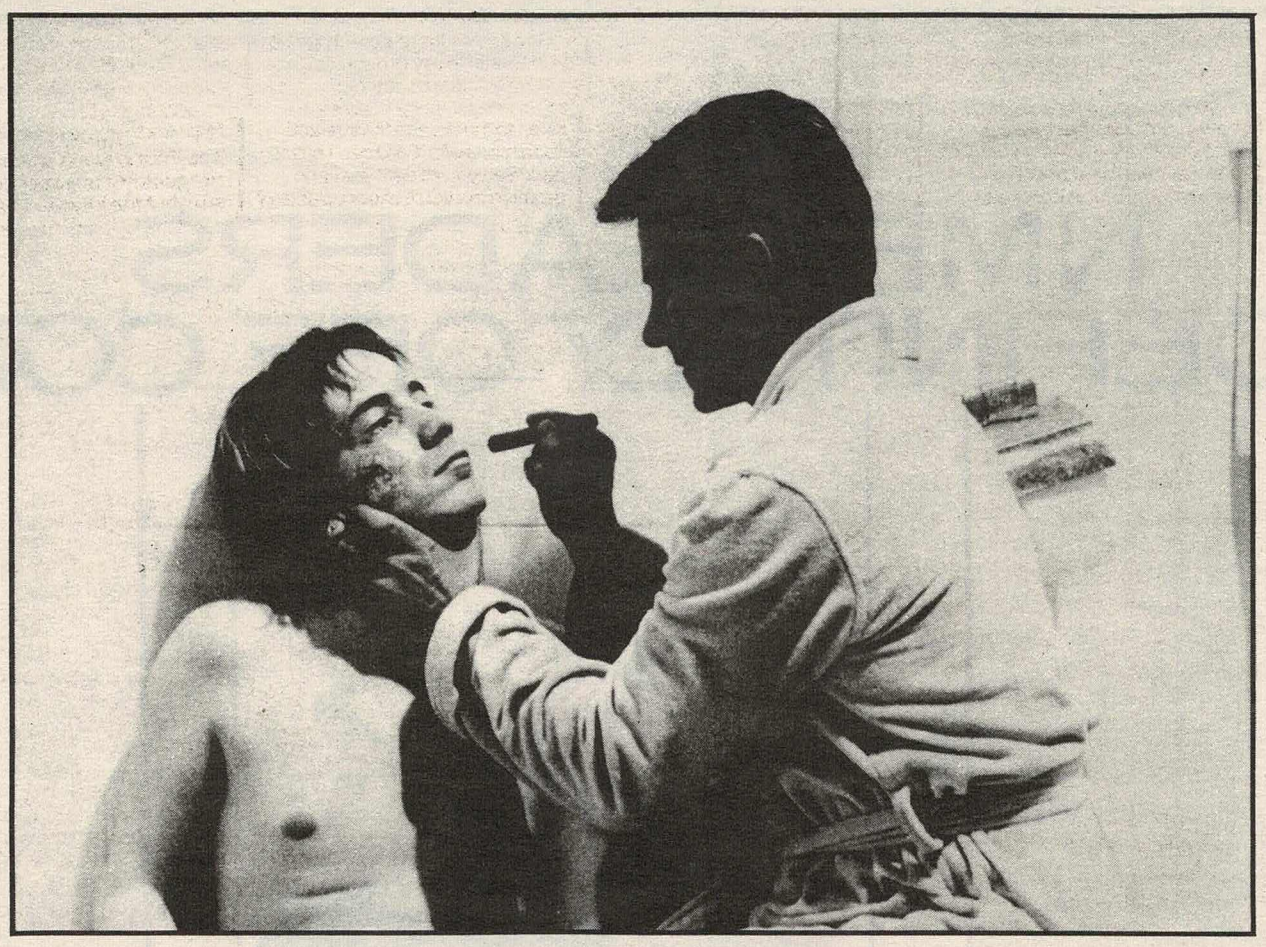
Of course, anyone who washes up dishes with the queen is alright with me. Mari is obviously a thinking pop person who would rather rough it in a hotel bedroom with a well known womens' magazine than associate with the backing group boys. So would I.

I must admit that Amanda surprised us all with the happy ending in which everything was sorted out. Let's put it down to post-election optimism. What counts is that Mrs Wilson gets my vote and, believe me, I know a bit about wet fish!

Here's another five pence!

Henry Rat.

Thanks — CB



"The question is punk, do you feel lucky?" . . . Harvey Keitel about to prove to John Lydon that smoking really can seriously damage your health, in a scene from the forthcoming 'Cop Killer'. And we thought it was going to be a comedy.

T-ZERS

INCURRING THE WRATH of **Barbara** 'Walkies' **Woodhouse** (who fulfills the same function for dogs as **Margaret Thatcher** does for humans) last week was fun loving ecologist **Boy George.** Reviewing the papers on Breakfast TV, Babs was outraged to find George suggesting in *The Scum* of all places, that the food on his impending Concorde flight was going to be anything less than the sort of thing that would make **Egon Ronay** blush. Encouraged by **Frank** 'Egghead' **Bough**, Babs went on to suggest that this was a crime bordering on treason and everytime she'd been on Concorde the food had been jolly good. Coming from a lady who obviously knows her *Winalot* from her *Whiskas* that's quite a recommendation . . .

Woodhouse wasn't the only staunch Briton offended by the **Man-Boy's** no-nonsense attitude. Brandishing a bacon butty and £2,000 return ticket he arrived onboard to a chorus of rude jeers from a plane load of Tory types. Unruffled George shrugged and said "I don't care what they say – my money's as good as theirs." Pending the elevation of 'Time' to the dizzy heights of the topslot on the US singles' chart, possibly a lot better . . .

Mark E. Smith of **The Fall** is rumoured to be getting married to a beautiful blonde. That's all it says here, nothing more. Odds at the moment are **Cheryl** from **Bucks Fizz** 100–1, **Agnetha Faltskog** 50–1 and **Keith Levine** 3–1 . . .

Deiter Meier, mad Swiss media manipulator and member of **Yello** was spotted at **Elvis Costello's** 'Help A London Child' Dingwalls gig. Dieter only lasted 5 minutes before having his foot trodden on by an *NME* hack and limping off into the night. Meanwhile **Bert Parkes,** who runs a chip shop in Edmonton and has nothing whatsoever to do with the music business, was also at the gig, paid £12 for his ticket, didn't have anybody tread on his foot and thoroughly enjoyed himself. "I don't see what the fuss is about," said a bemused Parkes from behind the counter of the 'Chip Inn'. "Maybe this Meier guy has some sort of problem with his feet. But in a place like that I guess it's something that can happen, even though the incident may be completely accidental. Can I interest you in our chicken and mushroom pies on special offer today" . . .

The public wants to know! But as ever the public will have to remain in blissful ignorance: Channel 4's lips are sealed on the hue and cry sparked off when the **Fun Boy Three** had the taste to set fire to the stars and stripes on a recent *Switch*. A letter of explanation was forwarded from the producers of the programme to **Jeremy Isaacs** but its contents remain a closely guarded secret. The concern of C4 bigwigs was perhaps understandable as the burning of another country's flag is commonly recognized as a sign of war. Maybe The Funboys should have satisfied themselves with something more innocuous, like biting off the head of a bald eagle . . .

And **Gavin Martin** wants to know! What is the marvellous Concorde-like airline known only to the **FB3** which gets them to Belfast in only half an hour, while all others take at least 50 minutes . . .

Berlin's **Einsturzende Neubauten** are presently completing their second LP in London though extra-musical member **Andy U.N. Ruh** is still in hospital after an emergency operation (he listened to their first LP without ear pads). Neubauten have cleverly combined their recording with three construction contracts. Last week, for instance, they took up residency in the *NME* offices, and what may have sounded like a brutal cacophony of pumps, drills and steamhammers was, as only **Bohnski** and **Donny Watson** knew at the time, the backing tracks for the LP . . .

Buckminster Fuller, originator of 'spaceship earth' consciousness and "One of the few people who could see past the bridge of his nose as far as technology and so forth is concerned" according to office philosopher **Andy Gill**, shuffled off the mortal coil last week. A full retrospective – well a short, witty informative paragraph or two anyway – will follow next week . . .

JON LANDIS, whose *Animal House* was the biggest comedy film of all time, has been indicted for involuntary manslaughter after the deaths of two Vietnamese child actors and another of the cast during the shooting of his portion of **Spielberg's** *Twilight Zone*. All three had their heads removed by the blades of a propellor when the helicopter filming them crashed. Landis is denying that a command from him to shoot lower caused the accident in which he nearly sufferred injury . . .

Nothing nearly as exciting or controversial, however, when **ABC** made their 60 minute video of the soon to be released 'ManTrap'. From the news release it promises to be a dull affair, with all the scenic background of their last advertising campaign and the wit and imagination of the stories on the back of their single sleeves. It combines concert footage from their last tour with a faintly ludicrous and ridiculously conceited plot line wherein 'they' try to swap **Martin** for his double in Prague. A mysterious beauty passes on a series of winning tips to a down at heel **Fry**, who is eventually befriended by a casino band and joins them to form ABC. With friends like that who needs enemies? Directed by **Julian Temple** the video will be available at the beginning of August for those interested in Martin and his "multi-talented cohorts" . . .

Gary Numan, the **Stevie Wonder** of the airways, has been at it again. Flying into Liverpool Airport his private plane was forced to make an unorthodox one wheel up and one wheel down landing . . .

The film to outdo *ET?* **Stephen Speilberg** trying to secure the rights for *Peter Pan* with self confessed astral projector **Michael Jackson** in the lead role. Ha so, the return of the biopic . . .

Connoisseurs of the ethno ripoff in modern pop (are you out there **Malcolm, Modern Romance, Kid Creole, Roy Hattersley, Mike Baldwin** etc) might like to go to the ICA on July 14th. As part of WOMAD '83 the venue is holding a talk on 'Cultural Piracy' in the Seminar Room at 6.30. Participants will include Nigerian ex-patriot **Gasper Lawal** who renewed a friendship with **King Sunny Ade** on a recent visit to The Homeland At Ade's club in downtown Lagos. Lawal received the sort of respectful welcome afforded **Jah Spensor** when he flashes past a forelock tugging staff each morning . . .

Gaspar also turned up at King Sunny's triumphant Hammersmith gig and the two talked for several hours. Asked if he enjoyed the gig Gasper said, "Yes I did and if you people are only asking me this so you can make some feeble pun about how it seemed more like 24 hours than Ade, well you can just shove off" . . .

The Lord sent some terrible plagues onto the people of Egypt, but none to compare with the misery forced upon London's clubbers this week. No less than three clubs have suffered with The Batcave, and The Mudd Club both having their licences revoked and, horror of horrors, The Dirtbox being closed down again. It's enough to make any sensible person go home and watch videos instead . . .

Death in the afternoon award this week goes to fledgling label Battersea Records, who promised that they were going to out Stiff Stiff on the invites to their opening feed-the-press bash. On arriving at the appointed hostelry our resident hungry hack found an ashen faced barman with the terse message that the party had been called off as he'd been told that he was unable to take any cheques from Battersea supremo **Jeremy Thomas.** Later Mr Thomas explained "I know this all sounds a bit cheap, but there you are, I'm a cheapskate." Later still Mr Thomas was heard telling everyone how much he hated the press. And after that little fiasco you can rest assured the feeling's mutual . . .

David Ball of **Soft Cell** has written the soundtrack to **Tennessee Williams'** play *Suddenly Last Summer* which opened last week in London's New End Theatre. It's a collaboration between himself and wife to be **Ginny Hewes**, Ball writing the part for synths and Hewes the parts for classicial instruments . . .

Muscle-bound **Goosie Sprigsteen** turned up for a good old fashioned jam butty with Local Ashbury-ites **The Diamonds** last week, featuring the usual assortment of rock standards. Some things never change . . .

Next week in NME

VOLTAIRE FACE

After years of fierce independence Cabaret Voltaire throw in the electro-towel with Virgin Records. Andy Gill finds who signed what for how much and why.

MAN GEORGE

Richard Cook cools out with George Benson and explains why he's the most popular picker in popsville.

PLUS: Yellowman, Big Country, the word from Johannesburg, and more.

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